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THE HOLCAD, NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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Publishers' Notice.

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“DEFEAT is only for those who accept it.”—Hubbard.

TO ALL students, old and new, the HOLCAD bids a most cordial welcome. For the new ones we hope they may speedily become accustomed to their surroundings and find their work among us pleasant. For those returned we wish a more profitable year's work than any heretofore. We would urge each student to work diligently and thoughtfully on his studies, yet, while so urging, would encourage him to pay due attention to other phases of col-

lege life, all of which help to round us out in true proportions and make men and women of us in the truest sense. Associate with your fellow students. Be congenial and you will find friends. Hold yourself aloof and people will shun you.

A COPY of this HOLCAD will be sent to each new student to remind him of the fact that his name should appear on our subscription list. The HOLCAD is our only college paper and it should receive your unstinted support, both literary and financial. If you have written anything, story or verse, oration or essay, do not hesitate to submit it. If any of your friends write you will favor us by calling our attention to them. A box will be found on the reading room door for the reception of HOLCAD news, and anything found therein will receive careful consideration.

TWO new chairs were established by the board of trustees at a recent meeting held in Pittsburg. Prof. J. Foster Hill, of Harvard, was elected to the chair of Mathematics, and Rev. J. O. Campbell, D. D., of Wooster, O., to the chair of History and Economics. Prof. Hill will begin work next fall, and Prof. Campbell, who was selected as financial agent of the Semi-Centennial Endowment Commission, will take charge of his position as

soon as his work on the endowment commission is ended. The placing of these chairs is a very noticeable mark of the steady advancement of Westminster, and is ample proof that she is more than holding her own as a place of learning. It remains to be seen what further improvements will be made in the near future. A new auditorium and library building and a new gymnasium are most urgently needed to meet the demands of the increased attendance. It will be but a short time until we shall, of necessity, have to make these improvements to keep abreast of the times, and the sooner they are started the sooner will Westminster occupy a most coveted position among the colleges in this section of the country.

FOR a third time in the history of our nation have we been deprived of our leader through the treachery of a cowardly fiend and another name has been added to the list of martyred presidents. Since when have we had a president against whom so little has been said derogatory to his character? He was a true American, a plain, honest, God-fearing man, who did his duty to the best of his excellent ability and in a manner which won the admiration of millions of his fellow countrymen and brought words of praise from all the nations of the earth. But now, together with admiration for the man, is tears for his death, and from the lips that uttered praise there now come messages of sympathy to the nation and words of condolence to the bereaved wife. While mourning his death and demanding that vigorous justice avenge his murder, we shall be truly thankful that we have such a man as Roosevelt to take

up the work and carry it through the remaining three years as the people would have it done. Let us lend him our support in word and deed, for he has a difficult place to fill.

Literary Department.

Our Debt to Nature.

[The following essay by R. G. Deevers, '02, was given first place on the Society Contest, June 19, 1901.]

"We are what the suns and winds and waters make us ;

The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
Fashion and win their nurslings with their smiles."

These are the words of a poet, but they are no less words of truth. Nature is the teacher and man is the pupil. Whether man has reached his present state of development by a series of evolutions from some minute organism, or has been favored by a special creation, it matters not. One thing is certain: that man from his earliest infancy has lived in closest contact with nature. Not only the savage Red Man of the forest, but the highly civilized Greek as well claimed the earth as his mother. Poetic sentiment in all ages has placed nature in a maternal position in respect to mankind. Far back in the early dawn of history, when man, naked, helpless and defenceless, was cast upon the bosom of mother earth, how like a helpless babe he seemed upon its mother's breast. Endowed only with the faculties for defending himself and bettering his condition, he had everything to learn. Then as a child man learned his first lesson at the feet of Nature. That first lesson was observation. At first he was forgetful and careless, but Nature was exacting and re-

lentless in her demands, and each separate lesson had to be learned and learned well. Again and again was the same problem given until the solution was correct. Under her faithful tutoring man soon learned that some things were useful while others were harmful ; that some places were healthful while others were injurious.

He saw that a tree sheltered him from the wind and rain : that a group of trees formed a far better shelter, so he tore down the trees, broke off the branches and made for himself a house. Seeing the warm coat of the wild animal and his own scanty covering, he took the coat of the beast and wrapped it about his own body. He saw a tree floating upon the stream. He trimmed off its branches, hollowed out its trunk, and the waters which before had been so unconquerable, became a smoother highway than the land.

Then Nature spread before his eyes the beautiful scene of the trees clothed in their coats of living green slowly changing their usual garb for yellow and red and gold. But this coat of many colors was soon cast aside, and where a short time ago they had stood in glorious majesty, now they lifted their bare arms heavenward in mute appeal. He saw the stream, now dashing over its rocky bed, now plunging over the precipice, then winding slowly and serenely to the sea. Then what must have been his thoughts and feelings as he stood upon the shore and looked out upon that vast extent of unresting waves, as he saw them creeping slowly toward him like a wild beast about to spring upon its prey, then as slowly and reluctantly receding ! With what speechless wonder must he have looked up into the starry heavens, with its myriads of shining lights, governed by the bright and beautiful ruler of the night ! Then he saw the darkness slowly give way

as that great fiery ball came out of the east, shining at one time with a cold grey light, at another sending its burning rays upon his head.

With all these object lessons held out to him by Nature, man was ready for his next lesson. He could not see all these objects of interest and beauty without thinking of the reasons for their actions, the causes of their peculiar motions, and the uses of their beauty. So almost unconsciously imagination came into being, developed in the varied and profuse mythology of the early races.

Mythology was the first rude attempt of primitive man to explain the objects of his observation, to pass from the seen to the unseen, from the known to the unknown. Just as a child would do now, early man projected himself into the great world about him. He peopled the earth, air and water with countless creatures who manifested themselves or their power in the wind, wave or lightning flash. The moon was not a lifeless body of stones and clods, but was the horned Artemis ; the clouds were not bodies of vaporized water, but great white cows, driven to the milking by Hermes, the summer wind ; the sun was not a highly heated mass of matter, but was the fiery chariot of the yellow haired Phœbus.

This power of imagination went one step farther and gave rise to the religious sentiments of the early races. It was the contact with Nature, which led early man up to Nature's God. Man could not have lived with Nature as he did and lived without a sense of the Divine. Nature, with all her beauties, all her mysteries, pointed to something higher. The rising of the sun, the movements of the heavenly bodies, the return of the seasons, the beauty of the flowers, the vastness of the ocean ; all these

things pointed back to a first cause, a source, a beginning. That beginning was in the past ages. How far back he knew not. That beginning was not a mere circumstance or happening, for such things do not come by chance. That beginning must have been a being who could think, and plan, and reason; who was all good, all wise, all powerful. So man learned God. What God was he knew not; where God was he could not guess; but that God was, he knew.

But as it is a part of the child's knowledge to see and feel before it can comprehend and know, so primitive man must see his God. He looked at the sun rising over snow-capped mountains in all his brightness and glory, so he called the sun his God, and it he worshipped. Perhaps the waters appealed to his thought of the mysterious divinity, so he worshipped the sea. Perhaps the fire in its usefulness or raging fury, was looked upon as the most powerful of forces, and accordingly was deified. But whether the sun, the water or the fire was worshipped, the object of adoration was endowed with all the attributes which formed his conception of God.

Nature treated man as a moral being; gave him credit for more knowledge than mere animal instinct; put him, as it were, upon his honor, trusted him. She revealed no secrets to him without the expenditure of energy on his part; neither did she withhold any when on account of his patience and perseverance in research he merited them. He must wrestle with the elements in order to live. Oftentimes he was overcome and overwhelmed on account of his ignorance of Nature's laws and ways. He learned to protect himself from her in her wildest moods and to take advantage of her quieter hours.

As man adapted his life and conformed his ways to the laws of Nature, to that extent he grew in knowledge and wisdom and happiness. To that extent he accomplished that task which is so improperly called "subduing Nature." What has Nature not given to man? She has opened her storehouses at his behest and provided him with food, shelter and clothing. She has led him into her treasure house and supplied him bountifully. She has given him of her own light, so that the darkness is turned into day. She has led him over stony ways of difficulty and through rivers of oppression. She has tried to teach him her laws, the perfect knowledge of which means happiness. Step by step she has led him to see her wonders, beauties and mysteries; has made him curious to know the reasons for existing conditions; and, finally, has given him a far off view of that Being who rules and reigns, in Nature, back of Nature, above Nature.

Man has not finished his education. He has only just begun. What did man learn in all the centuries preceding the Christian era, compared with what he has learned since, and what were his achievements in the eighteen hundred years since the star shone brightly over Bethlehem, compared with those in the last "mighty hundred years?" What the advance shall be in the arts and sciences in the years to come depends upon the devotion of man to Nature. The greatest and most profound secrets are yet to be revealed and only to him who is closest to Nature's breast.

Not only is she the source of physical and intellectual development, but there comes to one who lives in her company that inward sense of peace and joy and true happiness which the busy, bustling world about can never give.

"Consider," says Ruskin, "what we owe to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, countless and peaceful spears. The fields, all spring and sunshine is in them, the walks by silent scented paths, the rest in noonday heat, the joy of herds and flocks, the power of all shepherd life and meditation."

Then above all, and best of all, Nature gives us that sense of the kindness and goodness of God, who so clothes the grass of the fields, and notes even the sparrow's fall. "When I would beget content," says Walton, "and increase confidence in the power and wisdom of Almighty God, I will walk in the meadows, by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies which take no care, and those very many other little living creatures that are not only created, but fed (man knows not how) by the goodness of the God of Nature, and therefore trust in Him." So let us not neglect Nature. Let us keep her, for she is our life. For

"Nature never did betray

The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this, our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold,
Is full of blessings."

Life's Theories, False and True.

[This oration by T. A. Sampson, '01, was given first place in the society contest June 19, 1901.]

Above the Egyptian plain appears the statue of the mighty Sphinx, unchanged amid time-wrought desolation. Holding

converse with eons past, piercing oncoming centuries, it speaks again to all who listen, offering not its ancient riddle, but one older, newer, universal. To all who tread the vales of earth endowed with that mystery, existence, comes the burning, vital question: What shall we do with Life? Shall it espouse the high and noble, seeking the true ideal, or shall it be the thunder-cloud darkening heaven's light, leaving earth torn and desolate? Whoso answers correctly fulfills Creation's design and shall pass from brightness to fuller revelation; he who fails goes from gloom to deeper darkness with a more horrible abyss beyond. From Creation's dawn to the present has the problem existed, and it shall last till earth is dissolved and time is lost in eternity.

Three great life-systems have originated, representing human nature's three components—body, mind and soul.

When the mists of antiquity rise from a new-born earth, we find it teeming with humanity. Let us lift the veil of the Past and behold a scene whose stage is time, whose actors are men. Through the changing panorama of that far-off period runs one idea, guiding, moulding and ever darkening the power of self. The rule of life was self-interest and existence was a mad struggle to rise by crushing others. Self was the idol to which the kings of Asia paid obeisance and before whose throne the rulers of Egypt bowed. As the plain-roving herd follows its leader, so the masses imitated their monarchs and the same spirit controlled the restless, unthinking multitude.

Each worked and planned and fought

To rise above the others,

With a never thought of the mystic bond

That maketh mankind brothers.

They saw not the grandeur or responsi-

bility of the life that was theirs. Such was man's original philosophy of life, an "untempered and altogether monstrous egoism which, to procure advantage, hesitated not to plunge a universe into disorder." High above the race tower a few sages proclaiming a nobler existence, but their words fall on heedless ears. Self has ever claimed its millions among the sons of men.

Time now advances until civilization is centralized in Hellas, where classic philosophy undertakes the problem. The Socratic school revolting against the practices of mankind, advocated a life in which Reason was supreme. Man must avoid the sensuous, he must temper every passion and regulate every act, must weigh every motive in the balance of Wisdom. Reason should be the monitor of existence, the guide of action, the brilliant light revealing all things false or true. Virtue was the application of Wisdom in its manifold phases to human activity. The virtuous man should meet life's problems with calculating prudence and unerring judgment. Differing in minor points, all urged the triumph of mind over body, of reason over desire. This system was addressed to the intellect; it was cold, abstract, gave no impulse to the soul. It breathed no love to gods or men. Claiming the few as disciples, it touched not the heart of the many.

Soon Philosophy passed on to Stoicism, a system that stifled every feeling, froze life to passionless inactivity, and made virtue a fatalistic resignation to the inevitable. The Epicurean, turning from this, made Pleasure the end of existence, changing man to a beast, a slave to appetite. Amid the chaos rose the Skeptic, denying Reality, mocking Knowledge, deriding Truth and the gods of Heaven. Classic philosophy, with all its

theories, could not solve the equation of life. Herein Reason has ever failed, unless aided by its complement, Revelation.

Human thought is a mere drop in the ocean of Divine wisdom. When weakness falters Omnipotence provides. After the night of perplexity appears the dawn of hope and for despairing humanity deliverance was nigh. Into a dark and night-ruled earth descended the Prince of Heaven, filled with boundless compassion for the helpless race. He came revealing a new standard of morality, a new estimate of man, a new rule of life. No longer should man be the slave of self or the rational machine of philosophy, but a free and noble being, bearing in his soul the stamp of Infinite design. No longer should life be measured by human standard but by measureless infinity, its source and goal. No longer need humanity grope in moral darkness but look to the light that cometh from above. For Messiah is come to deliver man, and a God "mightier than Zeus" has hurled him from his throne. He has furnished a model for every virtue and shall ever be the inspiration of the grandest life and action.

Instead of philosophy's icy glitter, ruddily glow Humanity and Self-denial, Faith and Patience, coupled with earnest zeal for Truth and a moral courage to conquer doubt and opposition. And in and through all, filling and beautifying, is transcendent Love reaching upward to its infinite Source and outward to fellow creatures. Christianity first recognized the individual and spoke not to his intellect alone, but to his feeling, throbbing heart. Christianity's Founder saw in man a gem above price, for He weighed the world as nothing against one soul. And in clear, unmistakable terms as of living fire, He proclaimed the heaven intended brother-

hood of the race. He struck the deepest chord in the human soul, thrilling the heart to its inmost centre. He endowed man with the "strange mark of Divinity."

The imperfect sees not the glory of perfection. The finite cannot grasp infinity. Neither did men realize at once the full import of the Christian ethics, a system profound as Truth, broad as Humanity, unchanging as eternity. It flashed upon earth as lightning from heaven, but found men walking in darkness. Human hearts are slow to change and a race uplifted means an evolution of centuries. Philosophy, having touched a few, had failed to solve life's problem and the new system was received with cold skepticism and questioning doubt. The king scorned a teaching that made him brother to his slave. The cultured man, ridiculing Faith, still sought Truth through reason alone, little dreaming that his own discoveries would refute his theory. The multitude, absorbed by self, opposed a system so diverse from their disposition—opposed because they did not comprehend. The heart's natural depravity, deepened by the environment of centuries, had instilled the old ideas into life's very fibre, clouding intellect, benumbing soul. Men were led by false motives. Their deeds proclaimed their soul's condition—dark as night. To influence life Christianity must break down the barriers of doubt, force asunder the chains of environment, and disperse the darkness of the heart, where self and evil dwell, with the light of Truth and Love. 'Twas a gigantic task, for it sought to cure a world of error, to elevate a race of men.

Was it able for this work? Had it strength to subdue the world? Strong indeed it was, but not with the might of men. It had a Divine inherent power that urged it

forward. Slowly, steadily, irresistibly it moved assailing evil in its ancient strongholds. Wrong gathered its millions and a struggle began which shook earth to its center; a contest between Truth and Error, Right and Wrong—which should rule men's lives and guide the world. For centuries it raged; aye, rages to-day. The crash of battle resounds on every side. The mountains catch the roar and the valleys hurl back the rumbling echo. The desert blast wails above and the sea moans in agony. Humanity is cleft in twain, two armies, each against each in uncompromising struggle. Now the onslaught of Right drives the enemy back, away and off the field. Wrong has lost, but it is not conquered. Silent, stealthy, in darkness now it moves, corrupting state, nation, aye, and the church.

For nineteen centuries the Christian life-philosophy has advanced shedding a pure, ennobling influence. It has shown itself the one perfect, ethical system—infinite in extent, universal in application. It contains those elements which, applied in individual or national life, produce and perpetuate the highest civilization. It draws extremes together and elevates the mean. King and sage, prince and servant, alike have responded to its life-giving touch. A new impulse is granted civilization, a new light illumines Europe and its radiance fills our western land. It foretells a bright future, but throws into dark relief those shadows now with us. Ignorance and Superstition, kindred evils, form a chain of deadly weight about the feet of many. Vice, beaten openly, lies concealed, working darkly with insidious craft. Skepticism ridicules Faith and we shudder at the blasphemy of an Ingersoll, while Atheism would annihilate man's universal religious instinct and forbid a God.

These dark, threatening clouds, low in the horizon, are caused by an imperfect conception of Truth and Right. They shall vanish in the light of true knowledge. Intellectual activity is the forerunner of this knowledge and men study to day as never before. A myriad of minds work incessantly on the problems of life and the universe. Everything is traced to fundamental law. The search for truth through reason has culminated in modern Science.

Science is the application of intellect to the unknown. It exists apart from faith but in no way opposed thereto. It proves everything, making no compromise with dogma. Nothing escapes its searching eye. It overthrows the idols of ignorance and consigns them to oblivion. It studies realms of unbounded space and is limited only by the infinite. Subjecting Christianity to rigid examination, it finds no flaw therein. Creeds are overturned, religious theories disproved, but the Christian life stands unassailed. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just." To these peerless virtues even Science pays homage. The great realms of heart and soul are beyond the reach of intellect. Scientists are entangled in a maze of unfathomed mystery, their meaning obscured by a wealth of contradicting terms. One explanation alone suffices—that which Revelation gives.

The conflict between science and religion is banished as true education advances. They are now seen as two parts of one eternal system. All truth is related. Science is truth revealed to the intellect; Religion is truth revealed to the heart. These two attempts to solve life's mysteries, starting wide apart, have evolved on ever-converging lines. Their seeming discord is merged in harmony

as onward they sweep. Nearer, ever nearer, now the point of union is all but reached. Soon they will unite forever. Their union shall usher in a day better than yet has dawned. Knowledge shall be the torch of Faith. Reason shall interpret Revelation. Science shall broaden the lives of men while true Religion binds the race in one brotherhood final and complete. Thereupon shall grow a higher civilization. Ignorance and superstition shall flee like spectres of the night before true education. Self and evil shall vanish as higher ideals result from a nobler faith. Skepticism shall perish from lack of soil in which to grow, and shall go down into unending silence. Men shall know one moral standard, one life-philosophy, one law by which to live.

"Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God."

Life is one brief span, a moment out of eternity, a moment of wondrous mystery and power. We cannot explain it but we can each use it aright. One perfect model is furnished us, one perfect Man has shown the perfect way. When all men follow this system, when all behold that "light that never was on land or sea," then shall the ideal be reached; then shall dawn the "golden day for which humanity waits."

"A sacred burden is the life ye bear;
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward till the goal ye win."

T. A. SAMPSON, '01.

The buildings decided upon for the St. Louis World's Fair cover a great deal more ground than the similar structures at the Chicago exposition. There was no special building devoted to education in Chicago. In St. Louis the two halls for the educational exhibit will occupy 735,000 square feet.

Holcades Mikrai.

"Men can only become wise by being foolish."

Robt. M. Work, ex-'03, will attend Colorado college this year.

Miss T——, at the first reception: "Give me your name, please." He, happily: "It's yours forever."

Prof.—"What is the weight of a five cent piece?" Russell—"Five grams." Joe McCalmont—"Cent-i-gram."

Miss Bard invites all her friends to a party, as her father intends sending her a box of apples and potatoes next week.

Mr. Cameron, '01, Mr. Baldinger, '00, and Mr. George, ex-'04, were in town for several days at the opening of the school year.

Several old students have returned whom we are glad to welcome back—Alta Russell, Ida M. Duncan, James Patterson and Bert Porter.

Miss Brownlee, the new matron at the Hall, comes from West Middleton, Washington county. She is a graduate of Washington seminary.

Miss Kemps had answered several times in a very low tone of voice, but at last in answer to the Doctor's request for a louder reply, she gave the correct answer, "Pay attention and you will hear."

The reception of the Christian Association on September 13, of Chrestomath and Philomath societies on the 17th, and of the Y. P. C. U. of the Second church on the 20th, were all well attended and very enjoyable.

The Misses McLachlan held a unique reception the first Saturday night of the term. Miss Robb was awarded the first prize in the

contest with the weeping weather, although Miss McGinness and Miss Tunstall were close competitors.

Long had contracted a bad habit of entrance without rapping, and Bill Wither-
spoon is said to have urged upon the contractor in these words his desire for privacy: "Man wants but little here below, but he wants that little, Long."

The class elections resulted as follows: Senior class—President, John Moore; vice president, Alvan R. Hunt; secretary, Sarah Gwen; treasurer, Armour Veazey. Junior class—President, Howell Getty; vice president, Roy Kennedy; secretary, Eleanor Vincent; treasurer, Roy Jamison. Sophomore class—President, Thomas Kennedy; vice president, Leigh Alexander; secretary, Ethel Nesbit; treasurer, James McCrory. Colors adopted are old gold and blue. Freshman class—President, Jas. Stranahan; vice president, John Lytle; secretary, Laura Turner; treasurer, Wm. E. Minter.

"Doc." Melhard was in town for a short period of study during the first part of September. And, speaking of this gentleman, we have recently learned of the origin of his appellation, "Doc." When his sister, Frances, and he were quite young—some years ago—they were playing together as doctor and nurse. "Doc." came and was informed that "this lady (a doll) is very ill." "Well, what seems to be the matter?" asked the doctor. "She has swallowed a bottle of ink," the nurse replied. The doctor, not flurried, inquired what had been the course of treatment, and the nurse answered, "I gave her two pads of blotting paper." Since then his name has been "Doc."

A new girl's remarks after the Friday night, September 13th, reception: J. M.

Briceland—"Jimmy needs a lower collar for high notes." C. R. Kline—"The pretty boy." George McClelland—"A regular Fisher-man." John Lytle—"He's such a jollier." G. M. Baldinger—"He has the dearest smile." Wilson Reed—"Great possibilities." Joe McCalmont—"Very solemn young man." C. A. Robinson—"Dignified (?)—with glasses." Roland Deevers—"He's a dear." T. J. Warnock—"Did you say he lives in New Castle?" DeWitt Breden—"Seems to like the girls." Leigh Alexander—"I wish all boys came from Egypt." R. G. McGill—"With whom does he go?" Sam Hamilton—"What do they call him a 'Ham'" for?" John Price—"Such an innocent (looking) boy." E. R. Freetly—"He's up in his sleep." J. L. McBride—"A lonesome look and a faraway expression." Clarence Newberry—"He's so nice and big." Will Williams—"Second best looking boy in school." J. S. E. McMichael—"Is he taken?" C. H. Mathiat—"That hair!" W. C. Press—"But—I don't like a moustache." Reed Veazy—"He needs a chaperon." Alfred Laing—"Too bad he's only a Prep." Hugh Snodgrass—"He's a Welshman." Leslie McKay—"Thou art gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream. There is a package for a Miss Chamberlin at the post office." Prof. Ben Allison—"Such a dear little nose." Wilkin Reed—"Are his collars made to order?"

The names and addresses of the new students are: Mary McClenahan, Pulaski; Mary E. Cochran, Mercer; Myra L. Davidson, West Middlesex; Alice Bard, Slippery Rock; John P. Buchanan, Pulaski; Chas. W. Knox, Pulaski; Ethel Pettitt, New Wilmington; Thos. H. Montgomery, Mercer;

Wm. E. Salisbury, New Wilmington; Frank R. Bell, Greencastle; Wm. Reed, Cassayuna, N. Y.; Howard K. Hartsuff, Wampum; Claire P. McClure, New Wilmington; John M. Bell, New Wilmington; Wm. W. Clark, Prospect; James M. Barr, Valencia; Lewis J. Davison and Charles R. Davison, Downieville; Mary E. McLachlan and Anna McLachlan, Port Huron, Mich.; Mary C. Cleland, Wm. D. Cleland and Howard M. Clark, Harlansburg; Hugh Lambie, Etna; Auley McAuley, New Wilmington; Robt. W. Yourd, Carnegie; James A. McCrory, Pittsburg; Geo. C. Vincent, Detroit, Mich.; Florence E. Beatty, Wilkinsburg; Bessie H. Breden and Zoe D. Hockenberry, West Sunbury; Anna A. Seidel, Worth; Edna B. McGinness and Sara E. Robb, Allegheny; Ora Reisinger, Beaver; Frances McClaren and Haydee A. Elstein, New Castle; Leal Tunstall, Homestead; Mary Grier, Bellevue; Bessie G. Gilkey, Mercer; Mary V. Smith, Bulger; Leora M. Royer, Leetonia, O.; Mary L. Grove, McConnellsburg; Caroline Stewart, Braddock; Earl C. McFate, Plumer; Walter K. Long, Laurel Hill; John C. Campbell, McKeesport; Jos. C. Mawhinney, Cecil; Glenn K. Dorrington, Allegheny; Athen M. Tweedie, Walton, N. Y.; John S. Hunter, Detroit, Mich.; Wm. M. Moreland, Jamestown; Dwight L. McCandless, Isle; Wilson Reid, New Wilmington; John H. Byam, David P. Tennent and Jas. Tennent, Caledonia, N. Y.; J. Alvin Campbell, New Sheffield; Samuel E. Calhoun and David R. Freetly, Apollo.

ADVICE TO FRESHMEN.

[Deciphered from an old Mosaic.]

Be not angry if your arrival mark not a new epoch in college history.

Waste not your good advice upon the pro-

fessors; they are hardened in their follies now, and you could not reform them.

Carry not more than ten books, if they be large, or thirteen, if they be small, at any one time.

Recite not your lessons at the dinner table or on the street corners, neither allow older men to hear you talking French, German, Latin or Greek.

Put not off your studying until the last week of the term. Let each night be bright from your midnight lamp.

Wait not for an inspiration to begin writing "that essay."

Say not "I havn't looked at a single lesson," if you have spent all p. m. on them and learned them by heart. George Washington would not do that, for it is wicked to tell a falsehood.

Interview not "The Good Doctor" more than eleven times during the first three days.

Tell not your troubles promiscuously nor repeat them more often than thrice per day.

Look with awe at the ladies' hall, and let not your young feet be turned thitherward.

Make no excuses for "that flunk." Any-one would have flunked under the same circumstances.

Do not take more than six studies the first term, seven the second, and so on. As your capabilities increase you may take more.

Aid Mr. Veazey all you can. He is very much in need of your kind, Christian, silver support.

Freshmen must not forget to rise when reciting.

No swearing—aloud.

WE HAVE OUR TROUBLES.

The following article approves itself as an introductory to our new school year's work: "I think," said Mr. Dooley, "I wouldn't like to be an editor, afther all. I sometimes

wondher why they don't come out with a line printed acrost th' first page: 'We don't know annything about it, an' we don't care, an' what business iv ve'ers is it, annyhow?'" "I shu'd think th' wurruk wud kill thim," said Mr. Hennessy, sadly. "It does," said Mr. Dooley. "Manny gr-reat editors is dead." Adapted.

Just to show the bearing of the above clipping we give a list of the contents of the box for HOLCAD locals in the past month:

One leaf of ivy with the vine attached.

One oakleaf and twig.

One handful of excelsior.

One large and one small stone.

One piece of wood wrapped in paper.

Several pieces of earth.

For the benefit of new students we state here that this is not a fair sample of student intelligence. Three months had been given in which to prepare this contribution. We rarely ever get more than two contributions per month, though in specially busy times they have ranged as high as three. The object of the box is to collect "grinds." So, if you hear of a "grind" on anyone the box will give a "cordial reception." We must fill our columns, and if you do not give us material we will be compelled to invent, and our invention may be more awful than your reality.

McKinley in New Wilmington.

The old wise saying of Montesquieu, "Happy the people whose annals are tire some," crowds into our memory. Now, when history's page has so recently received the name of one more martyred president, all words of horror and sorrow seem trite and common. The month just gone has made an eternally ineffaceable mark in the annals of our nation, but the time has been one to

wring the very hearts of men. The first gentleman of the land is dead. His character was tainted by no infamy, his policy at least respected by all, his worth acknowledged by every one, and men are glad to speak of the honor acquaintance with him brought to them.

William McKinley was born fifty-nine years ago at Niles, O., not more than twenty-five miles from New Wilmington. His father for twenty-one years controlled and operated the furnace which, situated on the top of the hill, gave to that hill of our town its name, Furnace Hill. While the entire McKinley family never lived here, they often came and stayed for days and weeks with the father. Some of the older citizens of New Wilmington remember the time when the brothers McKinley helped their father about the furnace, and recall their custom of being here during the week and of leaving town to pass their Sunday at the home in Niles. There were four boys and three girls in their childhood's home, all of the brothers except Abner being well remembered by old townsmen. David, who was sent to Hawaii as minister, and afterwards honored above all Americans in that land by being sent back to the United States as the Hawaiian representative, married a sister of one who was a resident here till his death last spring.

The most interesting event of William McKinley's life here, before he left for an academy at Poland, was a runaway accident with which he met. While one of the charcoal wagons was standing with the boy in it at the top of the steep Furnace Hill, the horses were frightened and started madly downward. Those who watched the heavy wagon bounding from side to side, saw the reins slip beyond the boy's reach. But he remained cool and grasped the seat firmly

without crying out. The whole long hill was passed and a cordon of furnace men stopped the team as they started up the raise on this side of the creek. He left this town for an academy at Poland, and from there he went to Meadville, where his college course was nipped in the bud by his career as a soldier.

All people know his subsequent career. His honorable life and manly death have been watched over and gloried in by this town, and every noble act in life or death has seemed like a far off benediction for this place where much of his boyhood was passed.

Alumni Notes.

Robert Grier, '01, is head clerk for the U. P. Board.

Elma Chamberlin, '01, will study Art in Pittsburg.

Samuel Lake, '01, is teaching school near Carnegie, Pa.

Margaret Gealey, '01, is teaching at Ne-shannock Falls.

Harry Phythyon, '98, of Indiana, visited New Wilmington recently.

T. A. Sampson, '01, is teaching in an academy in Huntingdon county.

The Rev. J. C. Hanley, '97, has removed from Fresno to Beaumont, California.

Fred Taylor, '96, has accepted a position as instructor in Latin in the Mercer Academy.

The Rev. M. G. Jerrow, '98, was installed pastor of the congregation at Mansewood, Ontario, July 11.

Mr. Jas. W. Grove and the Hon. S. P. Donaldson were re-elected to represent the Alumni on the board of directors.

W. Stewart, '99, who has been assistant principal of the Apollo schools for the past two years, was this year elected principal.

W. A. Moore, '86, for several years principal of the New Wilmington, schools has been elected to a similar position in Mahoningtown.

The Rev. W. H. Fulton, '94, spent two months of the summer in an evangelistic campaign among the gold and silver miners of the Northwest.

The Rev. James Crowe, D. D., '59, pastor of Norris Square church, Philadelphia, spent a portion of the summer in Ireland, the land of his birth.

J. A. Chambers, '00, who has during the summer been with the Sharon Steel Company at South Sharon, has resumed his law studies in the office of Judge Hazen, at New Castle.

The Rev. H. G. Edgar, '96, who has been engaged in missionary work among the Italians and colored people of Pittsburg, has gone to take charge of the mission at Colfax, Washington.

The following program was adopted for the reunion of the class of '87: Historian, Rev. J. B. Ricketts; poet, Rev. Walter Lowrey; essayist, Mr. W. E. Douthett; orator, Rev. D. T. McCalmont.

John Cameron, E. A. Campbell, S. E. Gamble, J. H. Gilfillan, J. A. Hazlett, Ira F. Leeper, W. T. McCandless, H. W. McCartney, E. C. McKoun, A. B. Reid and W. S. Sturgeon, all '01, will go to the seminary.

At the commencement exercises there were present six members of the class of 1861: James B. Taylor, Esq., Wooster, O., W. M. Aiken and G. W. McCracken, New

Castle; Mrs. Maggie McKee, Oil City; Mrs. Elizabeth Borland, Steubenville, and Mrs. Rachel Spencer, New Wilmington.

Rev. Jacob J. Hawk, '60, of Nebraska City, Neb., visited the college Monday, September 22, accompanied by his niece, Mrs. Young, of New Castle. Mr. Hawk, who has not been here since his graduation, expressed himself as pleased with the many improvements since his day.

Rev. William G. Hubbard, D. D., and Miss M. M. McBride, '81, were married July 16, 1901, at Atlantic, Pennsylvania. Miss McBride was graduated from Westminster with the class of '81, and has for several years been instructor in English at Indiana State Normal. She has on different occasions acted as judge on literary contests here.

The death of Miss Myrtle Cooper, 1900, occurred August 14. Miss Cooper was a sister of the Rev. J. H. W. Cooper, '96, and the Rev. R. E. Cooper, '98, who has quite recently taken charge of the congregation at Washtacua, Washington. The HOLCAD extends its sympathy to all sorrowing friends and relatives.

On Tuesday of commencement week at 2 p. m. the Alumni Association held its annual meeting in the college chapel. The officers elected for the year were: President, Rev. I. T. Wright, '69; vice president, Rev. Houston Lowrey, '78; recording secretary, Miss Emma Elliot, '97; corresponding secretary, Miss Emma Melhard, '97; executive committee, Rev. J. D. Barr, '88, Prof. W. J. Shields, '85, and Miss Letitia Elliott, '87.

At the reunion of the class of '86, held Tuesday evening in the Second church, a most excellent essay was read by Mrs. H. D. Gordon, on "Shall Our Daughters Go to

College." Music was furnished by Miss Gertrude Clark. After this program was completed the Alumni dinner was served in the gymnasium. Over 200 covers were laid for this occasion, and with W. H. Dodds, Esq., '82, of Pittsburg, as master, the following toasts were given: "Westminster in the Sixties," by Mr. J. D. Taylor, '61, of Wooster, Ohio; "Sons of Westminster in the Presbyterian church," by Rev. Houston Lowrey, '78, of Wooster, Ohio, and "Westminster in the Twentieth Century," by Rev. R. M. Russell, D. D., '80, of Pittsburg.

As far as information is furnished the members of last year's class are accounted for as follows: Miss Dora Cowden, teaching in Oakdale, Pa.; Miss Margaret Gealey, teaching near New Wilmington; Miss Zella Mitchell, teaching in the South; Miss Mary Neeley, teaching in Canonsburg, Pa.; Earl Frazer, in business at Natrona, Pa.; S. C. Gamble, student Xenia Theological Seminary; R. N. Grier, United Presbyterian book rooms, Pittsburg; M. M. Edmundson, has charge of the gymnasium at Indiana State Normal School for the present year; Samuel Lake, teaching near Pittsburg; Ira F. Leeper, student Allegheny Theological Seminary; S. W. McGinness, student Duff's Business College, Pittsburg; E. W. Saxton, student Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny; W. S. Sturgeon, student Allegheny Theological Seminary; J. E. Nelson, student Columbia (Mo.) Medical College; A. B. Reid, student Allegheny Theological Seminary; E. C. McCown and H. V. Kuhn, guards Pan American Exposition, Buffalo; W. B. McCrory, member city engineering corps, Pittsburg; M. M. Mehard, student Medical De-

partment Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore; J. Mc. Cameron, student Allegheny Theological Seminary; T. C. Cochran, law student, Mercer; W. S. Montgomery, in office of steel works, Wheatland, Pa.

College World.

The bi-centennial of Yale will be celebrated October 20-23.

Since the first of last June \$15,974,872 has been given as gifts to the colleges of this country.

A team composed of ten athletes from Cambridge University and seven from Oxford, contested with representatives of Harvard and Yale on Berkeley Oval, N. Y., September 25th.

Eighty-five Cuban teachers, transported to and from Cuba, at the expense of the Government, are studying English at Harvard University, where a special course of instruction is provided for them.

The class of 1901 of Princeton University, numbering two hundred and nineteen, was the largest ever graduated from that institution. According to the statement of President Patton, the buildings, the income and the number of students of Princeton have doubled during the past twelve years.

O you who weep in discontent
And think your strenuous toil has failed,
Remember one who sailed and sailed
Until he claimed a continent.

Fixed as the stars his purpose was,
And mightier than he knew, his quest.
He sought an island at the best,
And found the great Americas.

—Ex.

Music and Art.

Have little care that life is so brief,
And less that art is long ;
Success is in the silences,
Though fame is in the song.

Miss Turner has resumed her art studies.

Miss Marie Allen has taken up a course in China painting.

Miss Ethel Frampton is numbered among the new art students.

Practical notation is the ability to turn musical notes into bank notes.

Miss Helen Ferguson is taking water colors this year instead of China.

Among the new students in water colors are Misses McKee, Russell, Woods and Elliott.

The elocution department has opened with quite a number of new students and gives promise of a most successful year.

Following is the list of musical students: C DeWitt Breden, West Sunbury; James Moore Briceland, Bulger; Myra Leslie Davidson, West Middlesex; Haydee Alceste Elstein, New Castle; Florence M. Ferver, New Wilmington; Bessie Irene Fulkman, Nashua; Mary Harris Getty, New Wilmington; Agnes Nancy Gibson, Ebensburg; Ina Ballou Gibson, Baldwin; Zoe Dora Hockenberry, West Sunbury; Annie Adair Houston, New Wilmington; Edith Estella McCreary, East Brook; Mary E. McLachlin, Port Huron, Mich.; Martha C. Mehard, New Wilmington; Mary Lisbeth Newmyer, Wilksburg; Sara Elizabeth Robb, Allegheny; Esther Mary Porter, New Wilmington; Margaret E. Porter, Pulaski; Mary Vincent Smith, Bulger; Eleanor Marie Vincent, Detroit, Mich.; Martha May Warner, Chanceford; James

McConnell Weddell, New Wilmington; Jessie Ethel Fisher, New Castle; Mary Eva Scott, Cambridge, N. Y.; Laura Stewart, Jamestown.

THE KEY NOTE.

Somewhere, in earth or sky or sea,
There lives a strain of melody,
Eluding still, tho' seeming caught,
My utmost skill and deepest thought.

'Tis sweeter than the sweetest note
E'er warbled from a song bird's throat,
And more intense and full of bliss
Than aught of mortal music is.
Sometimes I hear it with delight
On waking, in the silent night;
Sometimes it sounds about my way
In field or wood, where'er I stray;
But strive to catch it or repeat
Its cadence, and 'tis lost, I meet
Some old-time friend; the witching strain
Sounds in my ear, then flies again.
I view some dear, familiar place,
That haunting note its tender grace
Breathes on my soul, and then it flies
Ere I can fix its harmonics.
But sometime, somewhere, clear and sweet,
That melody shall make complete
My soul; tho' mayhap not until
All sounds and songs of earth are still.

—C. W. HALL.

Definitions of College Terms.

Freshman—A gassy, but harmless necessity.

Sophomore—A child or kid who is continually thanking his lucky stars he got through the Freshman year.

Junior—An indescribable jelly-like substance about to fall in love.

Senior—A man grave and dignified who has passed through three years of labor and may now rest on his laurels and smoke a pipe.—*Ex.*

To speak well is not the same as doing well.

Athletics.

The record of last year's baseball team is one of which we should be proud. Twelve games were played and but three lost.

The victory over State college is one that reflects most honor on our college. To defeat a university team where the team is chosen from hundreds of students is certainly no small attainment for a college with scarcely three hundred students. If our teams could meet more college teams instead of athletic clubs it would reflect more credit upon the institution, as a well played college game, although it be a defeat should arouse more enthusiasm among the students than a victory over an athletic club. The record of the baseball team of 1901 follows:

Westminster.....	7	W. and J.....	3
"	13	Waynesburg	2
"	6	Geneva	2
"	8	Fredonia.....	2
"	3	H. L. A. C	4
"	3	State	2
"	6	W. and J.....	2
"	8	Geneva	3
"	2	H. L. A. C	7
"	7	Waynesburg	8
"	18	Altoona.....	8
"	0	Johnstown.....	5
Total.....	81	Total.....	48

Only one of last year's nine will be in school next spring, all the others having graduated. Some new men have entered who we believe will enable us to produce a fair team next season.

The football outlook, although none too bright, is more encouraging than anticipated by some. Old players are scarce and it will be the coach's lot to develop a great many new players. However, we hope the coach will be equal to the emergency and will de-

velop new men in time for the opening game with Thiel on September 30th. Coach Donehue has been secured by Manager Zehner. He is from Greensburg and played for that team last season. Mr. Donehue has played under Hutchinson, of Princeton, and no doubt will prove to be what is needed here as a coach.

The candidates for the team are Parisen, Neville, Kennedy, Fulton, Briceland, A. Campbell, Lambie, Witherspoon, McCrory, Crooks, Mintier, Gamble, McKay, Williams, Moore, Cleeland, McMichael, Ried, Tenant, Byam, Stranahan, Campbell, Capt. Christy, Tweedy, Donaldson and Adams. Among the most promising of the new men is Lambie, the new physical director. He is fast, as his records as a track athlete will show, is a good tackler and will no doubt secure a position in the back field. The team will necessarily be lacking in weight and will require speed to make up for this defect. The majority of candidates are trying for positions as backs or ends. This is the natural tendency of light men, but it must not be forgotten that weight does not count for everything in line playing. Speed counts in line positions as well as in others. So let every man do faithful training and not think that because he does not weigh more than 150 pounds he cannot play football. If this is done and the coach does his duty there is no reason why our football team should not be up to the standard. The following schedule for the season has been arranged by Manager Zehner:

September 30—Thiel at Greenville.

October 5—Allegheny at New Wilmington.

October 19—Geneva at Beaver Falls.

October 26—Thiel at New Wilmington.

November 2—Buchtel at Akron.

November 9—U. W. Va. at Morgantown.

November 11—Waynesburg at Waynesburg.

November 16.—Geneva at New Wilmington.

November 21—W. U. P. at Schenley Park.

November 28—Allegheny at Meadville.

Other games are also being arranged for.

Over the entrance to the Stadium at the Pan American Exposition appear the following mottos: "He who fails bravely has not truly failed, but is himself also a conqueror."

"Who shuns the dust and sweat of the contest, on his brow falls not the cool shade of the olive." "Not ignoble are the days of peace. Not without courage and laureled victories."

The Freshman-Sophomore relay race is the most interesting track event of the fall term, as well as the most beneficial to track athletics. It is the duty of every loyal Freshman or Sophomore to do all in his power to put out a winning relay team.

This race brings out men who do not know their abilities along this line, and has done more to develop sprinters than any other event in our college athletics. Let the under class men get out and undergo training for these teams, and they will never regret it. The Freshman class of 1904 ran a strong race but some of the team are missing this year, and 1905 need not despair, as they have a large number to select from and should be able to put out a fast team.

The record now held by 1902 is eight minutes, and is a good one for a two mile relay, but this also can be lowered.

There is some system needed in giving out the initial "W" to the members of the various teams. The requirement is that no one

shall wear the initial "W" who has not played an entire 'varsity game or won three points in an inter-collegiate field meet. Heretofore anyone having satisfied this requirement is allowed to wear the "W." This privilege has been abused by those who have no right whatever to overstep this custom. A senior who has not fulfilled the requirements is not as excusable as an innocent second Prep. who dons his sweater with a large "W" the second day in school. We urge the athletic association to act in this matter and provide some system by which this privilege can be controlled.

At the meeting of the board of trustees last spring \$300 was granted for the support of athletics in the college. This aid was much needed, and the athletic association should oversee its use, so that each team shall receive its share of support. With careful management the basketball should be self supporting. Football should receive the largest amount, as the expense of hiring a coach is additional to the necessary expense of other teams. The track team should receive support, as this will be the strongest department of our athletics this year.

Metric System in Wide Use.

Consul Haynes, of Rouen, says that the metric system is to-day compulsory in twenty countries, representing more than 300,000,000 inhabitants—Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Spain, France, Greece, Italy, Netherlands, Portugal, Roumania, Servia, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Argentine Republic, Brazil, Chile, Mexico, Peru and Venezuela—and advises American exporters in dealing with any of these countries to adopt the system.

A good heart is the richest of treasure houses.

Exchanges.

Remember or Forget.
 When I am dead, my dearest,
 Sing no sad songs for me ;
 Plant thou no roses at my head,
 Nor shady cypress tree;
 Better green grass above me,
 With showers and dewdrops wet;
 And if thou wilt, remember,
 And if thou wilt, forget.
 I shall not see the shadows,
 I shall not feel the rain,
 I shall not hear the nightingale
 Sing on as if in pain ;
 And dreaming through the twilight
 That doth not rise or set.
 Hap'ly I may remember,
 And hap'ly I may forget.
 —Christina Rossetta.

Temperance is the nurse of chastity.
 Wycherley: "Love in a Wood."

Wine makes a man better pleased with himself. Do not say it makes him more pleasing to others. Sometimes it does. But the danger is that while a man grows better pleased with himself he may be growing less pleasing to others. Wine gives a man nothing. It neither gives him knowledge nor wit; it only animates a man, and enables him to bring out what a dread of the company has repressed. It only puts in motion what has been locked up in frost.—*Ev.*

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THE HOLCAD.

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SOMETIMES we do not appreciate the value of a good lecture course. Surely we should receive great benefit from the words of the men who speak to us, men who have seen life in all its forms—its wealth and poverty, its culture and ignorance, its morality and debasement. Elbert Hubbard, we believe, has exerted a great influence over his auditors. His lectures deal largely with life in its criminal form, and when a man of his character and experience tells us that even in the worst lives there is something good

we should hear him with respect. Let us remember that if we seek flowers we will find flowers, and if we seek weeds we will find weeds. In each individual let us seek for the good and admire it. Let us not seek for the evil.

FOR the past six weeks the anarchist has been brought into prominent notice. His is a character in which are strangely blended ideas of truth and error. Ideas of truth in that he recognizes that government is becoming too much controlled by caste; ideas of error in that his remedy for this condition is irrational, dangerous. He would place all men on the same level within an hour. This is a thing impossible. Every great human reform requires the work of years, very often of centuries. The price of haste is brief duration. Imagine the anarchist's dream realized to-day and all men on a level. Does any sane man believe that they would remain so? An unscrupulous man of great energy would again arise and become a greater tyrant than before. The weak and ignorant would sink to deeper wretchedness. But if the good men of each generation will aid in breaking down the barriers of caste, the distorted dreams which the anarchist now beholds may become a reality thru peaceful evolution, and then our earth shall be united by the "brotherhood of man."

AFTER their recent defeat by Westminster the Allegheny coach gave their team a severe lecture, and among other things, while deploring the lack of support given the team by the Allegheny student body, commended the college spirit with which Westminster backed her team. This is always a noticeable feature of the home games. Nothing encourages a team as does strong, systematic rooting. It makes a player feel that he has the support of the students, makes him feel that the honor of his alma mater is his for the time being to defend. While the Westminster team has received the generous support of the majority of the students, yet there are many of the students and, we regret to say, some having official connection with the college, who take not the least interest in the football team. They do not attend the games. They pay no attention to the good done by athletics to the individual, to the physique given him by the work, to the self control obtained by his taking part. They do not seem to realize that athletics is one of the most powerful advertising agents a college can have. Considering the number of athletes developed at this college, considering the work of the teams put in the field, compared with the number of students to pick from, it is the duty of every one connected with Westminster to give his financial support to every team and to lend his enthusiastic presence to every game.

A BRONZE tablet to the memory of the late Dr. Martin, the first professor of biology at Johns Hopkins University, has been erected in the corridor of the biological laboratory of the university.

Literary Department.

Human Nature in Government

In the volumes of written history we read of the sublime and admire it; we read of the humorous and laugh, or of the pathetic and weep; we read of the tragic and shudder, of the heroic and praise the deed while we honor the noble spirit by which the hero was impelled. We find, on the written page, a record of every phase of emotion and every manner of its expression from the wildest cry of wrathful hate to the most precious assurance of love divine. These elements of our nature, together with other characteristics of human existence, relationships and environment, betoken an Author of surpassing wisdom, a Designer, the greatness of whose knowledge and understanding consigns the perception of Athenian philosophers to the lowest realms of basest ignorance. It was, then, in the mind of an infinite, a divine Being that the plan of life and humanity originated, and it was from the same omnipotent Being that man received the ability to recognize and reciprocate the feelings of his fellow men. During the cycle of passing years, the many and different elements of his character have been developing under the spur of his own will and the strife of contending desires within himself. The story of his early existence is hidden behind a mystic veil; all that we know of his primeval life has been gleaned from the facts which scientific research and fragmentary history have brought to our knowledge. Prehistoric man, in his struggle for existence, quelled the lords of the forest and drove them far from his chosen abode. His thoughts were little turned to the finer arts, to his own social improvement, or to the science of civil

relationship. When man had conquered the beasts of the wilderness and had thus proved his superior right to exist, it remained for him to deal with himself, a subtle foe, worthy of his truest steel, an enemy to be feared. As he was slowly ascending the ladder of civilization there were certain traits in his character which his mode of existence tended not to eradicate from his being but to develop into the controlling motive of his life. Primitive man finds himself engaged in a continual struggle with the adverse circumstances that surround him and thus there is fostered within him that part of his nature which is inclined to subdue to his wishes and will all things and beings with which he has to deal, and as he rises in the scale of intelligence, he still maintains his natural instinctive desire to conquer and rule, to dominate over his kind. This unbridled desire makes him rebellious, a foe to every form of government, if he himself is to be brought into subjection. Self-aggrandizement was the impelling motive in the early types of our race; it is still a prominent element in every undisciplined character and it drives its possessor to tyranny when he obtains a position of power over his fellows. The unschooled disposition and the ignorant mind can find no profit, no honor, in placing even a noble man on the ruler's seat; his low, unprincipled nature, could it burst the bands of its environment and gain the ascendancy among mankind, would transform the magistrate's chair into a tyrant's throne and make the house of our rulers the resting place of a despot who recognizes no law but the imperious dictates of a selfish ambition. The first suggestion of curtailing the unrestricted action of the free living savage must surely rouse in his breast all the vengeful fury of rebellious wrath, for the inclination to recog-

nize that it is just and right for man to rule man is not to be found in the disposition of the unlearned inhabitant of the forest or plain. When a civil question of justice and right is in the balance it appeals not to the judgment of our natural senses, but it rather calls into action the powers of the intellect and will. Let the crowning handiwork of God be left in ignorance of higher motives and a servant to his own unruly desires, and his works of destruction, riot and ruin, his plying of the incendiary's torch and the assassin's knife would be rivaled only by the direful deeds of the "Yellow Peril" of the Orient or the dark atrocities of Italy's foe, the anarchist.

If human beings live without seeking knowledge, without a desire for education or social progress, if they encourage in themselves a narrow minded and selfish apathy toward the common welfare without fostering and developing what is moral and Christian, they cannot do otherwise than build broad and strong, on that adamant base, the fatal superstructure of anarchy from whose perilous heights man's folly would hurl him into the depths of political ruin and the story of his civil development and relationships would become a mere phantom in the visions of the unremembered past. But why should we look forward, with gloomy forebodings, to a state of affairs whose possible existence all reason and precedent deny?

There are certain instincts that we may almost universally observe in both man and beast. Every form of animal life must associate with those of its kind. Many species of the lower creation roam about in the security of numbers, and even the most degraded types of mankind band themselves into tribes; in all we find exemplified the inevitable fact of leadership. There is a leader

among the flocks that speed through the air, likewise among the herds that wander o'er the plains; there is also a leader and a ruler in every existing tribe of the human race. For man to live without some form of law or government is impossible, his instinctive admiration of physical prowess and intellectual ability forbids it, and when the stern voice of an immutable law that took form in the mind of Infinite Wisdom says, "This must be," all contrary prophecy and theories by the wisest of mankind must fail.

Nevertheless, that a few must rule and many must serve was ever inevitable; its perfect demonstration in the years that have flown cannot be questioned, but who shall rule and how, is the mighty problem, and man must rise to its solution. Political problems are the natural outcome of man's existence. Avoid them he cannot; solve them he must. The history of the world is a history of its governments, and the story of the powers that have been is one monotonous song; they rose, flourished in the forenoon, tottered at midday, and at evening fell; every page of their history is darkened by the envy and contention of man. He is not inclined by nature to settle the question of just government, for the desire to rule over his equals and to bring into subjection every force and power that resists his will is a part of his being.

We have truly sought out many inventions and the science of government has by no means escaped the sweeping investigations and changes that have befallen all the institutions under man's control, and these modifications have not all been retrogressive, for the moral consciousness with which man has been endowed demands that he profit by both ancestral and personal experience. The rise and development of government has

ever been a dire struggle between the naturally rebellious inclination of man and his knowledge of the fatal consequences of disregarding the finer elements of his character. Whichever of these bitterly contending forces has controlled a race of people the same has determined their position in the civilized world. When the people grew restless under the sway of an ancient monarch, the days of his power were numbered; the governed have always been the rightful source of authority and their character must surely determine the stability of their government. Let a people yield to that element of their nature which gives sway to anarchy, let them follow the lead of their baser instincts through the enchanted gardens of pleasure and vice, let them forget the foundation of social advancement, and what phase of government or what degree of civilization may we expect to spring from the depraved condition of mind and the deadened sense of responsibility which must certainly follow? America, beware! Let all nations take heed! for where, we ask, and what are the modern wrongs that have not once cursed some nation of old and finally caused its overthrow? And by history must we judge the possibilities of the future. The people of modern nations are surely careless and indifferent or bound in the deadly spell of some fatal siren of pleasure, or supposed liberty, that they heed not the warning of the powers that have fallen. If ancient kings fell, and the star of their power paled in its zenith because of a decline in the finer nature of their people, how can modern princes fail to see and understand the fatal import of laughing at the baser elements that thrive in their midst? In this age of enlightenment and progress the character of rulers "should be made of sterner stuff." Our position in

the history of the world demands that we set up a more nearly ideal standard of liberty and law than did our fathers. If we use our vast opportunity to become wise in the wisdom that history teaches and well versed in the cause of the ancients' downfall, if we rise from the pits into which others have fallen, if we spurn the vices that laid them low, and build upon wisdom their folly should teach us, who can foretell the glory of our future ?

We behold, in the fast fleeting chaos of human existence, that bitter factions are ever contending in the struggle for power ; kings are vying with kings, subjects rise against their rulers or contend among themselves for the mastery. Whether in political contest or in the excitement of military campaign, selfish desire, man's bitterest foe, too often asserts itself and the primal purpose and use of both elections and wars are forgotten ; ambition is on the throne and seeks to rule the world with an iron hand ; the only foe that disputes the field is that higher idea of justice which affirms the universal equality of man.

We live in an age of political excitement, an age that demands stamina and endurance of both body and mind ; aye, when, in the years gone by, have such qualities not been at a premium ? We live in a time that will try the foundations of all governments ; the weak will fail according to their weakness, and the strong will rise upon the ruins of the others' folly.

The character of their rulers is not the supreme power in the destiny of nations. A magistrate, yielding to a natural desire to extend his authority, may oppress a nation, he may enslave and torture the people, he may betray a trust that is sacred to all and even barter their rights and liberty for a traitor's gold, but, while they remain true to

themselves and foster the spirit that raises man above the brutes, they possess a power which even the most despotic tyranny is unable to quell ; while they retain and strive to perpetuate a firm conception of an ideal nation and an ideal government, their destiny is sure, for men, not tyrants, make a nation. Governments must stand upon the moral ideas of their people and not upon the will of a despotic ruler. The nation that would continue prosperous and powerful through indefinite ages must cherish the spirit that would lift the slave from the lowest depths and place all men on a loftier plane, and if nations fall in the midst of a glorious career, their ruin is but the sequence of their own misdeeds performed with a clear understanding of the fatal results that must succeed their presumptuous folly, for, till this transient sphere shall cease to revolve, till books shall remain unprinted and learning be no more, the history of former governments will stand as a warning to the powers that be. The forces that wrought their ruin are as potent now as then and must be opposed with all the vigor of the present and the experience of the past. We, in the turmoil of modern years, must strive to conquer the inclination of the human heart to try the unfathomed seas of the future for itself, that the "lamp of experience" together with the feelings of "malice toward none and charity for all" may guide us to a just and equitable ruling of all people.

J. VANCE MCKELVEY, '02.

In Times Past.

Down by the gym, under the trees, the band was playing "Mosquito Parade ;" gay dresses were flitting about like butterflies ; on the temporary seats near the fir-bedecked platform an expectant audience sat ; and

above them, on this same platform, were the graduates-to-be, with nothing but an oration or essay between them and a diploma. It was a happy sight; all hearts were on a holiday then; and old "grads" came back to see their children follow their example.

On the north side of old college a well dressed gentleman of middle age was standing, looking up towards chapel and Philo—not listening to the music or the speeches—just gazing, a faraway look in his eyes; then, as if to himself, "The old windows gone; I wonder where they are now "

Upspoke a passing lower-classman: "Yes, sir; took the old ones out last fall; got 'em over at Science Hall."

The gentleman stood a moment or two as if in thought, and then started towards the building, saying: "In the spring of '81 three of us climbed into the chapel, through the window on this end, and took out everything movable in sight. When we were through we cut our initials in one of the lower panes of the window, and for old memories sake I'm going to see if I can find them."

The freshman went into Science Hall about an hour later and there on the stairs by the Lab. was "'81," looking intently at a square pane of glass, for on it were "R. B. S.," "T. R. M." and "J. M. C., '81."

Little Susie Down the Track.

O, there's lots o' folks 'ats poor, you know,
 An' livin' dark at night,
 An' just acause they can't afford
 To buy a tiny light.
 An' there's lots o' folks 'ats goin' cold,
 An' shiv'rin', on my soul!
 Acause they need a bite to eat
 An' ain't got any coal.

An' little Susie, down the track,
 She was a hero sure,
 An' there ain't no hearts as God has made
 What s beatin' any truer.

I seed her fillin' her apron up
 With chunks of coal and coke,
 An' a heftin' on a great big piece—
 You'd 'a thought her back 'ud broke.

An' she toted it the whole way home,
 (With a rest or two atween),
 As plucky and as gritty
 As this here feller's seen.

O, she was tough! I heard her swear
 When she stubbed her little toes,
 But she didn't know 'at it was bad,
 An' her pa does that, I 'spose.

An' then one day an engine came
 An' Susie didn't hear,
 But when they picked her up, sir-ee!
 There weren't a single tear.

Poor Susie is a cripple now
 An' she has a wooden crutch,
 An' she ain't a-carryin' coal and coke,
 For that 'ud hurt too much,
 But little Susie, down the track,
 She was a hero, sure,
 An' there ain't no hearts as God has made
 What's beatin' any truer.

EGBERT R. MORRISON.

Probable Age of the Human Race.

This question receives an interesting answer in the latest edition of De Mortillet's "Origin and Antiquity of Man." The total number of years elapsed since, according to geological evidence, men first appeared upon earth is placed at 238,000. Of this 78,000 years belong to the preglacial epoch, 100,000 to the glacial, 44,000 to the interval between the glacial epoch and the protohistoric and Neolithic, 10,000 years to the two last named epochs and 6,000 years to the time since the beginning of the historic period in Egypt.

Holcades Mikrai.

John Lockhart, '99, was in town for the Youngstown game.

The Freshmen are numerous and extremely giddy this term.

Walter Moore's new chemical name for leather is: "Oxide of beef."

Miss Grier remarked to a companion: "Oh, my father sent me up here just to get a man."

J. A. Stewart is reported to have been very interested in the Poole at the Allegheny College game.

A party of fifty or more went to Beaver Falls on Saturday, October 19th, to see the Geneva game.

Rev. W. H. Vincent, '69, of Detroit, and Rev. J. T. McCrory, of Pittsburg, spoke in chapel October 22.

Miss McLaughry: "Miss Ramsey, after this, what affliction did Milton have?" Miss R: "Why—he was married."

Miss Ramsey replied: "I have taken all the Dutch required, but I may take more in the spring if it is possible."

The first lecture was given Thursday night, October 17th, by Edward T. Hagerman. It was enjoyed by all present.

The wedding of Miss Lucile Richmond, ex-'02, and Raymond D. Cochrane took place in Pittsburg, the 24th of October.

Miss McKee was ardently crying, "O, that I had a brother," when Miss Grier calmly remarked, "I'll give you one of mine."

Although daily letters are received from Wheatland, Montgomery, '01, still makes occasional flying trips to New Wilmington.

J. Miller, state secretary of the college Y.

M. C. A., addressed a union meeting of the Christian associations Tuesday evening, Oct. 22d.

Dr. Ferguson did his best for the amusement of the psychology class one morning and then immediately left town for several days.

J. A. Chambers, '00, has been in town for some time coaching the linesmen of the football team. Apparent good results follow his work.

We were told lately that the reason Bryan never was president was because the East soured on him and would not raise him to the position.

Wilson Reed has very appropriately remarked: "The janitor's not doing such a rushing business at lecture times this year as he did last."

Several Nimrods have had guns out lately, but the squirrels are not yet extinct. Shaw and McCague are hoping for some reward before the season's close.

A brilliant Senior was observed applying match after match to the water spigot in the laboratory. In about five minutes he woke up and quit wondering why the gas did not light.

Audley Stewart was idly pulling hairs from his victim's head. On being asked his purpose, he answered that it was to plant them and raise a rabbit tree for the delight of hunting.

The Seniors decided by a decisive vote to wear caps and gowns. It is hoped that there will be a college rule in regard to this by next year, for its discussion always brings trouble into the class.

W. C. Witherspoon accompanied James Edgar, '00, on one of his recent trips to the

Hall. The drive was reached in safety, but here the electric light blazed forth and scared away the gallant heroes.

Miss R——, the one called "Beeswax" at home as a near approach to "Honey," has a new theory for driving. She says: "If you wrap the lines around the whip, most any old horse will go."

The English Literary class answered roll call with a quotation from Bacon's Essays. Many gave the same one, but "Skinney's" quotation broke the monotony: "To spend too much time in studies, is sloth."

A particularly dismal Saturday night had come and Miss Bard drooped her head in gloom. But all in a moment she sprang to her feet and fiercely cried: "Let's do something desperate—let's match pennies."

Miss McLachlan was firmly convinced of heart disease: With careful steps she took her way down stairs, made and applied a mustard plaster, and lo! the cure was complete. The attention of physicians is called to this sure cure.

Freekly visited the Mercer fair. He drove two young ladies home. He was very self-satisfied. He received a letter. He was happy. His letter said, "Come soon; papa is away, and will not be back till Monday." He "comed." Since then Freekly has been hunting the author of the forged note.

The victory over Allegheny College was celebrated by a night shirt parade. Long stood and watched with open mouth and hands clasped in admiration while the tattered garments fluttered about. Vincent escaped a knowledge of the hereafter by losing his robe, the first "blazer," to be worn in school. And the souvenirs and remnants about the grounds still testify to the glory of the occasion.

Through the gloomy night the awful shrieks rang. The ladies at the Hall trembled and feared death at any moment. The braver ones stole from their rooms and down the stairs to where the terrifying screams arose. Crouched low and rocking back and forth, she cried, "I don't know what it is! I don't know what it is!" A light was brought, scouts went on ahead, and C. G. Watt, the household cat, was found softly mewing in the forsaken room. Robbers are comparatively scarce.

Bailey rang and rang but no answer came. He waited till his patience gave out, and then looked about for advice. He was told to hang up the receiver and ring again. He did so and then seated himself and waited for an answer. Ten minutes passed and Bailey still heard no answer. Then his mighty voice shouted, "Hello!" at the useless telephone for fifteen minutes more. And now Bailey looks wicked when telephones with receivers hung are mentioned.

Westminster Snap Shots.

I.

A late autumn afternoon. In the foreground a patch a bare earth, crossed at regular intervals by white lines, stretches to where in the middle distance it meets the irregular outline of a green sward similarly marked. A keen wind sweeps over the scene and the subdued splendor of the fading foliage on the wooded hills that enclose the prospect catches the last tints of the October sunset. Crouching before a pair of goal-posts that stands out sharply against a slaty grey northern sky, is a group of youths, in earth colored canvas suits and dark blue sleeves and stockings ringed with white. Some distance from these, scattered knots of

other youths, hands thrust in pockets, coat collars turned up, here and there one with some player's sweater carelessly thrown over his shoulders, watch with interest the movements of the crouching men before the posts. "Signal! n-i-n-e, t-h-i-r-t-e-e-n, f-i-f-t-e-e-n, e-i-g-h-t-e-e-n!" A moment of tense, alert silence is followed by a convulsive motion of the group, a twinkling confusion of striped stockings and a crunching grind of canvas against canvas as the mass pushes, struggles, sways, totters and finally falls in a heap. There is a smothered "Down!" "Line up quick, fellows!" Once, twice, is the action repeated. "All's over!" and the day's football practice is done.

II.

A gray old building in a setting of stately trees. A bell in the tower is clanging its steady, monotonous stroke, and from every side along its leaf-strewn paths and walks comes a constant stream of talking, laughing youth. Through the narrow doorway it goes, joined in dingy corridors by tributaries from class-room doors up the stairway and into the chapel, where it diffuses itself among the various divisions of pews behind which stand grave men and women, fateful notebook in hand. The seats gradually become filled with a restless, shifting, talking throng. The bell ceases, the doors close, the grave men and women take their places in the row of chairs on the narrow little platform, and one, advancing to the pulpit, stands and waits for the tumult and confusion to subside. The pencil raps once, twice and again. "Number sixty-five, the Thirty-first Psalm. 'How great the goodness thou hath stored.' Sing three verses." The accompanist plays the melody through and in a burst of sacred song the morning chapel service begins.

Alumni Notes.

Miss Alice Fairfield, '00, is teaching at Pulaski.

Wallace Ferguson, '00, is teaching at Norfolk, Va.

Mr. John Boggs, '98, is studying law in Pittsburg.

Miss Mary Snodgrass, '00, is teaching at West Middlesex.

Miss Sannie Stewart, '00, is teaching in La Platte, Maryland.

James Sloss, '00, and R. D., Yolton, '01, are chemists in one of the Pittsburg mills.

Mr. Reed Kennedy, '89, of Homestead, visited New Wilmington Monday, Sept. 23.

H. Russell Miller, '99, of Allegheny, spent Sabbath, Sept. 22, with his brother, E. D. Miller, '02.

Misses Diana and Lida Pomeroy, '98, of New Castle, are spending the year as graduate students in Bryn Mawr.

Among the speakers at the semi-centennial celebration at Greenfield, Wednesday, Sept. 11, were Rev. W. H. Vincent, D. D., '69, of Detroit, Mich., and Rev. J. T. Wright, of Metz, O.

E. L. Eagleson, '99, who has been principal of the Stone Valley Academy for the past two years, and Wilson V. Grove, '00, who taught last year in Eldersridge Academy, are both attending the Allegheny Seminary.

The marriage of Miss Florence Kyle, '01, of Johnstown, and William Reed Neely, of Pittsburg, occurred on Thursday, Sept. 19. Among the maids of honor were Miss Mary Neely, '01, sister of the groom, and Miss Edna Ramsey, '03, of Coraopolis. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father.

Rev. S. J. Kyle, D. D. After quite an extensive bridal tour they will live in the East End.

The New Wilmington *Globe* of Sept. 19 copies the following from the August number of the *Successful American*: "Jas. Kennedy was born at Poland, Mahoning county, Ohio, Sept. 3, 1853. He prepared for college at the Poland Union Seminary, and graduated from Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pa. In 1872 he won the Junior oration medal, thus early giving evidence of his abilities as a speaker. He represented the Adelphic Literary Society in his freshman year as declaimer and in his sophomore year as orator. On both occasions he won the decisions. In 1876 he was admitted to the practice of law, and has been engaged in the general practice of his profession ever since at Youngstown, O. Mr. Kennedy has been especially prominent as a jury lawyer and an uncompromising champion of jury trials, who has always resented the encroachments of judges upon the domain of the jury.

College World.

At the dedication of the new Severance laboratory at Oberlin College on Sept. 26th an additional gift of \$40,000 by L. H. Severance was announced as endowment for the chair of chemistry.

For the third time in the country's history and for the first time in seventy-two years, says the Boston *Transcript*, a graduate of Harvard College is president of the United States. John Adams was graduated at Harvard in 1755; John Quincy Adams in 1786, and Theodore Roosevelt in 1880.

The annual meeting of the board of trustees of Princeton University was held on Oct.

15th. Ex-President Grover Cleveland was elected to life membership on the board to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Rev. Dr. Geo. T. Purves, late pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, N. Y.

The 25th anniversary of the founding of Grove City college was celebrated on Wednesday evening, Sept. 11th. On this occasion the board of trustees presented the president, Dr. I. C. Ketler, with a check for \$4,000, given in appreciation of services as head of the institution since its organization.

The athletes of Yale and Harvard defeated the athletic representatives of Oxford and Cambridge Universities in the contest held Sept. 25th, at Berkeley Oval, N. Y. There were nine events in the contest, and the American universities took three each, leaving but three for the Englishmen, who, excelling in the long distance races, took the half mile, one mile and two miles.

On September 25th Dartmouth College celebrated the centennial anniversary of Daniel Webster's graduation, the principal speech of the day being made by Congressman Samuel W. McCall. Among those receiving the Doctor of Laws degree were Chief Justice Fuller, Secretary of State Hay and Booker T. Washington. On that day the corner stone of Webster hall was laid by Lewis Armistead, a great-grandson of Daniel Webster.

"O, that we had Moses, Moses!"

Now the football hero gushes;

"For you've read how he was noted

Far and near for his 'bull rushes!'"

—[Aloysius Call in Pittsburg Dispatch.

—Don't waste your pity on the man who starts out to get something for nothing; he is more than apt to get his just deserts.

Music and Art.

Junior orations begin November 9th.

Miss Beulah Stewart is taking water colors.

Marie Allen's fruit dish, designed in mushroom-rooms, deserves praise.

Miss McGinness is taking guitar lessons under Prof. Zeigler.

Miss McKee's "Water Scene" and Miss Russell's "Pansies" are worthy of mention.

Miss Woods has finished a picture in pink roses, and is now working on a "Queen Ann House."

Miss Hodgins is kept very busy this term with four periods of drawing besides her studio work.

The chorus class is unusually large this year, and much interest is displayed by the members. The two pieces under study are, "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower" and "The Boatman's Goodnight."

Among the list of artists from abroad who will visit this country during the coming season is William Worth Bailey, the blind American violinist. This young musician was born in Fort Smith, Ark., but received the greater part of his musical education in Europe. This is his first appearance in America.

"Butterfly Culture" is one of the late arts introduced into England. In one of the parks in London, a little glass house, situated in a cozy corner of the botanical garden, is the local habitation of the caterpillars. At present the caterpillars are donated, chiefly by the railroad men. If the experiment proves successful, this art will become a great beautifier of the parks throughout England and in all probability will be introduced into the United States.

The Lecture Course committee have exerted great effort in securing the best talent available for the season of 1901-'02, and should, as in previous seasons, receive the hearty support of the students and public. Gen. Gordon, who announces this season as his last on the platform, will deliver his lecture on "The First Days of the Confederacy." List of attractions: Edward T. Hagerman, Oct. 17th, subject: "The World We Live In;" The Rodgers Grilley Recital, Nov. 14th; Dr. Frank Bristol, Nov. 25th, subject: "Brains;" Edmund Vance Cook (the Ohio Poet), Dec. 6th; The Brockway Grand Concert Co., Jan. 20; Gen. John B. Gordon, Feb. 10th, subject: "The First Days of the Confederacy;" Dr. Morgan T. Wood, March 20th, subject: "Heavens and Hells of Married Life, or Home, Sweet Home."

Athletics.

The first football game of the season for Westminster was played at Greenville with Thiel College, on Oct. 1st. The teams were evenly balanced in weight and the Thiel collegians expected to land a victory. Westminster's end runs were not effective, this being caused by the looseness of the interference. This was excusable, as the team had been under Coach Donehue but four days, and Thiel had the advantage of almost a month's coaching. In the first half Thiel kicked the ball to our five yard line when time was called, this being the only time our goal was in danger. The game was a hard fought one, and neither side was able to score. The showing of our team was satisfactory to coach and fans, and with hard work on the part of coach and players there is no reason why the team should not make a strong showing.

Westminster's line up was as follows; Ten-ent, l. c.; Gamble, l. t.; McKay, l. g.; Parisen, c.; Minter, r. g.; Porter, r. t.; Moore, r. e.; Neville, q.; Capt. Campbell, l. h.; Lambie, r. h.; Donaldson, f. b. Referee, Porter; umpire, Packard.

We have met "our friends, the enemy," and they are ours. On October 6th Allegheny came to New Wilmington to open the season on our field, as well as the inter-collegiate season. The game was all that could be asked for, being free from wrangling and all unpleasantnesses. Westminster showed improved form since the Thiel game, especially on end runs. The change in our line up proved to be a wise one, as McKay played a star game at left half and Captain Campbell played in the old time form in the line. Lambie played a good game until injured, and was ably replaced by Fulton. Our line held well, and praise is due to center Parisen, guards Minter and Gamble and tackles Porter and Campbell. The ends were after the ball at all stages of the game, and proved their ability to tackle and get possession of the ball when fumbled. We extend our sympathy to Allegheny's coach, who was simply inconsolable. He seemed to feel better after telling his men how great a disgrace it was to be beaten by a team from a college like Westminster. This being the case, Westminster should be so much the more proud of having defeated a team from a college like Allegheny. The line up was:

WESTMINSTER, II.		ALLEGHENY, O.	
Tennent.....	l. c.....	Fletcher	
Campbell, Capt.....	l. t.....	McCartney	
Gamble.....	l. g.....	Kelley	
Parisen.....	c.....	Beyr	
Minter.....	r. g.....	Campbell	
Porter.....	r. t.....	Frazier	
Moore.....	r. e.....	Neff	
Neville.....	q. b.....	Yeaney	
McKay.....	l. h. b.....	Taylor, Capt.	
Lambie.....	r. h. b.....	Mook	
Donaldson.....	f. b.....	Williams	

Touchdowns—McKay, Donaldson.

Goal—Neville.

Substitutions—Fulton for Lambie, Turner for Frazier.

Officials—Porter, Westminster; Humason, Allegheny.

Linesmen—Degelman, Westminster; Ashley, Allegheny.

Timekeepers—Prof. Smith, Allegheny; McCague, Westminster.

Halves—Twenty-five and twenty minutes.

At the meeting of the Inter-collegiate League here on Saturday, Allegheny was represented by Messrs. Smith and Kelley; Geneva by W. M. Levis, and Westminster by W. J. Williams, Jr., and W. F. Moore. The basketball and baseball championships for the season of 1901 were awarded formally to Allegheny and Westminster respectively. It was voted to adhere to the requirements of Spaulding's official basketball rules as concerns floor and basket specifications. A committee consisting of Messrs. Levis, of Geneva, Kelley, of Allegheny, and Williams, of Westminster, was appointed to secure officials for the various league contests. The president was authorized to appoint, from a list of five submitted to him by each college, a Board of Arbitration, the function of which shall be to decide all disputes which may eventually arise between the colleges composing the league. Prof. Ernest Smith, of Allegheny, acted as secretary pro tem. in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Leach.

There is no false note in the sentiment of your real dyed-in-the-wool gridiron hero. He is in the game for fun, but also for business. He loves to hear the loud huzzas from the grand stand and bleachers, the cheers of his team mates and the praises of his coach, but that is not all. He is willing to run the risk of a trip to the hospital to be encased in splints and plaster of paris for days or weeks, just to have the satisfaction of keeping his rivals from crossing his goal line. To the grid-

iron hero it may be fun, but to the rooters and to the uninitiated it looks like something more—something akin to duty, a real touch of the strenuous in life.

This is a vast army—this gridiron host—that is sweeping over the turf fields in mole-skin, canvass and leather these September days. Some one deft at figures has made the assertion that it is bigger than the army of Uncle Sam that invaded Cuba. There is hardly a college, university, academy or high school that does not have one or more teams. As the season progresses the moving mass of athletic giants dwindles, it is true, just as an army in the field might be decimated by the succeeding train of events in actual skirmishes. It is distinctly a case of the survival of the fittest, and as such it is an inspiration to the youth of the country where the present game of inter-collegiate football has secured its strongest hold.

Looking toward the technical side of the game, the season now on is one of tremendous possibilities to the college man and the rooter that never misses a game. There has hardly been any change in the rules this year, because none were thought necessary. Several fatalities occurred last year, but none were laid directly to any defects in the rules. It was the condition of the players, or rather the lack of condition, that sent half a dozen young men to the grave. Not a single fatality occurred among the digger teams, and, for that matter, hardly a single player has ever been seriously injured at any one of the larger eastern or western universities.

Your real football fan is not qualmish. He argues that an occasional twist of an ankle or of a wrist is good for a growing man, as it makes it possible for him more easily to endure the trials of life when once his school days are over. He winks at the

doctor's bills and probably is the first to send in his subscription to his alma mater in order to enable the football team to go through the season "in style."

And so the football army is recruited from year to year. The son follows the father. The swiftest half back or greatest line rusher is usually followed by another and another bearing the same names, and so family pride goes hand in hand on the gridiron as well as in the halls of learning. It is really a life-long campaign, a struggle to keep laurels won and to win more.

But, despite its risks and its dangers, the future university half back or center rush steals away these fall days, bent on having a try at the ball on some vacant lot. If he succeeds in getting the consent of his parents he may be invested in the full regalia of a trained giant of the larger fields of activity. If not, the game goes merrily on just the same. The fascination of the sport more than compensates for twisted ankles, split lips, turned noses and disfigured ears. It is the game of endurance, of strength and mind. —*Chicago Record-Herald*.

The second game of the season on the home grounds was played with the Logan's Rifle Club, of Youngstown, on Oct. 15th. Very little enthusiasm was manifested in the game. The playing of the team was very listless and was a very poor exhibition of the sport. With the exception of Tennent every member of the team contributed his share of poor playing. The very poor work of the Youngstown official was partly responsible for so much wrangling, but this does not excuse the players. There is one man who *should* speak up when there is any infringement of the rules, and that man is the captain. Let the other players hold their peace, or there is nothing that mars the enjoyment

of a game of football so much as the continual jangling of the players. The result of the game was Westminster 11 and Logan Rifles 0. The score should have been at least four touchdowns. Again we insist that the playing of such clubs is not profitable to the management nor the college. Such clubs are easily offended, and when once their ill will is incurred the harm they can do the college is very great.

The second team played its first game at New Castle against the New Castle High School team on Oct. 8th. In the first half New Castle made a touchdown by straight football playing, their gains nearly all being made on line bucks. The ball was not in possession of the Reserves during the first half. The second half started off by the Reserves making steady gains, and with impartial official work would undoubtedly have secured a touchdown. Score, N. C. H. S. 6, Reserves 0. The New Castle official was not only very partial, but did not officiate according to rules. This shows the need of outside officials in all our inter-collegiate games.

On Oct. 14th the Reserves played the Mercer Academy at Mercer. This was the opening game for the Academy team, and, considering the new men in the team, the showing made was satisfactory. The game was free from delay of any sort, and the work of the Reserves was much improved since their former game. One touchdown was made in the first half by the Reserves, and this was the only score made. Score, Reserves 5, Mercer Academy 0. The line up was: Briceland, r. e., Stranahan, r. t., Cleeland, r. g., McClelland, c., Davidson, l. g., Crooks, l. t., McBride, l. e., Degelman, q. b., Christy, l. h., Adams, r. h., Tweedy, f. b.

Touchdown, Adams. Timekeepers, Cochran and Zelner. Officials, Dr. Hope and Donaldson. Twenty minute halves.

The annual Freshman-Sophomore relay race for the possession of the cup was run on Friday, Oct. 18th. The weather was cold and no doubt kept the time down. The first lap was run by Tennent, '05, and Hazlett, '04. Tennent gained about seven yards. In the second lap '04 took the lead and retained it to the end. The race ended with '04 about fifty yards in the lead. Two miles, eight minutes and ten seconds. Freshman team, Tennent, Johnson, Mercer, Byam, Clark, Crooks, Thompson, Yourd, captain. Sophomore team, Hazlett, Thompson, Vincent, Ferver, Anderson, Price, McCleary, Stuart, captain.

The only other event that was pulled off was the hundred yard dash. Deevers, Kennedy and Lambie entered. Deevers first 10 3-5, Kennedy second. The other events were not called on account of the cold weather.

Exchanges.

On Pike's Peak.

He was about twenty-eight, tall and very handsome in appearance, and known among his friends as a serious, earnest fellow. He had ridden up Pike's Peak on the cog railway and enjoyed the genuine novelty of the situation with the keen appreciation of a tourist. After dismounting from the train he had strolled around, meanwhile taking in the Peak, the scenery and the bracing air in his characteristic, undemonstrative way.

And now he stood over a little mound, neatly heaped up with rocks and stones. A crude monument stood at the head and a

glimpse of the words hewn in the rock fairly horrified him.

This, in cramped, uneven lettering was what he saw:

"Baby O'Keefe.
Eaten by the Rats.
Born —————
Died —————."

Horrors! A grave away up on the top of that lonely, lofty place! And a baby, too! What heathen had dared to bury somebody's loved one there? Oh, the inhumanity of it! the outrage of it! Eaten by the rats, too! Thus he mused to be aroused from his thoughts by the consciousness that the cog left very soon and he must walk a short distance to reach it.

A little later he stood on the platform watching the slowly vanishing scenes and thinking still of the little mound on the mountain top. He took off his hat as the train went round a bend which would take him away from it forever, and his lips unconsciously breathed a farewell to the lonely little place.

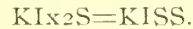
In the midst of his thoughts he turned around to find the conductor standing near him. With a greater curiosity than he had ever before displayed, he questioned him in regard to it. After listening to his inquiries the conductor calmly looked him over from top to toe, then to his amazement burst out laughing. Upon regaining his breath he said:

"Wal, I might ha knowed you was one of them fool Eastern fellers, or you wouldn't be askin' that. Why, man alive, what a tenderfoot you be! Eaten by the rats, you say? Why, yes, arter it died. Whose baby? Wal, sir, thet thar baby belonged to a family of men thet earned their livin' by

him. Oh, what's the use playie' with ye? Feller, thet baby was a burro!"—*Jacqueline Dare in Lombard Review.*

A few days ago a firm in San Francisco sent to Canton, China, one of the finest needles ever made as a specimen of handicraft. The needle was returned to them with a hole through the point so exceedingly small that it could only be seen by the aid of a powerful magnifying glass.—*Jas. Ricatton.*

By a recent experiment it has been found that potassium iodide unites with sulphur (under pressure) with the following reaction:



Care should be taken to perform the experiment in the dark, as some of the material is explosive and the reaction is very violent.

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No Chance for Him.

"Just one," he pleaded. "Only one?"
she asked coyly. "Only one," he said.
"You'll be satisfied with just one little one?"
"Yes," he answered, drawing her a little
closer. "In that case," she said coldly,
"you are utterly lacking in the modern ac-
cumulative spirit that brings prosperity, and
I do not feel that my future would be safe in
your hands."—*Chicago Post.*

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I WILL speak ill of no man, not even in matter of truth; but rather excuse the faults I hear charged upon others, and upon proper occasion speak all the good I know of everybody.—*Franklin's Journal*.

THROUGH an oversight the oration in the October issue of the HOLCAD by J. Vance McKelvey, '02, entitled "Human Nature in Government," was not labeled the winning oration of last year's Junior contest. Please notice the correction.

AGAIN the query, "Why are not the Westminster home games published in the Pittsburg papers?" Must we continue to read in the daily papers of our defeats and be denied the pleasure of reading of our victories? While the game with Geneva was not a victory, when we consider scores, yet a no-score game after the crushing defeat of the first contest is at least worth reading about. Had the game been away from home we venture to say that a full account would have appeared in all the leading dailies. Westminster gets by no means a fair share of notice in the Pittsburg papers. The *Times* has shown us more justice than any of the others, but the majority of them, when an article is sent in either completely ignore it or alter it enough to make it appear ridiculous. Sometimes, but rarely, is an exception made to this rule. We are unable to give the reason for this, but we know that many times articles have been sent from this place to the Tri-State League, over the name of the regular correspondent, that have been completely ignored. Here is a chance for some Westminster alumni or friends who have influence to use it in securing us the recognition which counts for so much in these days. May that friend soon appear.

Literary Department.

Decrees That Fail.

Roman liberty has reached its zenith. The evening shadows announce the twilight hour of that once triumphant day. Israel has lingered beneath the willows as the fairy fingers of the gentle breezes wrung from the harpstrings the requiem of a glorious day forever past.

Herod has received the intelligence that a king is born. Wise men are sent to investigate, but never return to submit their report. The wicked king trembles with fear and anger lest his own counselors have become his enemies. With a heart as black as night, calloused with deeds that make us shudder to name, he sets his seal to an awful document and a decree goes forth.

A soldier is approaching the town of Bethlehem. He pauses until the passing of the twilight hour and welcomes the blackness of night, because the wickedness of his deed is unparalleled. The landscape spread out before him is being hushed to silence. The vine and the fig tree shed their fragrance round and all nature seems to be still in sadness. The veil of night falls rapidly enveloping the beautiful picture in the thickest shadows that no eye may behold the awful deed. At the opportune time, with the mantle of night for covering, the soldier approaches a happy home. Rushing across that threshold, forcing an entrance into that heavenly shrine, he ruthlessly drags the little treasure from the mother's arms and dashes it to death at its own fireside.

The cruel tyrant feels triumphant for he thinks the usurper of the crown has met the common fate of all upon whom his eye of displeasure has fallen, but look! In a dis-

tant land we see pilgrims. With the sands of Egypt for a couch and the great vault of heaven for shelter they have passed the night. The soft light of the moon silvers the palm tree's feathery fronds as it stoops to whisper a dream of home to the sleeper and to kiss the lips of innocence preserved. In the cold dim solitude of space Argus has never ceased to watch; the glittering dust scattered over the dark background of blue rejoices; the "morning stars sing together," while the "Star of Human Hope" peacefully sleeps upon his mother's breast. The rosy-tipped fingers of Aurora are noiselessly pushing ajar the gilded gate and the grey dawn is reverently creeping in as if the morning were on its knees. The great pyramids are tinged at the summit with the gold of dawn. Apollo drives forth and the king of day places his harmless kisses upon the brow of every hill and the cheek of every cloudy fold. The universe is flooded with light. The eyes of Mary are opened from a restful sleep to behold "The Light of the World," for God has directed, Christ is saved, and *Herod's decree has failed.*

There are modern despots, tyrants whose very thrones are steeped in vice, would-be kings whose garments are stained with innocent blood that they might wield the scepter of power. These heartless Herods do not hesitate to send forth their decrees against the helpless, the execution of which would take away the joy of home and the hope of nations. At their command soldiers hasten to the village of peace, where they would cause to flow the tears of deepest sorrow, but an unknown voice whispers, "Thou shalt not." The effort to destroy the most perfect being of God's creation failed. Decrees against the most noble characteristics of man have failed. Similar determinations in

hearts of the present and future must fail, for the parental arms of conscience, which have given form to public opinion, have carried forward to a land of safety, truth, equality and true citizenship.

In the mad rush and whirl of this world of strife, in our desire for riches and honor, in our greed for gain and love of power, we sometimes forget that in every soul there is implanted an inclination to be just and honest with all men. By suppressing that natural appetite, then reaching forth the bony fingers of greed and gathering where that hand did not sow, a seal is set to a document and a decree goes forth that robs the world of the noble spirit of freedom and equality, and dashes character to death in its own home. The forms of this oppressor are legion. Greed for wealth is often a companion of youth. An uncontrolled desire to become rich is a menace to happiness. That citizen whose sole ambition and purpose in life is to gain wealth is the man who will place his foot upon the neck of the helpless laborer and reduces him to poverty. Actuated by selfish motives, as Herod of old, the victims of these ambitions are heedless to the warnings of conscience and press forward to the coveted prize, even though character and true happiness must build the stairs upon which they climb. To them companions are tools; homes are workshops wherein are constructed plans to elevate self at the expense of all reason and friendship; heaven is the gratification of the desire to control millions while fellow-beings are reduced to penury and humble submission.

The kings of antiquity were pleased to the utmost when styled "Supreme Ruler." There was a desire to be alone the recipients of this honor. When Herod was told that Christ was a king he took steps immediately

to prevent the division of the honor that was then his. Herod, with his companions, has long since returned to dust. The days of knighthood and chivalry have passed into story and song. The Dark Ages are hidden from view in the forgotten past. The hour when the behest of the crown could cause a crimson river to flow from the veins of innocence has met its Waterloo at the hand of reason. Intelligence has exercised in the thinking chambers of time and now it reaches out and surveys unknown territory, and yet the germ of the desire for honor and self-aggrandizement has claimed its place in the lives and hearts of men through these centuries of change, and to-day, left unrestrained and uncondemned, this decree would make us vassals and serfs to a heartless Nero whose pleasures would be the consuming flames playing about the body of liberty.

Fortune, friends, and even character must lie helpless upon the altar of greed that a pleasing sacrifice might be made to the god of fame and renown. Hungering for honor, longing to have our fame envelop the world and surpass all others is that which causes us to sneak to the covering of shadows and there with a few shillings buy the vote of the poor wretch who does not know that he is bartering away the highest privilege of a republic. Under this tyrant political machines are set in motion which, if they are permitted to exist, will destroy the very purpose of democracy.

Greed is a power whose decree would overthrow justice, both civil and moral. It would grapple the throat of law and drag the acknowledged preserver of peace into the dust of disgrace. It would take from the throne the Goddess of Liberty and refuse to hear the voice of the people. It would send the cruel steel to the very heart of patriotism

and true citizenship, leaving in its pathway the seeds of anarchy and misery. This hydra-headed monster would plant the blow of destruction in the very face of Americanism and bring our nation to the level of Greece and Rome.

Spread out before Benedict Arnold was the possibility of attaining to a position in the British army that would call forth the plaudits of what was then the greatest nation of the world. That ambition unchecked caused him to stoop to the foulest of deeds, and to-day he is classed with Judas and Brutus as one of the three greatest traitors in the history of the world.

A little more than ten decades ago a thrifty people were being oppressed that their gold and silver might fill the coffers of Great Britain and thus satisfy her desires for both riches and honor. The valiant sons of the Revolution placed themselves upon the altar of liberty while the sword of English greed was made red with the best blood of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Through these years of storm the tendril nation was guarded by the mighty arm of Washington and his comrades, and thus was protected the bud from which has developed the most beautiful rose in the flower garden of nations.

That inborn desire to see "fair play" has been fostered until the national sentiment is "equal privileges to all." The government of the United States was formed for the people and no phase of greed has been able to wield the scepter, but must fail and perish while yet in its infancy.

It has been said that the relation of our government to the Philippines is that of "land grabber." But a nation that has thrown off the restraint of its mother country, removed the shackles from four million

slaves, and recently liberated a neighboring people will never allow the spirit of greed to be the incentive to action, for her ambitions are too pure, her purposes in the world are too great to stoop to a deed that would stain her unequalled record. With such curses carefully guarded from her foundation and structure, supported by such men as Washington, Lincoln and the present Executive, and thrice blessed by an eternal God, it is no wonder that her influence, as that of the Lowly Nazerene, is affecting the world. That influence is being hailed with the greatest delight, for it is the messenger of good will, universal education and liberty.

Enemies from without caused the most youthful in the family of nations to tremble with fear, but she stood like a tried soldier and gained her independence. Secession from within rent the compact in twain, but to-day she is one in thought and purpose. A neighboring people were suffering under the cutting lash of Spain. They stretched their bleeding hands across the waves to the friend of the poor and said, "Oh, stay the hand of injustice." Riches are there, but this deliverer seeks not for remuneration and with a single stroke Spain's proud fleet was hurled beneath the waves and Cuba is free.

Our past is one to which we point with pride. The present is one that surpasses our fondest hopes. Our future is one that sparkles with unnamed promise and we are glad to be called Americans.

Upon the efforts and hopes of this great enemy of purity and national progress the pencil of experience and reason has written in letters of fire *failure*.

The syren music of greed has crept out upon the morning stillness of every age and the rocks have claimed their victims from the sailors upon the sea of life, but the Ulysis

of true manhood has sealed the ears of mighty seaman and the ship of principle and character has passed in safety.

The master hand that guides the motion of the spheres has tuned the strings upon the harp of the human soul over which the fingers of conscience sweep, making audible the sweet strains of truth, equality and love, and the music of the individual soul has become the song of nations.

EDW. C. McCOWN, OI.

The Knight of the Twentieth Century.

In every man there is something noble and something ignoble. In few men may be found the extreme of either vice or virtue, yet in all both exist. To cherish the noble qualities and to crush the base has excited the admiration of mankind through all generations.

The conflict of good and evil is ever present. Honest endeavor on the part of any man to build up his character in strength and beauty touches and awakens to heroic action the slumbering spirit of greatness in his fellows.

Since the serpent's victory in the garden of Eden, man's heart has been the battleground upon which the opposing forces of light and darkness struggle for the mastery of the soul. The conflict of these two unseen powers begins at his birth and is ended only in death.

The soul of man, at first pure and untarnished, has become so marred and disfigured in the conflict with sin that its divine beauty is almost lost. Yet few men possess a heart so permeated by evil that its chords will not respond to the touch of love, and rise to pay its tribute to deeds of kindness and honor.

All men love the good, the true and the

beautiful, as a real image of their better selves, and never wholly lose the desire to live honest, upright, virtuous lives. It was this love of manly virtues that sprang forth to purify and preserve society in the dark ages. When learning and religion were neglected, when lawlessness and disorder were universal, in the day when the outlaw chief was as much revered as he was feared, when might made right and virtue had hidden in dismay, then it was that the knight appeared in his coat of mail as the champion of the oppressed.

Nor did he, in shining armor and with heart tempered by high resolve, go to do battle uncommissioned.

His golden spurs were the gift of the church and state.

These two great institutions, placing before him a standard of conduct and code of honor which must appeal to the best side of every man's nature, sent him out to do battle with the baser spirits of the day.

To the ancient order of the knighthood, which fulfilled the design of its founders and period of usefulness, all succeeding ages are much indebted for high ideals of exalted manhood. Nowhere do we get so fine conceptions of honor, loyalty and heroic living, as from the merry knights of "King Arthur's Round Table" or the Knights Templar of the crusades.

The man who would aspire to the noble rank of knighthood, after passing through a long period of trial and rigorous service, must swear loyalty to the king, defence of religion, and protection to every woman in danger or distress.

Thus the state would launch into a degenerate and lawless throng a sword of justice—the church, a moral reformer and champion of virtue.

The knight was the ideal man of the heroic age. In him invincible strength and valor was combined with justice and modesty, loyalty and courtesy, compassion and devotion.

Sir Philip Sidney displays the spirit of old English knighthood when, lying on the bloody field of Zutphen he "gave with dying hand the cup of cold water to the dying soldier." He was at once a brave man and a true gentleman; not even allowing the pangs of death to make him forget the sufferings of a neglected comrade.

The knight errant, clad in burnished steel and trappings of gold, rode through the realm an honored guest in court or castle, wandering here and there without "purse or script," and with the avowed purpose of redressing wrongs and enforcing right.

The robber and outlaw fled before him as from an avenging angel.

The fabled giants in their great castles, defying both the laws of state and the common laws of man, were killed or vanquished by this dispenser of justice.

The baron in his high-walled castle who would be governed by no laws but his own, sallying forth to oppress the weaker and then retreating within his stronghold, was made to tremble when the horn of the avenging knight was blown before his gate.

The knight was brave and honorable in combat, counting it a shame to lay an ambush or to strike a fallen foe. In defeat he was no less admirable, counting his word of parole more binding than any fetter.

But above all, he was a gentleman whether we find him at court or castle enlivening the long winter evenings with his jest and song, or on the long dreary march, or bloody field of battle, he was the same "hail fellow well met;" ready to endure without complaint

whatever might fall to his share, and in grim humor encouraging his companions with the old maxim, "What cannot be cured must be endured."

Such was the ideal knight; who, if never met with in real life, was yet acknowledged by all as the highest model for emulation.

In history's records we find the solemn statement that "with the invention of gunpowder knighthood ceased to exist." Can we take no exception to this sad statement? True, the knight cast away his heavy coat of steel; but were the manly virtues which stirred his heart laid aside with his gloves and helmet? Was the love of honor, of justice, of strength and loyalty to religion, hung up on the wall with his sword and shield to rust, moulder and decay? No! For so long as men are truly men these virtues must stir their souls.

Can we not look back over the annals of our own history and in Revolutionary times find in the person of George Washington as true a knight as ever lived—a man who carried himself so nobly that he not only won the hearts of his countrymen but the respect of his enemies.

The English people, although they suffered defeat at his hands, could not but honor and admire him as one who maintained the true spirit of his old English ancestry.

Later in our history, when the thunder of civil strife rolled over our land and the nation seemed on the point of being rent asunder, it was Abraham Lincoln, a knight of the nineteenth century, who stood firm for the right and upheld the honor of his country.

Few men have carried such burdens as weighed upon his shoulders. Yet, in the darkest hours of trial, he showed to all a spirit of kind impartial consideration that

has few comparisons in the history of man.

Our land has been the birth-place of many great men; yet only those have been loved and enthroned in the hearts of their countrymen who were actuated by the true spirit of chivalry. Some one has said, "When you find a man you have not far to go to find a gentleman;" and when you find a true gentleman you find the Knight of the Twentieth Century. Through centuries of change the knight has remained the same; and, even in this age, he is still "a polished diamond that was first a diamond in the rough." He will have the same keen sense of honor, scrupulously avoiding mean actions and will swear an oath of loyalty to the same undying virtues as his brother of steel in the time of old English knighthood.

The Knight of the Twentieth Century will display the true spirit of patriotism, and will wield the sword of truth with such power, that the giant outlaws in our country, who destroy society with their infamous work, will be destroyed and the transgressing barons and robbers, within the walls of political tyranny, will be driven out and politics will be purified.

To-day, many good people seem as determined to keep their names out of politics, as they are to keep their pictures out of the rogues' gallery.

When we, as a people, are busied about our private interests to the neglect of public duties, and leave the government to the spoilers, it is time that true patriots were rallied and men found who are not only willing to die for their country, but to live as valiant defenders of the home.

It is yours, Sir Knight of the Twentieth Century, to come forth and lead a liberty loving people back from the grasping, selfish spirit of the age to duty and to honor.

It is yours, to revive the spirit of knighthood and to quicken the interest of the people in the welfare of our country.

Oh knight, come forth without delay! The grand old ship of state seems to be drifting while the gaining cards in politics are being played.

Come, and rouse the people to new life and new patriotism—such a patriotism as shall make us a heroic people, our's the age of chivalry!

"So shall men

Gazing back to this far-loomed hour,
Say: then the time when men were truly men;
Though wars grew less their spirits met the test
Of new conditions conquering civic wrong;
Saving the state anew by virtuous lives;
Guarding their country's honor as their own,
And their own as their country's and their sons';
Defying leagued fraud, with single truth;
Not fearing loss and daring to be pure.
When error through the land raged like a pest,
They calmed the madness caught from mind to mind

By wisdom drawn from eld and counsel sane;
And as the martyrs of the ancient world
Gave death for men so nobly gave they life;
Those the great days and that the heroic age."

J. A. VEAZEY, '02.

—A building in a Georgia hamlet displays this unique sign: "School of learning. Lessons given in poetry writing and novelty. Also, will teach music to you, and dramatics. Hides and wool taken for cash. Also, as the winter season is coming on, oak wood and kindling."

—King George, of Greece, is one of the few members of the European royal families who sticks to the bicycle habit, to which nearly all were a prey a few years ago. He takes a long ride every morning, starting at 10 o'clock.

Holcades Mikrai.

—"The less wit a man has the less he knows that he wants it."

—Miss Broad was compelled to go home on account of severe illness

—Miss Hockenberry has told friends that one man nearly proposed to her.

—Miss Elma Chamberlin, '01, spent a few days with Miss Mehard at the Hall.

—A way to arouse Miss Ramsey is to ask her when it is time to come in out of the rain.

—Barr said they had a cow at home that was so old it had no teeth in its upper jaw.

—Kline has left school. He intends to go to the Western University for a course in engineering.

—John Cameron, '01, and James Chambers, '00, were in town to see the Geneva game, November 16th.

—"What experiment did Hawthorne then engage in?" asked Miss McLaughry. "He got married," replied Miss Byers.

—Miss Brown, in French, "*Est-ce-que les enfants sont habillés?*" Mr. Shaw, awakening: "*Oui—Ils sont dans l'armoire.*"

—Hercules is said to have had much trouble in keeping the calf from joining Philo society. Presumably he was wanted upstairs.

—"Bub" Parks was up to see—the Geneva game. Miss Turner was heard to remark, "Now, at last, I'm wholly free from care."

—Dr. Ferguson was recalling a pun he had heard when a boy, and gave it to the Psychology class as a truth, that he "who makes a pun should be punished."

—Junior orations started on the scheduled

night, November 8th. If possible they will be finished by the 13th of December. The performances have been exceptionally good so far.

—Several new students have come among us: Miss Caruthers, ———; Miss Elizabeth Quay, Wellsburg, W. Va.; Miss Ruby E. Leavitt, Homestead; Mr. M. R. Monks, Butler.

—Miss McGinness displayed a sense of weariness in Latin class one day and was assured by Prof. McElree that she might provide a couch for herself in that recitation if she so inclined.

—Jamison was translating German, and came across the word "*lustig*." He looked at it carefully, and said, "I am sure I ought to know what that means." Then he translated it, "Gailey."

—They were asking "Shark" Tennent about how he happened to lose his way coming from the Falls one Friday night, and he answered: "Well, you see, I just let the lines go and did not notice the horse."

—Miss Bard was heard to ask: "Is chemistry that thing you cut up animals in?" Then she took a thoughtful attitude and in about five minutes associated the name "chemistry" with a study she had previously had.

—Laing is said to have accepted salt as a satisfactory substitute for the feathers of his bed. He has been troubled, too, by several phenomena of sense perception, to which he has thought of calling doctor's attention—a kind of pipe dream which he lately experienced.

—One of the girls at the Hall went to take her music lesson sometime since. She opened the studio door and Prof. Peterson

stood nervously wiping the perspiration from his hands. He exclaimed in his blindest tones: "Miss —— was just in and her hands were perspiring so much."

—Miss Grier went to sleep the other day. The only thing peculiar about this was that it was in the drawing class. She was wearied by her efforts of genius in drawing life-like cups and saucers and was reclining against the empty air at an angle of 30° or more when Miss Hodgens in a thrilling manner rescued her. The class was greatly moved by the event.

—Several young ladies were sitting in the Adelphic Hall one Monday night. To the indignation of one, the young men behind her began to clear their throats and shuffle their feet to attract her attention. Do they take me for a flirt?" she angrily asked, and was preparing to do something desperate when the quartette filed up front and began to sing. And now she hates to hear of that night.

—One event, not scheduled, of athletic interest, occurred recently. Two sides lined up. Brooms were the weapons. The girls the contestants. Straws flew. Girls screamed. The carnage was fearful. The noise of battle was tremendous. Perry flanked both armies. Intense silence. Seven girls in one seat diligently studying. Perry's notebook useful. Miss Breaden wasn't caught.

—The class in English literature was startled by an apparition. Price came through the door as a bird that flies. His feet ne'er touched the ground. His arms were spread apart as if seeking to embrace all opportunities. Miss Nesbit was an opportunity. Skinny's collar bone struck against her chair. His arms encircled her hat. He paused.

Miss McLaughry took out time while Price apologized to that corner of the room.

—The Hallowe'en party at the Hall was a very entertaining and much enjoyed occasion. Several of last year's students were in town for this event. Misses Pillow, Cook and Douglass spent several days at the Hall. Boyd Witherspoon, seminary student (?), was also here and was heard to remark, as he gazed at the Mission's depopulated porch: "To think that anyone would be fool enough to sit on those steps till — o'clock."

—He had asked and been granted leave to escort her home that Saturday evening. The way had seemed all too short for him and he wistfully longed for a renewal of the pleasure. Seth he to her, "Go out riding to-morrow?" She answered, "Oh, no, I never go to ride on Sunday." "Go out riding Monday?" "Oh, no, I'll be so busy that day." "Go out Saturday?" "I'm so sorry, but Mondays and Saturdays are my busiest days." "How's Tuesday? Wednesday? Thursday? Friday?" "Well, I'd be very glad to go, but—" "Tutt! tutt! tutt!" Seth he, "awful! too bad!" An example of modern perseverance.

—A devotee of Psychology discovered this reported conversation in a Pittsburg paper recently: "What do you think of the theory that food has a potent influence in determining character?" "I guess it's all right, it always seems a little cannibalistic to me when you order lobster." "Well, I ought to have known it was dangerous to lend you money after I discovered your fondness for beets. But seriously, if there were anything in the theory, wouldn't it make a man sheepish to eat mutton?" "It would, and prize fighters

ought to restrict themselves to a diet of scraps."

—The aftermath of the Y. W. C. A. meeting several weeks ago was very touching. The instant the door was opened Messrs. Craig and Zuver took their places on either side of the door. As She came forth both hats were raised. Two voices spoke in unison, "Good evening, may I—," and each ceased as Her voice said, "I think not." Zuver retired from view and Craig sped forth. Through mud in alleys and mud in streets he splashed and met Her in town and escorted Her home. But Zuver went to bed, arose at five A. M., betook himself to the meat shop porch and waited in rain and wind to walk with Her to school. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Alumni Notes.

Rev. D. Dodds, '69, has resigned as pastor of Hepburn, Ia., congregation.

Rev. Hoffman, '99, of Allegheny Seminary, preached Oct. 13 and 20 at Stanford, Canada.

The Holcad extends its sympathy to Rev. G. A. Sowash, '93, Alexandria, Egypt, in the sad bereavement caused by the death of his son.

S. A. McCollam, '00, a second year student in the Allegheny Theological Seminary, preached at Pleasant Ridge, O., Sabbath, October 20.

The Christian Union Herald, of Nov. 2, contains a beautiful little poem, "The Light that Shineth in Darkness," by W. T. McCandless, '01.

The Rev. H. B. Tyler, '95, of Cleveland, Ohio, has accepted an appointment as stated

supply to the new mission congregation at Winchester, Ka.

Rev. H. C. Marshall, '76, Sioux City, Ia., was elected State superintendent of the Iowa Anti-Saloon League at the recent State convention at Des Moines.

Rev. T. C. Anderson, '91, of Tarentum, Pa., recently visited his parents at Moscow, N. Y. He has not yet fully recovered from his late attack of typhoid fever.

It was recently announced that Rev. C. D. Fulton, '95, would ask to be released as pastor at Coraopolis, Pa., to accept the call to Greenside Avenue church, Canonsburg.

H. V. Kuhn, '01, and E. C. McCown, '01, who have been in the employ of the Pan-American exposition since June, were recent chapel visitors. The latter is attending Allegheny Theological Seminary.

The Midland, for October 24th, has on its cover a picture of the Rev. J. Kelly Giffen, '71, in company with his wife and Dr. and Mrs. H. T. McLaughlin, all missionaries to the Sudan. The paper also contains an article by Rev. Giffen: "Our New Mission in the Sudan, Africa."

We quote the following from Dr. Alex. Gilchrist, secretary of the Home Board: "The First church, Portland, is in a very prosperous condition. The energetic young pastor, Rev. Huber Ferguson, is supported in his efforts by an earnest band of workers. The Grand Avenue church has had some serious discouragements, but the situation is now hopeful and the work is going forward with good success. Rev. J. H. Gibson is the stated supply and he is devoting himself faithfully to the furtherance of the work." Rev. Ferguson belonged to the class of 1891, and Rev. Gibson to the class of 1872.

College World.

Oberlin college sustained a severe loss in the death of Prof. Fenelon B. Rice, director of the conservatory of music. In 1880 Prof. Rice filled the office of president in the National Association of Music Teachers.

W. H. Lewis, a colored graduate of the Harvard Law school, class of 1895, and center on the Harvard football elevens in 1892 and 1893, has been elected to the State Legislature from Cambridge on the Republican ticket with a majority of 113 votes.

President Pritchett, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says the *Pittsburg Times*, in relating his experience recently, said that the way the boys had of finding a certain professor was to step into the middle of the college yard and call out a date in American history. Instantly the professor would come out from some window or door in the college and say the date was incorrect.

In speaking of State Universities Professor DeMotte said recently, "I would not send my boy to the average State University if all his expenses were donated to him. The State University neglects almost entirely the side of character building. Such schools are compelled by force of circumstances to do this. I want my child to go where all stress possible will be laid on the development of his character as well as his intellect."

It is noteworthy says the *Youth's Companion* of October 31, of the men and women mentioned in the recent edition of "Who's Who in America," fifty-nine per cent. of those whose education is known are college graduates and seventy per cent. entered college. Thus although college graduates are barely one in a hundred of the total population, they number about one-half of those

who have attained distinction. As the *Philadelphia Press* remarks, "The odds of the battle of life so far as visible success is concerned are a round hundred to one on the man who gets a college education."

The *Munseys* for October contains an article on the universities of Europe, tracing the history of European learning since the time when it centered in Bologna, the mother of universities, eight centuries ago, also giving treatise on the great modern institutions of France, Germany and Britain, showing how they differ in their spirit and their aims. The article begins with a statement in which lies much matter for reflection. "Europe with a population of four hundred million has fewer than a hundred recognized universities. The United States with a population of seventy-five millions has four hundred institutions claiming the title and distinction of university."

Music and Art.

Miss Mary Cochran is enrolled as a music student.

The Glee Club has been reorganized, and is again at practice.

Miss Gibson, Mr. Metz and Miss Mathiot have recently been enrolled as music students.

Miss Allen has completed quite a number of china pieces and is now working on a berry set.

The department in elocution has been having a vacation, caused by the illness of Miss Acheson.

Miss Turner is now working on the most popular study in the art room, the "La France Roses."

Miss Ferguson's water color, "A Bowl of Violets," and Miss Russell's "Water Lilies," deserve mention.

Some musicians keep the strings of their harps in tune but neglect to tune their souls to good morals.—*Diogenes*.

An attractive piece of China in the art studio is a large vase belonging to Miss Hodgens. The design is "Fall Roses," set in richest coloring.

A Greek ode prepared by Prof. Thomas Dwight Goodell, of Yale, is receiving much attention. The poem was set to music by Horatio G. Parker.

According to a number of well known art dealers, a flourishing industry is now established in Paris for selling bogus paintings to Americans. Bernheim, one of the most prominent picture sellers, blames Americans largely. He said the reason they selected Americans was because no others are likely to be fooled, as they are not at all expert in picture buying.

The Rogers-Grilley concert given in the Second church, Thursday evening, November 14th, was greeted by a large audience. Mr. Rodgers is a master of the harp and his selections received the appreciative applause of the entire audience. Mr. Grilley, by his ability as an impersonator, was forced to respond to numerous encores. By request, the evening's entertainment was closed with "Green Grow the Rushes O!" rendered to the accompaniment on the harp. The next attraction on the course is a lecture by Dr. Frank Bristol, Nov. 25, 1901. His subject, "Brains."

Junior orations commenced in the college chapel, Friday evening, November 8th. Music was furnished by Prof. Peterson, Mr.

Waddell and Miss Mary Getty. The following orations were given:

- "The Power of Obedience".....
..... Pearl L. Anderson, Leechburg
- "Gioralamio Saronarola".....
..... Clyde S. Atchison, Baltimore, Md
- "Russia's Reformatory Period".....
..... Wm. C. Witherspoon, Allegheny
- "The Divine and the Human".....
..... H. C. Hildebran, Cochranon

The following orations were delivered the second evening, November 15th:

- "Italy's Weariness".....
..... John L. Degelman, Allegheny
- "Lesser Lights".....Frances M. Hanna, Jamestown
- "The Value of Time".....
..... Mary L. Grove, McConnellsburg
- "The Church and Commercial Ethics".....
..... Howell T. Getty, New Wilmington
- "Port Ideal".....Justus Clyde Gilfillan, Eastbrook
- "The Mission of the Beautiful".....
..... Vera Getty, New Wilmington
- "The True Hero's Triumph".....
..... James M. Briceland, Bulger

The music was furnished by Miss Edith McCreary.

Athletics.

On election day our football team played at Franklin, Pa., against the Athletic team of that place. The Franklin team is composed of several star players. The hurdling of Mullen was the best ever encountered by our team. The age of the men on an athletic team counts for much. All of Franklin's team have probably played football for ten years. This and the advantage in weight also accounts for the defeat of our team by so large a score. The playing of some of the athletic team was by no means clean, especially that of their coach, "Teck" Matthews. The character of a man like Matthews should be enough to bar him from playing against any college team, but if

athletic clubs are to be played we are to expect just such men to play against. Westminster played the usual line up. Final score, Franklin 34; Westminster 0.

On November 11th Westminster played Indiana State Normal at Indiana. It was agreed by the captains of both teams before the game that their coach, Edmundson, the former Westminster star, should not play, providing Westminster should take out one of the regular backs. Deevers was played at right half in place of Lambie. The first part of the game was closely contested, neither side being able to make much headway. Near the end of the first half one of the Normal's half-backs was injured (?) and it was claimed that they had no one to take his place except Edmundson. This excuse, although a very lame one, resulted in Edmundson going in at right half. The referee gave Westminster two minutes to play, so there was nothing to do but play. Edmundson carried the ball to our fifteen yard line by a ten yard run. A place kick was tried and was successful, this being the only score of the game. In the second half Westminster bucked the Normal's line for steady gains, but was unable to score. Final score, Indiana State Normal, 5; Westminster, 0.

By far the most interesting game on the local grounds was played with Geneva on November 16th. Geneva was confident of victory and Westminster's team was more confident than her supporters. Campbell won the toss and chose to defend the west goal. Edgar kicked to Lambie on the ten-yard line, who started things going by advancing the ball fifteen yards carrying it out of bounds. Short gains by McKay, Campbell, Tenment and Donaldson brought the ball to

the middle of the field where it was lost on downs. Geneva was held three times with but four yards gain. Then followed short gains by both teams. With the ball in Westminster's possession Geneva held on the second down and Neville made the longest punt seen on our field this year. Geneva made short gains on end and line bucks but lost again on downs. Moore went around Geneva's right end for thirty yards, being aided by the best interference seen here this year. Short gains carried the ball to Geneva's five-yard line when time was called.

In the second half Neville kicked to Levis who advanced the ball ten yards. Geneva was forced to punt. After short gains Westminster was forced to kick. Geneva then made good gains, East, Levis and Thompson carrying the ball. Good gains still continued, and the ball was placed dangerously near our goal and first down. Two downs advanced the ball to our "one foot" line. One more try resulted in a loss of two feet and the ball was Westminster's. Neville kicked out of danger and the game ended with the ball on our thirty-yard line.

The game was very hotly contested from start to finish. Every man on both teams played good, clean ball and the decisions of the officials were accepted. The work of the referee was very difficult as the snow covered all lines and made it impossible to make correct decisions all the time, the decisions being questioned two or three times through a wrong idea of the way the lines lay. The result should be satisfactory to both colleges as neither team had a decided advantage either in defensive or offensive play. Score, 0-0. The line-up was as follows:

WESTMINSTER.

Tennent.....	l. e.....	May
Campbell, Capt.....	l. t.....	Martin
Gamble.....	l. g.....	Barnes
Parisen.....	c.....	McKean
Minteer.....	r. g.....	Edgar
Porter.....	r. t.....	Leach
Moore.....	r. e.....	Critchlow
Neville.....	q.....	H. George
McKay.....	l. h. b.....	Thompson, Capt
Lambie.....	r. h. b.....	East
Donaldson.....	f. b.....	Levis
Substitutions, Cleland for Gamble. Officials, Gardiner and Cameron alternating. Halves, 25 and 20 minutes.		

GENEVA.

r. g., Cole; r. t., Cleland; r. e., Byam; q., Davis; l. h., Christy; r. h., Adams; f., Tweedy. Time of halves, 20 minutes. Officials—Referee, Donaldson; Umpre, Muse.

Football will soon be replaced by basketball. The gridiron fiend will betake himself to the gymnasium and soon will be as much interested in basketball as he has been in football. Basketball should be heartily supported by all the students. It must be acknowledged that those of the gentler sex who attended the Westminster-Geneva game on November 16th were royal supporters of the blue and white. But basketball can be attended without physical discomfort and we hope the ladies who have so faithfully attended our football games will be afforded an opportunity to cheer a victorious basketball team on to victory. The prospects are brighter than in former seasons. Two of last year's regulars are still in school and will hold their positions. Roy Kennedy has again been elected captain and we bespeak for him the aid of all men who have any ability in this line. Leslie McKay is manager of the team and will soon publish his schedule for the season. Lambie is a star in basketball and will no doubt show Lampe, George and others how the center position should be played. Let the students support the team by being present when they play.

The largest score on record in a college game was made by Stevens Institute in 1885 against York college 162-0. In the following year Harvard beat Xeter Academy 158-0. On October 26th of this year the University of Michigan rolled up a score of 128 against the University of Buffalo. Michigan has not been scored against this year and has made an average of more than one point for every minute of play. If full thirty minute halves had been played in the Michigan-Buffalo game the record of '85 and '86 might have been equalled.

The Reserves played their first game on the home grounds on Nov. 6th with New Castle High School. The Reserves played a strong, consistent game, being particularly effective in offensive play. Near the beginning of the game Bauchman, the captain of N. C. H. S. had his collar bone broken and had to retire. This weakened the team and the Reserves made two touchdowns in the first half. The result of the second half was another touchdown. Two minutes more in either half would have netted another touchdown, as both halves ended with the ball on the N. C. H. S. five yard line. Westminster's line up was: L. e., McBride; l. t., Campbell; l. g., Davidson; c., McClelland;

On November 14th the Reserves were beaten at Mercer by Mercer Academy. The teams were very evenly matched. The only score of the game was made on a trick play by Mercer. Score, Mercer Academy, 5; Reserves, 0.

The Reserves played a tie game at Slippery Rock on November 18th with the Normal team of that place. Neither team had

any advantage in the first half but in the second Slippery Rock came very near scoring but the Reserves punted out of danger. Score, Slippery Rock, 0; W. Reserves, 0.

Exchanges.

All of the exchanges on our table have appreciated the gravity of the following lines:

A man who courts a girl has got
A hard lot, we aver;
He first must ask her for her "paw,"
Then ask her "paw" for her.

—*Ex.*

There is an interesting article in the October number of the new Inter-Collegian, entitled "Distinctive Features of American Literature."

Curious—"Why are you staring at that toper's red nose?"

Artist—"I am getting inspiration for a marine picture."

Curious—"What will you call it?"

Artist—"The Light House Below the Bridge."—*Ex.*

Some of our exchanges deplore the fact that the exchange column of many college publications is filled with clippings from other papers. They allege that the exchange column is meant only for criticism. The exchange column of some other paper is consulted and the editor weeps on account of unjust criticism. Good critics are scarce, so let us not be too harsh in criticism, but commend where commendation is due.

The Yale faculty has recently provided that every student shall be allowed to take thirty cuts a year without penalty. It also decided that exceptional regularity in attendance at recitations may diminish the number of recitation hours a year in a course from sixty to fifth-eight. This arrangement will allow

candidates for the athletic teams to take a large number of cuts to make up the deficiency after the close of the athletic season.

Just One.

I have ventured one boat,
Just one little boat,
On the breast of the wide-reaching sea.
And I ask when it reaches its haven at last,
That it sail safely back to me.
It was freighted with hopes,
And laded with fears,
But it settled so low in the sea,
That I took them all off,
One by one until now
There's just one little hope left to me.
I stand on the shore and with anxious eyes
Watch it keel in the angry sea,
Oh, the evening is lating,
I'm watching and waiting,
Please may it come home to me.

—*The Sibyl.*

The Game of Life.

Man's life is a game of cards. First it is "cribbage." Next he tries to "go it alone" in a sort of "cut, shuffle and deal pace." Then he raises the "deuce" while his mother "takes a hand in" and contrary to Hoyle "beats the little joker with her five." Then with his "diamonds" he wins the "queen of hearts." Tired of playing a "lone hand," he expresses a desire to "assist his fair partner," throws out his cards, and the clergy takes a \$10 bill out of him for a "pair." She "orders him up" to build the fire. Like a "knave" he joins the "clubs" where he often gets "high" which is "low" too. If he keeps "straight" he is sometimes "flush." He grows old and "bluff," sees a "deal" of trouble, and when he at last "shuffles" off this mortal coil and "passes in his checks" he is raked in by a "spade." Life's game is ended and he waits the summons of Gabriel's "trump" which shall "call him."—*Ex.*

Scraps of Information.

Since 1871 Japan has built nearly 30,000 elementary schools, providing room for 4,000,000 pupils, one-fourth of whom are girls.

The checks which pass through the London clearing house in six weeks are more than equal in amount to all the coin of the world.

The Alps cover a space of 90,000 square miles. In them rivers have their source, flowing into the North Sea, Black Sea and Mediterranean.

Petrified tropical fruits have been found in coal from Spitzbergen, the island group in the Arctic ocean, midway between Greenland and Nova Zembla.

An anemometer, or wind-measure, consists of four cups at the end of arms. It is so constructed that it makes 500 revolutions while a mile of wind passes.

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Hadn't Got There Yet.

A minister once tacked up a funeral notice
thus:

"Bro. Johnson departed for heaven at
9:30 A. M."

Underneath a wag attached a telegraph
blank filled out as follows:

"Heaven, 11:00 P. M. Johnston not yet
arrived. Great anxiety."—*Ex.*

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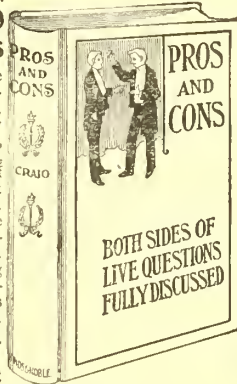
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THE HOLCAD.

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THAT book is good which puts me in a working mood.—*Emerson.*

In reviewing the events of the past term nothing unusual is brought to light that is worthy of mention. The routine of class work has been followed with little or no interruption. A comparatively successful football season has come to an end. Class fights have been conspicuous by their absence. A thing to be commended is the fact that the class spirit has found outlet in the annual class

games rather than in fights and flag rushes. This is encouraging, and the students, with very few exceptions, should be congratulated for conducting themselves in such a gentlemanly manner. With the beginning of the basket ball season we hope to see a continuance of good feeling and sportsmanlike conduct. We wish our readers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and entertain the hope that all may return refreshed in mind and body and ready for the usual hard work of the winter term.

BE noble and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping but not dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own.—*Lowell.*

In a recent number of *Atlantic Monthly* there appeared an article on "College Honor" in which the author, Mr. Brigg's, treats of the college in its relation to truth. He says first that the president and faculty must be honest and fearless, also that there must be maintained by the undergraduates a high standard of honor. The standing of a college in a community and the effect of a college in the country depend on the personal character of the undergraduates. This personal character depends in a measure on the straightforwardness and human qual-

ity of the college teachers, but more largely on the honesty of the students in dealing with each other. The want of a finer sense of honor appears chiefly in athletic contests, in the authorship of written work, in excuses for neglect of study in the relations of students to the rights of persons who are not students, and in questions of duty to those at home who are stinting themselves that their sons and daughters may have an education. We would not have our readers believe that the undergraduate body is devoid of honor. On the contrary, in some respects, the college sense of honor is the keenest. To be sure, many unlawful acts are committed by students who, if not in college, would look upon such deeds as far removed from them. Nevertheless such acts are unlawful and will probably exert an evil influence on the more susceptible minds. What the young men of America need to be taught is that a lie is a lie, whoever tells it, and a theft a theft, whoever commits it, and that a college student, although he gains more blessings than his neighbor, does not gain thereby the right to appropriate his neighbor's goods. We believe that as we become older we realize more fully the truth of these remarks, and we believe with the author that the undergraduates are constantly purifying and uplifting college honor.

The Palestine exploration fund has been for the last two years carrying on excavations in Western Judea. Remains extending in time over 15 centuries have been unearthed, covering two well-defined pre-Israelite periods, and also the Jewish Seleucid and Roman periods.

Literary Department.

A Winter's Eve.

Do you hear the distant jingle,
Yes, the jingle of the bells?
How so merrily they mingle
Over highlands, thro' the dells?

How the moon looks down in splendor
And the silv ry crust doth glow,
And the boughs more soft and tender
Bend beneath their weight of snow.

Now we hear above the jingle
Joyous voices laugh and sing,
And the pleasant voices mingle
As the merry sleighbells ring.

Quick they glide by, 'mid the jingle,
Winsome lassies, gallant swains—
Still the sleighbells tingle, tingle,
As they dash by like a train.

Do you hear the distant jingle,
Yes, the jingle of the bells,
As they pass into the dingle?
— O the merry, merry bells.

MAC., '03.

Via Hominum.

"Why don't you try to get this here farm?" said Dave Brown.

Psalmist-like, "I was dumb with silence."

Dave went on: "It belongs to Alice Martin up there in Clearview. I'm only farming it for her. Man alive! everybody in town knows that you can get her and the farm both if you work your cards right. That young Bodwell will never get her as long as the old woman lives. Besides this is only about half what she is worth.

"You don't care to get married for money, hey? Young man, you never can make twenty thousand dollars easier. It is the chance of your life."

It was the first time I had ever seen Dave in the flesh, and this time I had just met him on the road in front of his house.

A young fellow just out of college has a right to mutter some to himself as he goes home from a walk, and I did. "Twenty thousand dollars—twenty thousand dollars—everybody in town knows—in other words it has been town talk."

My eyes were being opened. The heretofore unaccountable coldness of the said young Bodwell—The strange embarrassment of Miss Martin when in my presence—the unrelenting watch to which my movements were subjected especially about dusk—these and many other dark things were beginning to appear "as trees walking." A moment more and it was all clear.

Miss Martin was a beautiful and accomplished young lady, a graduate of a woman's college, a musician, and as has been seen, possessed of a modest fortune. But I was just fresh from college and consequently so full of gush that I didn't know a good thing when I saw it; so I did not attempt to investigate my standing. The gossip about us two, which I afterwards learned had gone the rounds of the scandal-peddling fraternity, had originated in the strange, mad jealousy of her lover. She and I had scarcely more than spoken and that she had betrayed any "feelings" for me was not to be seen by any one clothed and in his right mind. But love—my goodness! what am I about to say! Well, anyway, I thought it nothing more than right that I should rid the lover's mind of its fears. I had to feign ignorance of their existence lest he might think my knowledge "a sure sign." My scheme worked, and he told me all his troubles. I pity a lover's roommate or his confidant.

John Bodwell was a man of one great principle, i. e., he would benefit himself by any means at his command. He coveted social position, and most people liked him;

but Miss Martin's mother hated him and had forbidden his visits. Who could blame the young people! Mother Eve felt the same way about the forbidden fruit. They met secretly. The parents hired a watch in the person of Dick Wilson, a very contemptible detective, whose one duty in life was to see where and when Miss Alice went. This, it seemed to me, was a task in which he took a most malicious delight.

Clearview received its name from its location on the swell of a mountain knob. A wide and fertile valley stretches away to the south, and the jutting mountain spur, which ends there, forms a narrow groove-like valley to the north. Within this vale a little creek winds charmingly down through the fertile fields. Carelessly it wanders backward and forward in its course where nature's own artist traced that silver thread. On either hand the dull smoke-clad forms of the blue mountains rise as guardian walls in marked contrast to the water's sparkling beauty.

Beside this stream, a little back from the town, is the old mill, and around it an open tract of ground where the rude hand of progress has not marred the face of nature. This place, facing the picturesque valley to the north, lies within sound of the music of the water wheel; and the rays of the setting sun add the last touches which make this the ideal lovers' retreat. There on the long summer evenings one may find more than one happy pair; while the knob, towering above the scene like some grim old castle, lends an air of solemnity and mystery to the scene.

I, too, sometimes went out there to read. For some reason I did not understand, Enoch Arden seemed more vivid as I sat in my favorite seat by that old mill stream. One evening I saw John and Alice wandering down the

path. They were walking hand in hand, and even I could read the old, old story in his longing eyes. For once the farm, the house in town and the other estates seemed to have vanished from his sight, and he was madly in love for love's own sake. They passed by and went into the mill to get weighed. The old miller waited at the door, ready to close when they came out.

To my horror I saw the detective come out of a rocky cave and walk straight to the mill door. Something must be done. Miss Martin had said that if her parents ever heard of them being together again she might expect the worst. The miller tried all the arts he knew to induce Wilson to go. They were of no use. He had not seen John and Alice, I felt sure of that, but he seemed to know instinctively that they were there. He just would stay, and our united efforts failed. I suggested a walk. I told of an interesting book I wished very much to show him. He smiled blandly and stayed. The miller, growing desperate, locked the door and they two started home, but when he had gone about three rods the miller dropped the key for me to let them out. Wilson very politely picked it up and gave it to him. So they went on home. In a few moments I saw John and Alice walking a single plank that lay across the fore-bay. They had escaped by an unfastened window. Wilson promptly reported the whole affair, having evidently judged by our agitation that his game was near. That was the only way we could explain it.

This condition of affairs soon proved very uncomfortable for the romantic lovers and the amount of gossip that was stirred up by it in that little town was simply marvelous. One night Bodwell confided to me that he had once incurred the bitter hatred of Miss

Martin, and that she had promised to get even. "But," he added, "she has forgotten all that now. Oh if I could only get rid of this cursed gossip."

One day soon after that John called me into his office and said a whole lot of unrecordable things. He wished that all law might be suspended just long enough that he might kill the bold-faced villain. "Why," said he, "Alice and I would be the the happiest people in all this wide world if only we could get rid of him. She is just the dearest, sweetest, truest-hearted girl that ever lived."

We went out into the street and over to the postoffice together. "Ah," said he to me, "here is a letter in her own dear handwriting." He opened it and said "Damn it!" and I gathered from the expression on his face that he was for once sincere. The "letter" was engraved and read thus: "Mr. and Mrs. Philip Martin request your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Alice B., to Richard Wilson, Wednesday, June 20th, at 12 M., 1900."

Below, "in her own dear handwriting," was written, "I said I'd get even."

What was the explanation of the case? Well, the natural unexplainableness of woman.

FRANK RODNEY.

If a Fellow Only Knew.

There are many times and places

If a fellow only knew,

Greatly changed would be our faces—

Greatly changed would be our view;

Many things we'd all undo,

If a fellow only knew.

All through life the question rises

What to do and what to say;

There are times he realizes

He can't put off for a day;

How he'd always tell you true,

If a fellow only knew.

Many times 'twould save him trouble,
 Many times from worry free,
 More than once his money double ;
 Oft contented he would be
 When the future looks so blue,
 If a fellow only knew.

Wouldn't he be up and doing,
 Make his choice, and go ahead,
 When a fellow goes awooing?
 Meet his love, the question said—
 Never go to number two,
 If a fellow only knew

He would seldom have to quarrel,
 Never have to disagree,
 He could be naught else than moral,
 From "I told you so" be free.
 All opinions would be true,
 If a fellow only knew.

It would save him time and money,
 Often sickness and distress,
 Hills of life would then be sunny,
 And less often he'd confess.
 O, so many things he'd do,
 If a fellow only knew.

MAC., '03.

Malony—His Success and Successors.

There are some who begin English prose-fiction with the appearance of Sir Thomas Malony's 'Morte D'Arthur,' and it would seem almost justly so. True, we have in old English, and also in the Norman French, examples of prose tales, and Chaucer has left us a couple of short tales in the prose of the English, which was beginning to assert its supremacy; but the mass of fiction was in verse, and it is to this verse that we must turn, in large measure, to seek the sources and inspiration of Malony's book.

It will not be to our purpose to discuss the earlier history of the legend of Arthur, to seek to settle in any way the mooted question of its historical basis. We can only wish that we might be assured that Arthur, whom we loved, and for whose coming we

longed in the days when the bug-a-boos of Philology and Mythology were unknown and undreaded, was no culture deity, whose memory became man through the transmuting influence of the Celtic mind, but a living, breathing, hero-king, "who fought the heathen and upheld the Christ." Sufficient for our purpose is the growth of the tale as we have it. For it was a growth. Little by little, through the years, additions were made to it in the hands of cunning minstrels, ever eager to satisfy the demands of their audience for some new wonder. Says Layamon, naively, "The Britons loved him greatly, and often lied of him, and said many things of Arthur, the King, that never happened in the kingdom of this world." This is true of the heroes of all the great Cycles of romance. Æneas was made a knight and Venus a princess. Achilles was borne to his grave by monks with lighted tapers, and Alexander waged his wars arrayed in the armor of the middle age knight. But a different reason caused their exalting of Arthur. He was their great national hero, nearer and dearer than Charlemagne, Alexander, or the men of Troy. Caxton, in his preface to Malony's book, says that "Certain noble gentlemen required me to imprint the history of the noble king and conqueror, King Arthur, and of his knights, affirming that I ought rather to print his acts and noble feats than of Godfrey of Bouillon, or any of the others, considering that he was a man born within this realm and king and emperor of the same."

It would be difficult to trace the legend back farther than Geoffrey of Monmouth, who, in 1147, wrote in Latin his "History of the Britons," being largely the story of the deeds of Arthur and his knights. He sought to put upon it the stamp of authenticity by

professing to have found in a convent library an earlier history by one Nennius, which he had rewritten. In 1155 his book was translated into French for the use of the court. In its pages the old Celtic hero is transformed into a knight of the times. His battles with the Saxon invaders are fought as are the battles of the Crusaders, and his rude court glitters with the pomp and pageantry of the proud days of the Plantagenets. New additions are constantly made to the story. Robert deBarron adds the Roman du San Graal, and elaborates the story of Merlin, the magician. The whole cycle is recast and brought up to date by Walter Max, the learned clerk, who adds the story of the Holy Quest and the the maiden knight, Sir Galahad. It is interesting to note how this churchman grafts on the story the doctrine of the church, that the highest holiness and consequent happiness is obtainable only through celibacy, weaving it so cunningly into the tale in his story of Sir Galahad. The story had not lacked a purpose before in its tale of Lancelot and Guenevere, and "the silent yet implied judgment which is past upon lawless love by its tragic end," but this purpose is accentuated and more sharply lined in the work of Max. Helic de Barron adds the tale of Tristram and other additions are made at various times until the mass is ready for the refiner, Malony.

That it was a mass needing a refiner is evident from a study of the original tales as edited by Dr. Sommers. Take for example the tale of the infatuation of Uther Pendragon for the Lady Igraine. Malony tells it in one chapter and that a short one. De Barron stretches it out over many pages, relating with heart-breaking accuracy little incidents which serve only to clog the progress of the tale. Malony is sharp, clear and con-

cise in comparison with the heavy and lumbering style of the earlier writer. And it would be well before we pronounce Malony to be "a pleasant jumble," as has been done, to compare his work with his sources, and see how neatly he has compacted them. These French books from which Caxton says Malony "did take out his book" have ten times the mass of his finished work. Thus it will be seen that he was not merely a compiler or a translator, but a re-creator. His aim was to re-tell the old tale in a short and interesting form, unencumbered with unnecessary details, each sentence bearing one closer to the dramatic climax. It has been said that in this he approached nearer to the spirit of romance than his contemporaries, Caxton and Berners, who translated more literally and were even inclined to expand the material.

Says Prof. Symonds, "the *Morte d'Arthur* was written at a lucky moment in our literary history, when the fountain of speech was yet undefiled, and when printing had not introduced stereotyped forms or enforced the laws of a too scrupulous grammar, at the same time the language was truly English—rich in French and Latin words as well as Saxon, and not so archaic as to be grotesque or repulsive." It was literally the fullness of time. The whole effect of the Renaissance was not yet felt in England, and the division between the old and new schools of thought, that it was to bring about, was still in the future. Chivalry was going down to its doom, but it was going down in glory garbed, even as the year goes down in the majesty of autumnal splendor. And before the end came, Malony, instinct with the best that chivalry stood for, gave us its greatest literary monument. His book is the embodiment of chivalry, his characters are its

ideals personified, and he has preserved the best in it to influence our literature through all time, for, as has been said, "it embodied the ideals of the English race six centuries ago, and although appearing in a different form these ideals are still our own."

It is worthy of notice that little of the filth of Boccaccio's tales of gallantry soils his pages. The short prose tale, typical of the same period in Italy and France, never became rooted in English soil. Nor do we find any traces of the allegorizing tales in prose represented by the "*Gesta Romanorum*," a collection in Latin believed to have been compiled by the Prior of St. Eloi at Paris in the 14th century. It was translated into English in the reign of Henry VI, and comprises a varied collection of Oriental tales, popular traditions, bits from the classics, legends of the saints, etc., each with a ponderous moral attached. These morals are sometimes exceedingly far-fetched as, for instance, the one attached to a garbled version of the story of Cæsar's wars with Pompey, and his crossing of the Rubicon—"My beloved, by Pompey, understands the Creator of all things. Cæsar signifies Adam, who was the first man. His daughter is the soul betrothed to God. Adam was placed in Paradise to cultivate and guard it, but not fulfilling the condition imposed upon him he was expelled his native country. The Rubicon is baptism, by which mankind enters a state of blessedness." The moral stops here, although the tale makes Cæsar slay Pompey after he has entered into "the state of blessedness." This does not seem to worry the moralizer in the slightest. These tales exert practically no influence on Malony. Not once does he stop to allegorize or cumber his work with heavy morals. If

he had a moral in view the reader is permitted to find it for himself.

The *Gesta* are closely related to fables and one of Caxton's great translations was the *Fables of Aesop*. His great work for literature, however, was his printing, which preserved for us in a permanent form much that might otherwise have been lost. Lord Berners, the translator of Froissart, arranged in 1534 the *Charlemagne Cycle* of romances after the general model of *Morte d'Arthur*. It introduces for the first time to an English audience Oberon, the King of the Dwarfs, and is a great work, ranking only after the greater work of the master, Malony. In these three men the romance of England attains to the noblest expression it has ever had in English prose. "With them," says Prof. Raleigh, "the history of English prose fiction begins, at precisely the point where the researches of folk-lore reach their conclusion. The age of the nameless minstrel is over, that of the responsible prose writer has begun."

Yet, it is not an uninterrupted history. The flood-tide of Renaissance and Reformation sweeps over the country, destroying old ideas and ideals, unsettling old beliefs and raising new ones in their place. Men were freed from "the arbitrary limitations of the universals." Man, and his life and character, became the subject of thought. The new religion demanded a literature, and the greatest minds were involved in the solution of these practical problems, and Romance and its knights and their doings were for the while forgotten; or, if not forgotten, served simply to amuse the vulgar, careless throng of a tavern's company. With the crowning of Mary and the re-assumption of power by the Roman Church, a new interest is kindled in fiction. But the old romance is

forever dead. The new literature, while influenced largely by it, has forsaken its form, and never takes it up again. This form reached its perfection in Malony, and died in his day.

The question of the effect of his work on subsequent fiction is difficult of solution. If we limit it to the great prose writers it is practically nil, but on the masters of poetry it was great. They have used it as the source from which to draw many of their great figures.

Spencer, while changing the details, finds many of his characters in Malony, and it is contended that Shakspeare's ideals of chivalry, Hamlet and Prince Henry find their inspection in Arthur's knights. Milton tells that in his youth, "his feet wandered among those lofty fables and romances which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knight-hood founded by our victorious kings," and we know also from his own testimony that he long held the idea of writing an epic of Arthur, which he relinquished only for his greater subject. It would be idle to tell again of its effect and inspiration on the great poet of our day, who has made to live again for our delight those old world heroes, garbed with the knightly courtesy of the nineteenth century gentleman. The lesser poets have also drawn liberally upon him in manifold ways, without in any degree exhausting his store.

There is one other way in which the form of his work has influenced later literature to a degree and that is in the translation of old romances into English. This use is, perhaps, of not very great importance, and we shall observe it only in passing. An instance is Andrew Lang's translation of "Aucassin and Nicolette," from the old French, in the introduction to which he says,

"For the style I have attempted, if not old English, at least English which is elderly, with a memory of Malony."

In conclusion, let me give the opinion of the *Morte d'Arthur*, which Mr. James Lane Allen puts in the mouth of one of his heroines. It is the opinion of a man whose opinions are sometimes worth while: "It is my old Bible of manhood, past worthless, past divine, not Greek manhood, nor Roman manhood—they were too pagan. Not Semitic manhood; that in its ideal, at least, was not pagan enough. In this old book you will find the starting point of a new conception of ideal human life. It grew partly out of the pagan, partly out of the Christian—it added from its own age something of its own. Nearly every nation of Europe has lived on it since as its ideal.

The whole world is being nourished by that ideal more and more. It is the only conception that the race can never fall away from without harm, because it is the ideal of its own perfection. First of all things in this world a man must be a man—with all the grace and vigor and, if possible, all the beauty of the body. Then he must be a gentleman—with all the grace, the vigor, the good taste of the mind. And then with both of these—no matter what his creed, his dogmas, his superstitions, his religion—with both of these he must try to live the beautiful life of the spirit." W. E. BROOKS, '00.

English Seminary, Princeton University.

An automobile is being built in New York that will make 70 miles an hour on a level road. The next and most difficult task will be to find a level road 70 miles in length.

The Boston Journal reports its discovery of 818 couples in New England still enjoying married life after fifty years or more of it.

The Three Spot Play the Deuce.

You may not think it strange that four collegemates left alone in town over Christmas holidays should walk down the street together. But when I tell you that the four were Bannard and the Three Spot, you will see that it was unusual. They were sworn enemies. It was common knowledge what they thought of each other—that to Bannard's mind, the Three Spot were "the most confounded little nuisances in college;" and that, to quote from the Three Spot's opinion, Bannard was "a bally, conceited ass." Far be it from me to say whether either was right, or both, or neither; you may decide for yourself. The reasons for the Three Spot's enmity were twofold: Firstly, Bannard was a Junior, and they were Sophs; secondly, Bannard had led in inflicting upon them the severest hazing of their much-hazed career.

Bannard was staying over holidays to write an oration for Prelim, and the Three Spot, consisting of the girlish-looking Jonesy, whose powers of mimicry were the delight of the elocution teacher, Billy Thomas and Martin—well, they were staying on the faculty's invitation. And the oppressive loneliness was enough to break down the barriers even of their great enmity. How it happened has never been chronicled, but it is a fact that the four were seen walking down the street together, arm in arm, and smoking big cigars—on Bannard. The last later wished he hadn't.

Bannard was discoursing on the demerits of New Wilmington in holiday time.

"Beastly hole, isn't it, with the fellows all gone? Not a bloody thing doing. If," loftily, "it weren't for my oration, you wouldn't catch me here."

All agreed with this sentiment, and with

equal unanimity the trio thought to themselves, "We'd willingly make it sufficiently exciting for you, my boy."

As they were about to part at Van Orsdell's, fate decreed that a very pretty girl should pass. Now if Bannard had kept quiet, he would have been all right; but you see he was proud of his reputation as a ladies' man, and quite patronizingly remarked:

"By Jove, boys, if that isn't the smoothest girl that's struck this burg, I'll eat my hat. I'll have to meet her and have a little jollying match." Jonesy drew a sudden deep breath and coughed. "Well, so long, boys. Drop in on me."

On the way to their rooms Jonesy, whose tongue had out-clattered the others' all day, sank into a deeply meditative silence—a dangerous sign to those who knew him—and refused to say a word. But on reaching the rooms he flung himself on a bed, and giving vent to an Indian warhoop and kicking his heels in air, yelled:

"Oh! Oh! Oh! This beastly slow hole! The smoothest girl! Oh! me ladies' man! Oh! me gay deceiver! Me Adonis! Me Lothario! Me Romeo! Oh! me bally boy! Me ducky dove! Me sweetest boy! Me gallant lads, look at me, behold me, watch me! In the throes of a jollying watch, me! Oh! does oo love oo's dovey? Oh! me turtle dove! You will haze innocent little freshmen, will you? Oh! I gloat! I gloat! I gloat beforehand!" (Jonesy read Kipling.) And he danced around the room hugging himself and emitting various explosions meant for kisses, but sounding like an amateur Fourth of July, until, admonished by sundry kicks from the others, he explained the brilliant plan he had conceived. It met with their gleeful approval, their only objection being answered by,

"Will he take the gaff? Sit down and sun yourself! Why, that bally ass is so conceited he'd take anything. Papa knows what he's doing. Don't you worry, my boy."

That afternoon the Three Spot drove to New Castle.

The next morning Bannard was handed a note, addressed in an unfamiliar lady's hand, the contents of which he read with an emotion made up of equal parts of amazement and delight. It ran:

"MY DEAR MR BANNARD:—You will doubtless be surprised to receive this from one whom you have never met. I fear you will be as displeased as surprised and deem me very forward and unmaidenly. But please do not think so. I knew your sister at Wilson, and have heard so much of you I feel already acquainted. I have seen you and regardless of my sex thus write to you, because I (here two words were carefully inked out, but Bannard's head swam as he made out the words "love you") think we should be friends. If you are not displeased meet me at eight o'clock to-night at the old tree beyond the Hall.

"In earnest,

CLARA MINTON.

"Hm. This is sport? *Is* rather unusual, though. Must want to know me pretty badly, that's sure. Knew sister, too. Wonder why sis never mentioned her—"Think we should be friends.' Wonder if those two words are 'love you.' Course not, but—well, if they *are*—" And Bannard smiled satisfiedly as he viewed himself in the mirror. "I wonder if this could be any joke? Still—no, the fellows are all gone." And the more he thought of and reread it, the farther away did doubt of its genuineness flee.

If you had been by the old tree that night at quarter to eight, you would have seen, as much as you could have seen anything on such a dark night, Bannard, carefully dressed, waiting nervously under the old tree.

And if you had waited fifteen minutes you would have seen a daintily dressed young lady walk slowly and hesitatingly toward the same place. She made as if to pass the tree, but Bannard stepped forward.

"Good evening. Is this Miss Minton?"

"Yes," came a very low voice.

"I am Bannard. Your note came this morning. Will you walk out the road?"

"No, Mr. Bannard. My aunt does not know I am out. And besides, I—my note—I—I shouldn't have written it. It was very forward and unmaidenly. It is good in you to come, but you must despise me very much. I only came to show you I was not trying to trick you. I must go back." All this in the same low voice, and with drooped head. But Bannard was too pleased with the situation to let it pass off thus.

"Really, Miss Minton, you are mistaken. I *like* unconventionalities. I don't despise you at all—I couldn't." And Bannard's voice took on his usual "cuckoo chime of compliment." "Please don't go yet. Wonder," to himself, "where I've heard that voice before."

"Oh! I must. I *know* you just say so to please me. You'd say it to anybody. You *must* despise me. I do myself. I have been hating myself all day for it. And when I think what you must think of me—" There was a catch in the charming voice.

"No, I honestly—"

"You say so, but I know you don't think so. It's terrible. I wish I hadn't (sob) done it. P-please let m-me g-go." Though she made no move to go.

"Why, you're crying!"

"No, I'm n-not."

"Yes, you are. Come, please don't. There is nothing to cry about."

"I know th-there's n-not. That's w-why

I a-am. When I th-think what y-you think of m-me, I—boo! hoo!" And the charming face (which Bannard couldn't see for the veil and darkness) was buried in an arm against the tree.

"She must think a lot of me," thought he. "Really, you mustn't cry so. I think a great deal of you, you know. Quite—quite a great deal. If I only thought you could care as much for me as I for you! Poor thing!" to himself, "got to make it easy for her."

"That's the t-t-trouble; I d-d-do and I l-let you know it and y-you d-despise me. O-o-oh!"

That wail went to Bannard's heart, and he seized a little, tightly gloved hand, which didn't resist a bit. He tried to think of words to stop the thick-coming sobs.

"Please, Miss Minton—Clara—don't cry so. If you only knew. I-I like you very much. I (desperately, as the sobs came faster and faster), can even say I-I love you. *Now*, you needn't cry."

"O, you can't mean it. It's too g-g-good to be true. You c-can't love p-poor me a b-bit," but the sobs were not so heavy.

Bannard declared, vehemently, "Yes, I do; but you can't love me." The sobs had well nigh ceased.

"Oh, don't say that. That's the worst of all. When you've been my ideal f-for years. O-o-h! Why was I ever born!" And they began again.

"Don't, Clara, dear; don't cry. I call you dear because you are, and I see you love me. My love tells me that."

How he could see anything in that darkness is a mystery. But Bannard had read many novels, and, really touched and intoxicated by the wine of this swiftly-moving romance, was persuaded he spoke truth. He

put his arm around her waist—a tremor went over her form, but she didn't resist this, either. Clara's face was buried on his shoulder, her arms were tightly clasped around his neck, and the sobs ceased entirely. After a minute or two of this:

"Now, dearest, aren't you glad you sent me the note? I was going to meet you and tell you, anyway. I told the Three Spot yesterday I wanted to meet you." Logic and sequence of thought cut no figure just now.

"That ugly little set! The little one is nice, but that Thomas and Martin—ugh! oh! Charles, don't speak of them in our happiness. Only tell me again, love, that you love me. Oh! this is a happy night—oh! dearest Charles!"

And dearest Charles told his dearest Clara over and over again that he loved his little dove more than all the world, and he really believed it all.

He thought it about ten minutes, but it was a half-hour they stood there, cooing like a pair of turtle-doves, Bannard vowing eternal love for her and her alone (which was nervy, to say the least, in a Junior), and she answering in kind. At last, after many false starts, with a tremulous sigh, she drew away from him and said:

"Now, darling, I must go now really. Kiss me once, and let me go alone, so no one will know I met you here." And lifting her veil, she raised her lips to his in what the novelist calls a long, lingering caress. And thus she left him.

Fifteen minutes later Billy and Marty ran gasping into Jonesy's room. Billy fell flat on the floor, and Marty flung himself on the bed. On the cosey corner already lay a very *chic* young lady, in general dishevelment, with hat and wig over one eye, and gasping

for breath. Far into the night one could have heard intermittent screams of laughter and shouts of, "Do you really love me, sweetheart? Oh! my love! Forever, dearest! Oh! Jonesy, come to my heart! Oh! you jewel! Marty, let go my hand, you naughty boy. Oh! me gay Lothario! Boo! hoo! how you must despise me! Oh! oh! me bally boy, this is a happy night! The Three Spot is avenged! Sic semper tyrannis!"

The next morning, Christmas, Bannard, returning from breakfast, found at his door a large box. After removing some fifty wrappers, he found a smaller box containing a woman's hat, wig and various articles of the feminine toilet. Pinned to it was this note:

"A merry Xmas from the Three Spot

"MY DEAREST CHARLES:—Please accept this little remembrance of our love scene of last night. It will always remain in my heart. You were sublime, but we were sublimer. Nevertheless, we appreciate your avowals of love, and will expect to receive evidence of their truth in the future. Otherwise —

"Dearest Charles, adieu.

"THE THREE SPOT.

"P. S. Bannard, when next you kiss me, please have your breath free from cigarettes. We girls don't like it.

"JONESY.

"P. S. Bannard, from my side of the fence I could detect the lack of logic in your love scene. You certainly did take the gaff nicely. "BILLY.

"P. S. Chawles, me deah boy, don'tcherknow, you really should learn the difference between a smothered laugh and a sob. Might be useful in the future. From your dearest love—on the other side of the fence.

"MARTY."

Bannard was an active member of the Y. M. C. A., so it would not be kind to publish his views, as expressed at the time.

It all came out, as such things must, and to this day Bannard becomes quite wrathful, if you call him "dearest Charles." '99.

Some College Rules of Two Hundred and Fifty Years Ago.

There has recently come into the possession of the Harvard Corporation a rare and curious manuscript containing *inter alia* a transcript of the Laws of Harvard College adopted in 1655, antedating by some years the continuous records of the overseers. These laws deal generally with nearly every contingency incident to modern academic administration, especially with questions of discipline. It will be noted that the general court delegated power to the president and fellows to punish offences against civil as well as college law, after the manner of the German university courts. This order, "published in ye audience of ye students of ye college," is as follows:

"It is heerby ordered yt ye Praesident and fellows of Harvard Colledge for ye time being, or ye major part of them are heereby impowred according to ther best discretion, to punish all misdem'rs of ye youth in ther Society, eyther by fine, or whipping in ye Hall openly, as ye nature of ye offence shall require, not exceeding ten shillings or ten sStripes for one offense: and this law to continue in force untill this Court, or ye overseers of ye Coll. provide some other order to punish such offences."

The vexed Westmonasterian question of the "Young ladies not in the Hall," of course caused good old President Charles Chauncy and his associates no disquietude. Some godless youths, however, there seems to have been, who "lived in town," and were given to cutting class and chapel with beautiful regularity—the type is not now wholly unknown—and the regulation covering their case is:

"Noe student shall liue or board in ye family or privatte house of any inhabitant of Cambridge w'out liue from ye P'sident and his tutors and 'f any upon such leaue shall soe liue yett they shall attend all Coll. exercises, both Religious and

scholastiall, and bee under Coll. order and Discipline, as others ought to doe and bee yt are resident in ye Coll., and shall alsoe paye five shillings a quarter toward Coll. detrm'ts, beside ther tutorage and in case yt any student shall bee and lue in towne, as aforesaid out of ye Coll. Comons, more than one moneth, whither together, or at severall times w'out leaue obtained, he shall thenceforth be looked-at as noe member of the colledge

"Alsoe, whereas the penalties imposed upon such Students, as are in Comons in ye Coll. arnt sutable in some pticulars, to awe, and to deterre such as board in ye Towne, as aboue said, its yerfore p'vided heereby that ye P'sident and tutors may p'ceed w'th them in ye towne in case of delinquency, by admonition and private Correction, vntil by reason of an incorrigible Spirit in ye offenders: the P'sident and fellowes shall see cause to p'ceed to publicke Correction or Expulsion any forner or other lawe or Custome notw'standing."

Failure to pay college dues of whatever kind, or one month's delinquency in meeting the quarter bill rendered by "The Stuart (sic) to the Butler, such non-payment shall be looked-on as ther utter w'drawing from ye Coll: and they shall loose all ye time and interest, as to the claiming of any Degree or future priviledge in the Coll."

Damages to college property were apparently of frequent occurrence, and legislation on this point seems to have been honored more in the breach than otherwise.

"Whereas (through long experience) former orders haue not been effectuell for ye preventing of vnnecessary dammages to ye Coll.: by ye violence or carelessness of those for whose accomodation great coste & charges have from time to time been expended, the overseers doe therefore order yt henceforth all due care bee taken for preventing thereof, & yt when any damage shall bee found done to any study or chamber inhabited, ye person or persons resident therein shall make good ye same, & where any damage is done to ye edifice or Colledge, (excepting by ye inevitable providence of god) any vacant chamber or study, ye Coll. fences about ye yard, pumpe, bell or clock, &c., ye same shall bee made good again by all ye Students resident in ye College at such time when

such damage shall bee done or discovered to bee done & shall bee duly payd in ther quarter to ye treasurer or such officer of ye Coll. as shall bee appointed to disburse ye same p'vided always 'f ye person or persons yt were ye actor or actours or blameable occasion be discovered and doe appear, he or they shall make full satisfaction for ye same according to ye demerit of ye fact. And wheris any student take up any study, he shall paye ye rent therof for one whole yeare, whether he bee resident soe long or not & shall stand engadged to deliver ye same in such good repayre as he received it."

Dr. Holmes' poem, which he gave, *felice audacia*, at the Harvard bi-centennial in 1836, when every member of the great audience that had assembled on that occasion in the old Unitarian church expected a serious, dignified address, is, perhaps, the best remembered feature of that historic meeting. The fourth and fifth verses are:

"And when at length the College rose,
The Sachem cocked his eye
At every tutor's meager ribs
Whose coat-tails whistled by;
But, when the Greek and Hebrew words
Came tumbling from his jaws,
The copper-colored children all
Ran screaming to the squaws.

"And who was on the Catalogue
When college was begun?
Two nephews of the President
And the Professor's son,
(They turned a little Indian by,
As brown as any bun);
Lord! how the Seniors knocked about
The Freshman class of one!"

The treatment mentioned in the closing lines of the above quotation was duly dealt with officially, as witness the following: "Whereas, it is observed yt there is great discouragement put upon parents by reason of severall abuses yt are put upon their children at their first entrance, by ye senior students sending them upon their private errands, &c: The overseers doe commend it to ye P'sident

and fellows, yt for ye future due care be taken to prevent ye same & yt all abuses in yt kind bee severely punished, by imposing a penalty on such p'son or p'sons as shall presume soe to doe, or by corporall punishment as to ye corporation shall seeme meet." To this trio of offenders summary justice was meted out. The names given are found, however, in the Quinquennial catalogue, so that we may conclude that they were subsequently reinstated. The entry is signed by President Chauncy, "M——, H——, jun., and W——, jun., (according to ye counsell of ye Rev'd Elders) were expelled out of ye colledge, and ther names cut out of ye tables in ye buttry by ye order of ye President in ye p'sence of all ye fellows, for ther disorder and injurious carriage toward Andrew Belcher in killing and having stolne ropes in hanging Goodma Selles dogge upon ye signpost in ye night, wh. fact was deliberately confessed by one of the delinquents before ye corporation with ye reason moveing therunto: wh. confession was alsoe attested before his companions, and not denyed in diverse particulars, being pressed by ye Rev'd Elders about them: besides two of them afterwards corrupted and seduced ye confessor to unsay his confession: and many grosse lyes were told by all, and especially by one of them: and ther were many circumstances and probabilityes attesting the guiltinesse of ther crimes."

M. B.

The German law forbids teachers in the school to pull the ears of their pupils. Many cases of deafness have been shown to have resulted from such punishment.

Brazilian carbon, which is worth about \$45 per karat, or about four times the value of ordinary diamonds, is used in drilling some of the gold mines of South Africa

Shadows.

Last eve I watched the moonbeams on the snow,
Watched from my window—and far below
I saw the shadow of the pine that swayed
To ev'ry breeze that on its branches played.
All was still as the flakes had begun,
One upon one, one upon one,
To flutter down and, soft and white,
Settle themselves on the pillow of night.
Glisten a moment before my pane,
Pass along, pass along, others remain;
But the shadow that lingered one hour ago
Can never be marred or lost in the snow.

Last eve I watched an aged man whose face,
Bore sober lines Time never could erase,
Of grief that would not be described, but yet
Mingled with itself a vague regret.
The cheerful and sad, the young and old,
All these did the quivering moon unfold.
One after one, there yet came more
To take his place who came before,
But the face of the one who passed that night—
The one who was feeble and aged, and white—
Was never forgotten; and morning's first ray
Was sad with the grief of yesterday.

EGBERT R. MORRISON.

College World.

By comparing the statistics of English and Scotch universities in a given year it was found that Scotland with a population of 3,725,000 had 6,500 university students, while England had only 600 out of a population about six times as great.

The enrollment of the largest universities in their order are as follows: Harvard, 6,740; Columbia, 4,392; the University of Michigan, 3,813; University of Minnesota, 3,423; Ohio Normal University, 3,298; University of California, 3,215; Cornell, 3,004; Yale, 2,584; Pennsylvania University, 2,513.

Holcades Mikrai.

An expression heard at the Hall: "And in broad daylight, too."

Tom Kennedy was in town for several days at the first of the month.

"Ten cents worth of dynamite is a bigger man than a church steeple."

Miss Byers, '00, visited friends in town during the early part of the month.

Both Gymnasium classes started during the week beginning December 1.

Miss Mary E. Turner, '00, visited her sister for several days at Thanksgiving.

Miss Nesbit spent Thanksgiving with Miss Kennedy at her home in Sharpsburg.

One Saturday night lately, Miss Pearson was assisted in entertaining, much to her delight (?).

Miss Agnes Broad, who had been at her home on account of sickness, returned soon after Thanksgiving.

The lecture scheduled for November 25 was indefinitely postponed. It is expected that Mr. Bristol will fill some date next term.

Lytle's characteristically happy rendering of "*Pantapasi*" in Freshman Greek by "at all, at all" revealed Johnny's unswerving fidelity to his mother Irish.

A "Prep" was puzzled by the word "connoisseur." Prof.—"What would you call a man that pretends to know everything?" Prep answered:—"A professor."

The boys for the Junior-Freshman banquet need not worry about whom they are to take as the Freshman girls have decided whom they want and with whom they *will* go.

Campbell, in Xenophon (with deliberate precision) "And taking the captives apart,

they examined them." Willard Reid, (in an audible whisper) "Crude sort of clinic, strikes me."

These answers were some given in the last Psychology examination: A good appetite is a condition of a good memory; An objection to intentional memory is that it's a waste of time.

A young lady and a young gentleman were walking together on a summer evening. The clouds were rapidly coming up in advance of a storm when the young man noticing their blackness asked: "I wonder where those clouds are going?" And she answered, "I think they are going to thunder."

The Adelphic and Leagorean societies held an open meeting on the evening of December 2nd. The meeting was a pleasant, well-attended success. Among other features of the program was a paper called the Leagorean Liar, which contained some interesting remarks concerning members of the two societies.

Answers to correspondents: Mary and Jean.—Yes, you will find a parlor at the Fountain Inn. Miss R.—No, it is not in good taste to keep your shoes blackened. James.—It is perfectly proper to receive boxes of fudge from your admirers, but nothing more valuable. Long.—It is hardly right to blast a young lady's hopes, even if it is only a Friday night call. Freshmen,—Children should be seen and not heard.

Laing was hunting eagerly for the blast lamp. He desired to get four metals from his solution that were not there and to skip three that were in it. So he asked, "Where is the blasted lamp?" On being told that it was over at the Gymnasium helping to put baskets up, he went there and after diligent inquiry and a thorough search, in which he

went from roof to cellar, he came back disappointed.

Miss Bard, when asked about her experience at the Sophomore-Freshman game, said she really thought the world was coming to an end, but still it was pleasant. As an explanation of the above, "Scotchey" was going at a fearful rate across the field and, as a result, his outstretched arms entackled Miss Bard and she travelled with him, much to the astonishment of the crowd. "Scotchey" is said to have remarked afterwards that he was rather glad it happened. Edmund Vance Cook, the entertainer of that night on the Lecture Course, remarked that he was not disqualified for holding.

A very pretty wedding took place at the Hall one Thursday night at eight o'clock. The bride wore a handsome dress of white cheesecloth. Her blushing countenance was concealed by an exquisite veil of mosquito netting. The maid of honor and four bridesmaids were gowned in such filmy creations of mouslin and old point lace, that only a poet's pen could do them justice. The little flower girl with her basket of ribbon roses presented such a sweet appearance that she was a much favored person. The ushers were intimate friends of the high contracting parties. The Episcopal service was used. After a delightful wedding breakfast of crackers and water the guests returned to the ballroom where amid much wit and beauty the hours soon flew. The happy couple went on an extended wedding tour to the second floor.

"Tact," says the *Iowa Wesleyan*, "is the way of getting what you want without letting people know you want it."

Alumni Notes.

Miss Mary Turner, '00, of Wilkinsburg, recently visited her sister, Miss Laura Turner, '05.

A. H. Baldinger, '00, and A. B. Reed, '01, of Allegheny Seminary, spent Thanksgiving in New Wilmington.

Rev. W. H. Fulton, '94, has accepted the call extended him by the Carnegie congregation, and began pastoral work there the first of December.

F. B. Shoemaker, '00, of the Presbyterian Seminary, Allegheny, preached in Sharpsville, Sabbath, December 8, and called on New Wilmington friends Monday.

The wedding of Miss Martha Drennen Speer, '97, daughter of the Rev. Dr. John S. Speer, of Cambridge, O., and Mr. Archibald Gill Boal, '96, of Pittsburg, occurred at noon Thursday, Nov. 14. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father, assisted by the Rev. Dr. W. B. Smiley, '79. They began housekeeping at once in their home on Matilda street, East End, Pittsburg.

The Globe of November 21 gives in substance an eulogistic sketch of the Rev. Clarence H. Wilson as found in the current number of the New York Observer. Rev. Wilson belonged to the class of 1884 and is pastor of the Sag Harbor Presbyterian church. The article closes with these words: "Mr. Wilson has decided force as a speaker. He has the elements of an orator and convictions clear and honest. His pleasant manner and bright expression awaken interest and his good nerve qualifies him as a general in his work."

Music and Art.

She attended the concert, and, as she believes,
She was dressed in appropriate taste;
An accordion skirt and long piped sleeves,
And a brass band around her waist.

—*Ev.*

The junior orations delivered this term give evidence of thought and diligent training.

Music gives us a new life, and to be without that life is the same loss as to be blind.
—*Muller.*

On January 20, 1902, the Brockway Grand Concert company will give a concert in Second church.

Music stands nearest to divinity. I would not give the little I know for all the treasures of the world.—*Luther.*

Miss Acheson was kept very busy the latter part of the term, having, besides her regular students, the training of the junior orators.

On Friday evening, December 6th, a large audience assembled in the Second church, to take "Pot Luck With the Poet," Edmund Vance Cooke.

Miss Turner is working on the "Venetian By-way," Miss Ferguson on a picture frame in "Sweet Clover," while Miss Allen is completing a cracker jar.

Miss Hodgens reports the drawing class of this term the largest she has ever had. The class numbers about sixty. The list of art students has also been large and promises to be larger next term.

The "Ohio Poet" is a man of rare genius as a writer and as an impersonator. Some one has said that he may be ranked with Whitcomb Riley, as a humorist and poet, yet his poems possess a style peculiar to himself. You may read his poems and be de-

lighted, but the true interpretation can only be given by the poet himself.

The Adelphic and Leagorean societies gave a joint meeting in Adelphic hall on Monday evening, December 2nd. An interesting program was carried out by representatives from both societies.

The art studio is at present a busy department of the college. Many are to be made happy at 'Xmas through the steady toil of the art students. Among other things are water colors, picture frames and hand painted tobacco jars.

Owing to delay of trains on the Pennsylvania railroad, the lecturer, Dr. Frank Bristol, could not reach Wilmington on the evening of November 25th. His subject was to have been "Brains," and we hope to be able to hear him at a later date.

Pyrography, or "Work in Burnt Wood," has become very popular among the art loving people. The articles are made of bast wood and the designing done by a hot needle. Many are doing it by tracing the patterns to be burnt, but the valuable work is that done by the true artist. Miss Hodgens has completed a number of pieces, the most attractive being several picture frames.

A remarkable collection of prehistoric rock engravings has been discovered on the walls of a cavern in Combarelles, Dordogne, France, by Dr. Capitan. Of the one hundred and nine clear figures recognized, sixty-four are entire animals and forty-five heads. Aside from its archeological value, this discovery may give, with detailed study of the figures, precious information concerning a number of the animals then living, which cannot be obtained by the study of their bones.

Interest in music was never greater than it is now. As reflecting the wishes of the

people, it indicates that Americans are cheerful, prosperous, earnest and active. These conditions, aided by music, make the American what he is. Who can estimate the influence of music in building up American character? When we point to our mills, our railroads, our produce, mines and inventions, we may know that music and musicians have had a hand in creating the conditions which make all these things possible.—*Music Life*.

From a recent newspaper article we learn of the honor bestowed upon America's famous band master by King Edward. On Dec. 1st, Sousa, with his band, played by royal command at Sandringham before King Edward, Queen Alexandra and the royal family. The concert lasted two hours. At the close, Mr. Sousa was presented to King Edward, who, in appreciation of his services to music, presented the band master with the royal Victoria medal. The Decoration was personally affixed by the Prince of Wales. It is noticeable that King Edward has chosen an American company as the second company of artists to appear before his court since his ascension.

A "Tribute to Frederic Archer," written by E. H. Russell for the Musical Courier, sets forth the praises of this great musician in truest words. In it Mr. Russell says, "Art was his shrine and native home—'twas there he lived and worshipped. No selfish ambition swayed him. He believed his art to be the best offering he could make to heaven, and with the religious devotions of the born artist, he sought to eliminate from that oblation all that was of the earth, earthy. No self-seeking, no hunger for applause, no thirst for popularity could move him from his purpose. He died as he had lived, full of plans for the advancement of true art and

the education of the people. We have laid to rest a great musician, who has raised his art in the esteem of his age, and left it better than he found it. He now listens to rarer harmonies than earth has known."

The following orations were delivered Friday evening, Nov. 22d :

"The Future Triumph of Peace,"
Frank M. Houston, New Wilmington
Essay—"Beautiful Women,"
Bessie I. Shannon, New Wilmington
"The Successful Man," Roy M. Jamison, Apollo
"The Rise of Man," George H. McClelland, New Castle
Music furnished by Misses Gibson and Mehard, Prof. Peterson and Mr. Weddal.

On the 29th, the following :

Essay—"Silent Influences," Mary J. Park, Allegheny
Past Events and Coming Problems,"
Jos. M. McCalmont, Hanlin Station
Essay—"Dreams and Their Mysteries,"
Edna J. Ramsey, Coraopolis
"The Man with a Conscience,"
Hervey S. Bailey, Fosters, Ohio
"Signal Lights," Thornton Adams Craig, Sligo
Music furnished by Misses Elizabeth Porter and Martha Mehard

On Saturday evening, Dec. 7th, the following program was carried out :

Music—"A Merry Heart,".....Denza
Glee Club.
Oration—"The World Alive," G. W. Baldinger, Allegheny
Oration—"The American Democracy,"
Dwight A. Russell, Burgettstown
Music—"Crucifix,".....Faure
Mr. Friceland and Mr. Donaldson.
Oration—"Through Nature up to Nature's God,"
W. R. Veazey, New Wilmington
Essay—"The Mission of Mystery,"
Loretta Mitchell, New Wilmington
Essay—"Influence of Nature Through Poetry,"
Genevieve Smith, New Wilmington
Music—"The Midshipmate,".....Adams
Glee Club.
Essay—"Worthier Aspirations,"
Bessie M. Stewart, New Wilmington
Essay—"Blessed be Limitations,"
Eleanor M. Vincent, Detroit, Mich.

This was the first appearance of the Glee Club this term, and they received the most enthusiastic applause.

The man who fears to go his way alone,
But follows where the greater number tread,
Should hasten to his rest beneath a stone ;
The great majority of men are dead.

—Edmund Vance Cooke in "*Life*."

Athletics.

The game at Allegheny with W. U. P. on Nov. 20th was witnessed by a large crowd, and both teams played well. W. U. P. kicked to Westminster on the fifteen yard line, and the ball was carried back forty-five yards by line bucks and short end runs, where the ball was lost on downs. Good gains were made through our line, and short gains around our end resulted in a touchdown. During the remainder of the first half the honors were about equally divided, the half ending with the ball near the center of the field. In the second half the ball was carried to W. U. P.'s seven yard line, where it was unfortunately lost. After making their gains for twenty-five yards W. U. P. was forced to kick, Westminster soon losing the ball. Near the end of the half W. U. P. scored another touchdown, making the final score 11-0.

W. U. P. has played a strong game this season, and considering that their team is chosen from a large number of students, among which are experienced players, the result of the game is no disgrace to our college. The Pittsburg papers reported the Westminster-W. U. P. game as being the best game of the season, so that the contest was not so one-sided as the score might indicate. The line up was:

WESTMINSTER.		W. U. P.	
Tennent.....	l. e.....	Martin	
Campbell, captain.....	l. t.....	Wallace	
Cleeland.....	l. g.....	Cummings	
Parisen.....	c.....	Henkey	
Minteer.....	r. g.....	Morrow	
Porter.....	r. t.....	McConnell	
Moore.....	r. e.....	McLain	
Neville.....	q. b.....	McCready	
Lambie.....	r. h.....	Reed	
McKay.....	l. h.....	Simpson	
Donaldson.....	f. b.....	Sechrist	
Touchdowns—Martin, Simpson.			
Halves—Twenty-five minutes each.			

The last game of the season was played at Meadville on Thanksgiving day. The field was covered with snow and made brilliant plays an impossibility. This was also an advantage to Allegheny, as their ends were weak, and on the snowy field end runs were out of the question. Line bucks were Allegheny's strongest plays, and with these nearly all their gains were made. Westminster kicked off to Allegheny on the twenty yard line. The ball was fumbled and lost. Westminster made ten yards before losing the ball. The guards' back formation was used and finally resulted in a touchdown. Soon after the next kick off Allegheny worked a delayed pass for a gain of thirty-five yards. The guards again carried the ball for a touchdown. In the second half Allegheny kicked to Westminster's twenty yard line, and throughout the half the ball was advanced only a short distance by either side. Neither side had a decided advantage, and the game ended with the ball in Westminster's possession on the thirty-five yard line. Final score 11-0. This game closed the season for both teams, and both colleges now turn their attention to basket ball, in which both expect to be represented by strong teams. The line up:

WESTMINSTER.		ALLEGHENY.	
Tennent.....	l. e.....	Fleteher	
Campbell, Capt.....	l. t.....	McQuiston	
Gamble.....	l. g.....	McCartney	
Parisen.....	c.....	Beyer	
Minteer.....	r. g.....	Lampe	
Porter.....	r. t.....	Campbell	
Moore.....	r. e.....	Leffingwell	
Neville.....	q. b.....	Mook	
Lambie.....	r. h.....	Taylor, Capt	
McKay.....	r. h.....	Turner	
Donaldson.....	f. b.....	Williams	
Time of halves, 20 minutes each. Touchdowns, Williams and Lampe. Goal, Mook. Officials, Porter and Frazer, alternating.			

The Reserves played their last game on Athletic park on Nov. 25th, with Mercer

Academy. Both teams had won one game, and a hard game was expected. Mercer was unable to make much headway towards the the goal, and the result of the game indicates the comparative strength of the teams. Mercer objected to some of the decisions, but none of the decisions given would have changed the result had they been reversed. The Reserves lost the ball on downs in the first half within one foot of the goal and likewise in the second half on the two yard line. Final score. Reserves 18, Mercer Academy 0.

The annual football game between the Freshmen and Sophomore classes was played Dec 7th. The Freshman team played the better ball and succeeded in crossing the Sophomore's goal line three times. The Sophomores seemed dangerous but once when they carried the ball sixty yards before being held on downs. The most brilliant play of the game was made with but twenty seconds to play at the end of the second half. The ball was kicked to the Freshmen on their twenty-five yard line and there was fumbled. The ball was secured by Tennent, jr., and carried eighty-five yards for a touch-down. No goals were kicked. Touch-downs—E. Tennent, D. Tennent, Metz.

The football season of 1901 is ended and the colleges in the inter-collegiate league rank as follows:

Geneva—Won, 3; lost, 0; tied, 1.

Westminster—Won, 1; lost, 2; tied, 1.

Allegheny—Won, 1; lost, 3; tied, 0.

Geneva had the best team and deserved the pennant she won. The playing of the team at the beginning of the season showed the results of last year's coaching and also the advantage of having the same coach two years in succession. Geneva won by playing straight, hard football first, last and all

the time, and Westminster can claim only this consolation that the last game played against Geneva was a tie game and no superiority was shown by either team.

Allegheny, as usual, played well near the close of the season but was weak early in the season. For three years we have won from Allegheny on our own grounds early in the season and have been defeated by them on Thanksgiving day at Meadville by nearly the same score. In the last three years the points scored by Westminster against Allegheny and vice versa are Westminster 43, Allegheny 40.

The gymnasium classes have again been started, and under the instruction of the new physical director, Mr. Lambie, the work done indoors this winter should be very beneficial to all who attend. This is one department of college athletics in which all can take part. If you cannot play ball come out and take training in the gymnasium and grow strong in body as well as in mind.

The prospects for a winning basket ball team are bright. The candidates for the team are: Kennedy, Moore, Lambie, Veazey, A. Stewart, Wright, Houston, Thompson, Miller and Degelman. The team will not be selected until next term, but Capt. Kennedy is giving the men plenty of work to do, and now is the time to put in your bid for the team. No regular college games will be played this term.

Make it a rule never to guy a professor till you have achieved a grade of over ninety in his classes. By that time you may have lost the desire to guy him.

An hour's brisk walking and three hours' study will accomplish more than no hours' walking and five hours' study. Make your heels save your head.

Exchanges.

Franklin's Plan of Life.

When Benjamin Franklin resolved to "arrive at moral perfection; to live without committing any fault at any time," he adopted "a plan of life" consisting of the following virtues:

1. Temperance—Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

2. Silence—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation

3. Order—Let all things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

4. Resolution—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

5. Frugality—Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; i. e., waste nothing.

6. Industry—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

7. Uncertainty—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

8. Justice—Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

9. Moderation—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

10. Cleanliness—Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes or habitation.

11. Tranquility—Be not disturbed at trifles or at accidents common or unavoidable.

12. Chastity.

13. Humility.

14. Imitate Jesus and Socrates.—*Ex.*

Merry Autumn.

It's all a farce—these tales they tell
About the breezes sighing,
And moans astir o'er field and dell,
Because the year is dying.

Such principles are most absurd,—
I care not who first taught 'em,
There's nothing known to beast or bird
To make a solemn autumn.

Now purple tints are all around;
The sky is blue and mellow,
And e'en the grasses turn the ground
From modest green to yellow.

The seed burs all with laughter crack
On featherweed and jimpson;
And leaves that should be dressed in black
Are all decked out in crimson.

The earth is just so full of fun
It really can't contain it;
And streams of mirth so freely run
The heavens seem to rain it.

Why, it's the climax of the year,—
The highest time of living—
Till naturally its bursting cheer
Just melts into thanksgiving.

—PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

The Guyed Guy

Life: The guide was guiding a guy. As the guide guided the guy, the guide guyed the guy until the guy would no longer be guyed by a guide whom he had hired not to guy but to guide. So the guyed guy guyed the guide. No wonder every one guyed the guyed guide guiding a guyed guy.—*The Pulse.*

"A man is known by his works," declared the irrepressible reformer, who was addressing a large and enthusiastic audience. "Yours must be a gas works," shouted a rude person in a back seat.—*Ex.*

Do not be so particular about going to a famous college. Make the College you go to famous.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

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A college course is like a railroad track. "Push the youngster out on it," some folks say, "and he cannot get off. It makes no difference whether he knows where he is going or not." But they do not run their railroad trains that way. Indeed, a definite purpose doubles the value of a college course.

There is war between the Co-eds and male students at Missouri. The young ladies recently gave a fancy dress ball at which no men were present. The men now have invitations out for a Hobo Convention at which none of the gentler sex will be present.—*Ex.*

"The midnight oil" is the "midnight spoil"—spoiled health, spoiled scholarship, spoiled stamina, spoiled ambitions.

"Henry, how is the plot of that sea novel running?"

"Well, just at this chapter there is a terrible storm, and the passengers are afraid the boat will go to the top."

"You mean to the bottom."

"No; this is a submarine boat."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"My boy," said the proud mother, "never uses slang." "Dear me!" returned the sympathetic neighbor, "what seems to be the matter with him? Nothing serious, I hope."—*Chicago Post.*



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THE HOLCAD.

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No. 5.

THE HOLCAD, NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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Publishers' Notice.

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THE first term of the new year opens with prospects brighter than any heretofore. Two new instructors have been secured and enter upon their duties at once. Prof. J. M. Shaffer occupies the chair of Mathematics and Miss Ella M. Warner, graduate of the New England conservatory, will assist Prof. Peterson in the Music Department. The number of students has never been so large. The Senior class numbers fifty-seven, which

is an increase of ten over any graduating class of former years. The other classes are proportionally large. Plans are being completed for the celebration of the semi-centennial, which will take place in June, 1902.

PATRONIZE our advertisers.

THE February HOLCAD, which will be the last issue under the supervision of the present staff, will be devoted largely to the interests of the endowment fund. Articles by those directly connected with the raising of the fund and with the college, will appear, telling how the work is progressing and what plans are being made for its application.

Is your subscription paid?

WE wish to correct a typographical error which occurred in the December issue of the HOLCAD. The paper by W. E. Brooks should have read "Malory and His Successors," and not "Malony," as the printer had it. Please notice the correction.

ANDREW CARNEGIE, in his latest offer to the people of the United States, has given to many food for thought and has caused us all to wonder what he will do

next, for each of his gifts has been greater than the preceding. Mr. Carnegie plans to found and endow a national university, to furnish means whereby a place of learning most completely equipped in apparatus, libraries and instructors will be opened to everyone desiring to take a post-graduate course, whatever may be his profession or occupation. Mr. Carnegie's plans have met with the most general approval, and it is safe to say that in a few years the United States will excel all other nations in this line, as she has in so many lines during years past.

Now is the time to begin cramming for exams.

FOUR years have passed since Grove City and Westminster last contested for honors on the athletic field. Since that time various efforts have been put forth to bring about a conciliation and renew the relations formerly existing, but to no avail. However, recently, in answer to a request by Grove City's basket ball manager for games, the athletic advisory board gave its consent to the arranging of games in basket ball. Whether games in the other departments of sport will be permitted will depend, no doubt, upon the spirit in which this line is conducted. If Grove City will agree to place purely amateur teams on the field, and if the rowdiness always attendant upon professional athletics in colleges be replaced by the friendly rivalry of purely amateur teams, composed of and conducted by bona fide students, we see no reason why friendly relations should not be entered upon. We feel sure that it would materially assist both colleges. We hope to see in the

near future such an agreement brought about and friendly relations re-established between Grove City and Westminster.

EVERY student should subscribe for the HOLCAD.

Literary Department.

Port Ideal.

Rebellion against authority is characteristic of human nature. Man naturally craves liberty in its widest sense—license to do as one pleases. To counteract this desire and to regulate it in man's intercourse with his fellows requires the authority of government. So in every form of government we find these two opposing but inseparable principles, liberty and authority. Liberty, because it is natural; authority, because it is necessary. On the proper balancing of these two forces rests the ideal state. Should authority be supreme the result is tyranny; should license prevail the result is anarchy. The former places all the members of society at the mercy of a single individual; the latter puts each one in danger of all and renders insecure the gift of freedom which it seems to grant.

In the primitive forms of government it was necessary that authority should prevail over personal liberty to compel reluctant obedience from mankind. But as the spirit of liberty flamed up the predominance lay now with one side, now with the other, as they hewed their way through the wilderness of experimental government.

All history is but a record of the striving and alternate success of these two forces. Towards the one inclines desire, towards the other reason. Yet, as the love of liberty grew stronger and the bonds of despotism

were loosened, men paid a more willing service to a government established by their own hands and the strength of its authority was in no way diminished. Working in this way, reason and authority have ever been the power that has strengthened and centralized government, that has clearly defined the boundaries of right and wrong between man and man, and has caused these boundaries to be respected. On the other hand, love of liberty has broadened the form of government, has fought the world's battles against injustice and oppression, has raised men from slavery to citizenship, and has made possible a government of the people, for the people and by the people.

As there have always been those who made authority an excuse for cruelty and oppression, so there have always been those who made the love of liberty a pretext for violence and for rebellion against just and lawful authority. As the world has had its Pharaohs, its Neros, its George the Thirds, it has also had its Absoloms, its Robespierres, its Booths and Guiteaus. Never has the spirit of intolerance and rebellion lacked either a pretext or a victim when once its fury has been aroused.

Until the last fifty years, however, its rage has been directed against some particular man as ruler or against some particular form of government. But now an organization has arisen having for its doctrines liberty without authority, the regulation of the relations of life by the natural goodness of man's heart and the destruction of all rulers and governments as the path to the accomplishment of their designs; an organization whose means are bombs, dynamite and assassination; an organization that hates every ruler and every nation; an organization whose growth and success would destroy the pro-

gress of ages and plunge us once more into the reign of chaos and night, and an organization which it is the duty of every man to resist, to refute and to crush by every possible means.

A gallant ship has been sailing the ocean for days and now sees in the distance the coast and the long wished for harbor. During the voyage a seditious faction has arisen among the passengers, asserting that neither the officers, the wheel, nor the ship itself, but only the engine is necessary to reach port. And now, joined by the discontented and the destructive, they attack and murder the captain. The mate instantly irons them and sails on without loss of time. But a greater danger threatens the ship. Several like minded parties have attacked the spokes of the wheel and are rapidly cutting them to pieces. As one by one they are destroyed, the steering apparatus falls useless and the vessel with its human freight is left drifting at the mercy of the rising elements. Before them the breakers toss their white hands in warning, the roar of the surf is in their ears, but helpless they are driven on until, with a shudder, the vessel strikes on the rocks and goes down with all on board.

Our nation is such a vessel. Now for more than a century she has been sailing over the Sea of Progress, driven by the love of liberty, guided by the authority of government. Many a gale has she weathered, sailing right on through the waves of jealousy and rebellion, and now, far off, we decry the haven of the Ideal Government. But here the forces of Anarchism rise, saying that authority is unnecessary, that rulers are tyrants, that government is oppression; only grant absolute liberty to the individual and the ideal is reached. To their standard flock a various crowd of criminals, of those

thirsting to destroy the existing order of things, and of those weak mortals who, because they lack the energy to attain success, are discontented, blame their failure on government in general, and seek to destroy it by every means in their power. After repeated acts of violence their crimes culminate in the murder of our chief executive. 'Tis a malignant, devilish act of anarchy; an act that is without law, that tolerates no law, but tramples on and defies the laws of God and man.

Yet, from even such open, unblushing anarchy as this we apprehend little danger to the republic. The very heinousness of the crime rouses the nation and the penalty has already been paid by the murderer. It is from anarchy in its more insidious and unnoticed forms which attack the spokes of the wheel of national authority that the greater peril threatens.

One of the sources of authority thus attacked is the home. The pure homes and home life of the Anglo Saxon races have been the source of their power. From these homes have gone men and women trained to obedience, to honor, to duty; back to them turns the heart of every true American with pride and gratitude and love, and the sweetest words in all our language are "home" and "mother."

Yet even this sacred retreat has been penetrated by the spirit that clamors for liberty without guiding authority. Irreverence for parents and disobedience to them are fast destroying that parental authority which is the glory of Christian families. The anarchist forces of polygamy, though defeated, still threaten; against the home the dragon of impurity blows his foul and blasting breath, and there is scarcely a family throughout our land that has escaped the sting of the

wily serpent of Intemperance. Oh, ye who love your country's good, by earnest word, by Christian ballot, by spreading the glorious gospel of purity and obedience, ward off these enemies from that main spoke in the wheel of national authority—our homes! Ye to whom the remembrance of the companionship of a father, of the love of mother, of childhood days with brothers and sisters, comes sweet as the incense at the morning sacrifice, guard well that sacred shrine.

Another point where these lawless forces are at work is our educational system. The tendency in our public schools is to lack of discipline, in our colleges to slackness in dealing with lawbreakers, and the result of this sowing is seen in men who will publicly palliate and defend hazing, class fights, destruction of property and kindred evils of college life. Whenever you see or hear such a person be sure that in some way his own skirts are not clear in regard to the matter. Trace the history of every anarchist or teacher of anarchy back to his childhood and you will find him at home disobedient, at school unruly, and at college more concerned with the works of darkness than with those of day. At any of these stages his career might have been changed by a timely interposition of authority and right teaching, but when he has gone out into the world it is too late. Forth from these walls and others like them go the men who will lead the world in thought, in action and in life. If their ideas of the rights of others are dim, if their opinions concerning rights of property are vague and changing, if to them the line between right and wrong is indistinct, what then of the world which they teach and lead? Oh, that those to whose hands is given the shaping of the mind and thoughts of the coming gener-

ation might guide them aright, that to them the rights of authority, of property, personal rights and race rights may not be shifting shadows but plain realities.

But the point most exposed and where the attack is fiercest is our judicial system. Upon it fall the blows of the capitalist and corporation, who by reason of their wealth are able to evade or defy law and justice. Every mob or case of violence during strikes is a blow at the authority of law. Every judge or officer influenced not by justice but by power and gold is a worm gnawing the very life from the wood. Every evil law forced upon the statute books by power of money, every good law permitted to become a dead letter by those sworn to its enforcement acts like a dry rot sapping the strength and vigor of the whole. And that chief of anarchist forces, the saloon, entrenched behind its bulwark of statutes, is a rotten heart to the whole system. For the law pretends to punish the guilty,—and this greatest of crimes escapes with only a slight tax. It pretends to protect the weak,—and turns loose this devouring monster that preys on the helpless and the fallen. It pretends to be just,—and permits this outpost of hell to take men's money and give them that which steals away their brains, ruins their bodies and destroys their souls: permits it to take their honor and give them nothing but rags and poverty and shame; to take their happiness and give them remorse and woman's tears and children's cries: to take their hope of heaven and give them the prospect of the blackness of darkness forever.

The license system stands an infamous blot upon our laws and courts and they will never be worthy of a Christian nation's pride until this accursed thing is cast out of our midst and its pollution swept away forever.

These are the chief of those forms of anarchy which, although less startling than assassination, are more dangerous. Whether they shall be successful, whether they shall weaken the wheel of authority that has guided us through all these years, until some day it breaks under the strain of the raging elements with which we must deal, and we, too, like many another nation, go down on the rocks of revolution and despair. Whether the United States shall be a name forgotten, a wreck covered by the waves of progress, are questions which our people must answer.

God grant that they may answer them by putting an end to these enemies of our peace. May He grant that, escaping all these dangers, our noble ship may come in at the eventide, safe, and cast anchor in the Harbor of the Ideal.

J. CLYDE GILFILLAN, '03.

Worthier Aspirations.

What a restless soul is man! A tireless spirit within urges him along untrodden paths and towards an ever-changing goal. To-day, it is happiness that he pursues; to-morrow, wealth and honor beckon him to follow them, promising peace and contentment to the end of his life.

No matter how monotonous and uneventful a man's life may seem to be, there will come turning points and changes that will alter his whole course, either for better or for worse. These may have been brought about directly by outside influences, yet the same cause which produces a certain effect on one man will make an entirely different impression on another. It is the soul of man that determines his destiny. Let chance throw her darts at him as she will, she can move him only in the direction towards which he is naturally inclined. There is something

within him which will be heard, which will not be repressed, something which has the power of pushing him forward, of removing all obstacles from his way- and of placing him either on the highest pinnacle of fame, or, if wrongly directed, of thrusting him down to shame and disgrace. To this power, this influence, has been given the name, Ambition.

There are two interpretations of this word—it is either an eager or inordinate desire to gain power and distinction, or it is a steadfast purpose to achieve something commendable. In either case it is a spur to all a man's actions, quickening hope when it is ready to die, making him courageous in all he undertakes and able to overcome every obstacle in his path. It is that quality, which, combined with great natural ability, has enabled many famous men to accomplish what they have done.

A man without ambition is worth almost nothing. He is like a ship in a calm sea, when the breeze which has filled its sails has died away, and it is left to drift helplessly over the waters. But give him a purpose, with energy to accomplish that purpose, and he is represented much more truly by the mighty ocean steamer which is driven through the waves by its throbbing heart of iron, defying alike the clouds and winds and seas.

But a man must strive for more than his own gain. He must be guided by unselfishness, and keep constantly before him an object worth striving for. For if this noble vessel lacks a steersman or a helm, it is at the mercy of the wind and the waves and quickly meets its fate among the rocks and shoals, the power it possesses of propelling itself only hastening its destruction.

Let us glance for a moment at some of the greatest men who have stamped the pages of

history with their deeds, and see how ambition played with them as a gambler does with his dice.

We see before us first, that king of ancient Greece, Alexander, whose kingdom extended from India to Egypt on the south, and to Greece on the north. Famed alike for his unparalleled conquests and for the energy with which he held together the different parts of his empire, history is certainly justified in naming him "The Great." He was great not alone in his military achievements, but also in the elements of his character, combining impetuosity and energy with a calm and calculating thoughtfulness which did much to insure him success. Besides this he was kind and affectionate to his mother, capable of making deep and lasting friendships, and, in the early stages, at least, of his career, was lenient to his prisoners. If his energies had been directed in right channels, how different might have been his fame; but the times in which he lived, coupled with an illimitable ambition, made him what he was. The world was none too large for him to conquer, and so he conquered the world. But he could not overcome himself. He let ambition have full sway at first and finally it mastered him, and he died a death more ignoble than that of any slave. There was no helmsman but selfish greed of power on this vessel, and most terrible was its destruction.

Turning our eyes again, we let them rest upon that greatest of modern generals, Napoleon. Having been crowned emperor of France, and being spurred on by the memory of his glorious victories in Italy and Egypt, he swept across Europe in a glorious march of triumph. Austria, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Prussia gave way before him; ruin and desolation were left in his path; all Europe

trembled at his name, and yet he fell. The winds wailing over St. Helena's island alone are left to sing the dirges of a false ambition, of a disappointed hope that left its owner nothing but a grave.

Then must we conclude from the example of these who have misused ambition that the pursuit of honor and glory is wrong? Is it a temptation to be shunned, to be ground under foot like the poisonous serpent? Are we to eradicate all traces of discontentment from the mind of man—for that is what it really is, a species of discontentment whereby a man becomes dissatisfied with his present life and strives for something beyond him which he imagines will make him happier than he is? That would be but reducing him to the level of the beast, making him content to grovel in the dust and rise no higher.

There is that in every man which will not let him rest while he sees something unachieved. He is always feeling for the latch which will open for him the door of fame or happiness or peace. Earth cannot content him, time is too short for his search, the limitless bounds of eternity alone will satisfy his soul. If, then, this desire for a change for the better is common to every one of us, it must have a purpose, and we may well ask ourselves what that purpose is.

It has been said that one may, "with fit ambition conceive the greatest blessings and the highest honors appointed for him, if he can achieve them the right and noble way." But the noblest ambition is that which strives not for itself but for the best interests of others. It is unselfish endeavor that gains the most. Why is it that the world honors Washington and condemns Napoleon? Was it not because Washington, forgetting himself, spent

his life in the service of his country, while Napoleon sacrificed his country for his own ambitious purposes?

Luther had a high ideal before him—that of freeing men's souls from the bondage in which they had been held through so many centuries. He labored for the highest good of his fellow-men, and now his praises are sung by thousands who have liberty to worship God in spirit and in truth.

What a joy it must have been for Wilberforce to hear, as he was dying, that the cause in which he had spent more than half of his life had at last succeeded; that there was not a slave in all the dominions of Great Britain, and to think that they had received their freedom largely through his efforts.

Praise and honor for those who, being placed in high positions, are filled with the loftiest aspirations, who seek the true glory of achieving the best for mankind; for rulers and statesmen who strive that the future of their countries may be higher and more glorious rather than that they themselves may shine with a false splendor for a few years of their lives and at their death leave the people in the rear of the march of progress.

Commendation for those in humbler walks of life who have hidden in their hearts visions of fame and distinction and have given themselves up to the faithful performance of duty, who have turned the energy of their ambition towards the accomplishment of the task which has been given them, making it more beautiful than any dream of renown; who believe with the poet that,

"Real glory
Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves,
And without that the conqueror is naught
But the first slave."

MARY ELIZABETH STEWART, '03.

Snap-Shots and Time-Exposures.

Before the artist lies the scene, one of sublime beauty in which nature has exercised her greatest powers, creating a grandeur wherein every tree, shrub and flower seems to demand the prize for being the chief attraction as each lends its charms to make this spot beautiful. Between shady banks, winding gracefully around a distant hill, the peaceful river flows gently on its course. Near on an island a few cattle are grazing in the rich green grass, while in the distance a bridge, supported by massive pillars of stone, spans the transparent waters. On the right in a shady bower lies a cottage lovely in the simplicity of its surroundings. On the left is a scene interspersed by meadow and woodland, telling of the wondrous power and wisdom of the great being who created it by a word.

All this thrills the nature-loving artist with awe as he asks himself this question, "A snap-shot or a time-exposure, which?" The snap-shot will bring into distinct outline the cottage lying near, the island and the cattle; but what of the bridge, the more distant meadow, the woodland and the beautiful curve in the river? These all should be brought out clearly in order to have a perfect picture. But those cattle and the fowls at the cottage may by their movements cause their forms to be blurred in the time-exposure. How vain it is for the human mind to attempt a perfect representation of the conceptions of the great Creator? We shall leave the artist to decide for himself.

Studying snap-shots and time-exposures we find that they compare with actions performed impulsively and actions performed after thought and deliberation. There are circumstances in which prompt and immediate action determine the success of the

project in view, whereas during the delay occasioned by thought and argument the opportunity for accomplishing the desired results would have passed away. Thus many things occur which might have been prevented or else more profitably accomplished had the proper course been pursued. So it depends greatly upon judgment, skill and keen perception as to the outcome whether one can make a success of anything. Taking snap shots, or in other words, acting quickly, without previous meditation, involves much for the inexperienced; because it is conceded to be the most difficult of all arts, and an art much longed for, to be able always to do the right thing at the right moment. It requires more skill, more talent and more experience to perceive opportunities which quickly come and as quickly pass by forever, than to observe those which seemingly give us warning of their approach, and for which we may be prepared. What can be more discouraging, more laden with bitter regrets than to reflect upon the misuse of brilliant opportunities, which, though we may look for them in the vain hope that they may, perchance, pass again near enough for us to grasp are destined never to return?

But shall time be consumed by these regrets and vain hopes? No; let the burdened soul arouse and bestir itself lest while thus engrossed with scenes of the past, more beautiful, yes, and even more valuable pictures may follow the others which have passed into memory. If watchfulness and carefulness be exercised, better preparation for the performance of future duties will follow, and each well-performed action will add its star to the crown of faithfulness. These impulsive actions are not hampered by anything that may come between the *desire* to act and the *performance* of the act itself; and

likewise at the time of action often nothing is felt in regard to what the result may be. Men have been known to save their lives by acting on the impulse of the moment, although death seemed inevitable, and afterwards they receive praise for the great presence of mind which they have displayed.

But what of the time exposure or deep thought and meditation? Are there no times in which much may be gained by delay? Terrible indeed would be the consequences were there none who, by their firmness and keen perception beyond the outward appearance, guide the important affairs of government without rushing into a whirlpool of disaster and ruin. Among the greatest, most successful and most famous men are numbered those who are noted for their deliberation in action, and although they are often criticized as permitting every opportunity for success to pass by unheeded, yet surprising results are brought about which haste would have rendered impossible.

What, though trivial matters having the appearance of importance do confront us, the great aim in view penetrating from the very beginning to the end of these surrounding issues should be kept prominent in the mind. Just as it is impossible to obtain a picture of any particular object without its environments, so it is impossible to carry out any premeditated plan without the performance of many things which thrust themselves forward and will not be put aside, though they may not pertain in the least to any part of the undertaking or its results. Thus in the battle of life one thing overlaps another until we feel that nothing is being perfected, yet perhaps our whole life is required to perform one part in the development of one great picture, while some other life must take up the task where we have left it, and

after many years future generations may realize that the part we have performed was the *exposure* of a picture which they must *print* and *mount*. A good adviser has said, "Mine has been a hard, uphill fight from the first to the last; and when comparing your life with that of others, it is as well to understand that of others, it is as well to remember that in every life, even in those which seem fairest and brightest, there is some grave where dead hopes and unfulfilled dreams lie buried."

So it follows that not every scene exposed upon the plate is finished and completed. And while some pictures which seem brightest and fairest are lost, yet there are many just as fair which cannot fail to compensate their loss if they are only permitted to reveal their beauty. Many joys are suppressed and crushed by persistently brooding over sorrows, and yet if the light were only allowed to shine in these very sorrows and trials could be changed to lighter burdens, and, perhaps, even transformed into objects of pleasure. Some of the most charming and most beautiful pictures are those tinged with sorrow. Life would be too happy without its measure of grief.

Grief is the result of some mistake or some wrong committed, which clearly reveals the imperfect nature of the human race. And because of this imperfect nature hasty actions are many times performed where deliberate actions would have been better, and deliberation is used where haste would have changed defeat into victory, yet be brave, despondent one, for victory awaits you if you will only be strong and of good courage. Do not remain listless and idle, fearing that you may do something wrong, but try, for nothing is ever accomplished without first being attempted.

Being reassured in the strength of God, our Maker, we may boldly strive, saying, "Be it ours to meditate upon thy majesty,

And to the beautiful order of thy works,
Learn to conform the order of our lives."

MAY MCKELVEY, '02.

Holcades Mikrai.

Miss Woods says she graduated in stargazing last spring.

Dr. — recently told the Ethics class a tale of an unmarried bachelor living unwedded in celibacy without a wife.

The faculty has had two additions this term. Prof. Shaffer now fills the Mathematics chair. Miss Warner has been made assistant in the Music department.

Miss — (having trouble with her hair on a windy day after its monthly shampoo), "I really think my hair shrinks every time it's washed." Mr. — "Perhaps it's not all wool."

The buildings so badly burned on the Sabbath night, Jan. 5th, will soon be cleared away and new ones will be erected. It is planned to have one of the new buildings constructed of tile.

Miss King, Miss Armour, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Newmeyer, Mr. McMichael (who was out till the class caught up to him), Mr. Kennedy and Mr. P. H. Yourd are back in college this term.

The following new students have entered this term: Miss Ida M. Campbell, New Wilmington; Miss Cleone E. Pollock, Canonsburg; Mrs. Elstein, New Castle; Miss Dickey, Greenville; Wm. C. Hoagland, New Wilmington; Walter R. Davis, Greenville; Harry R. McCown, New Wilmington.

The first Friday night reception was exceptionally interesting this term. The entertainment was of a new and enjoyable order. The affair of great moment was the first appearance of the Seniors in caps and gowns. Some fit, some fit too much, and some didn't fit. None appeared to fit, but they were all there. None are torn, that we know of, yet, but we are constantly expecting to hear of Jim Grier's first mishap.

PHASES OF LIFE—PHASE I.

The date of a football game was drawing near and Alexander tremblingly climbed to the Hall and rang. She came, and saw, and conquered him. To her he said, "I want you to do me a favor."

"Well, what is it?"

"Oh, but you promise."

"What if I can't do it?"

"But you can, easily. Now, promise."

"How —?" "Well, —." "I know, but —." "Oh, yes, you must," etc., ad infinitum, till at last she said,

"Well, I promise. Now, what is it?"

"Oh, goody! goody!" and he leapt and clapped his hands with joy. "I want you to go to the game with me."

PHASE II.

Three girls walk down street. Behind them walked two fellows. They are opposite the Hope Mission and one of the masculine voices calls, Miss Newmeyer. No answer. Forty paces in silence. "Miss Newmeyer!" Thirty paces in deep silence. "Miss Newmeyer!" Twenty paces while his thoughts say, "—— ———!!!" "Miss Newmeyer!!" No answer. Cascade is near at hand. "Miss Newmeyer."

"Oh, were you calling me?" she smilingly asked.

"Yes, about forty times."

"Well, what is it!" "Nothing, only may I walk over to the Hall with you."

"Why, certainly."

PHASE III.

"Miss Kemps, please translate, "Nature is satisfied by little." "

Miss Kemps: "Natura est contenta parva."

Prof. McElree, smiling: "But that means, 'Nature is satisfied with a little woman.' Now, I have no doubt some natures are satisfied with little women, still—" but Veazy and Miss Mercer walked slowly by and the scene closed amid much laughter.

PHASE IV.

The rumbling of moving goods trembled on the air. And the landlady angrily waited. The door was opened and the foremost mover advanced. But the enemy attacked and the advance was routed. Sometime passed and from the broad window a massive trunk emerges supported by ropes. Below the enemy and part of the besieged anxiously waited. The trunk reaches the ground and the rival forces clash. He who would preserve the much desired trunk pulls with might and main. They, who would capture it, exert their greatest strength and skill. The protector escapes some punishment and does not escape some. But the hurried tread of feet is heard and allies come and the attack is beaten off, by the fierce command, "Woman, touch not that trunk." Scattered hats are gathered, cuts and bruises are tended and the victors sit in a fence corner for forty-seven minutes guarding the trunk till the drayman comes. Yea, in truth, they collectively waited.

—Hewitt—"What became of the girl that you used to say was the light of your life?"
Jewett—"Another fellow came between me and the light."

Alumni Notes.

Guy Volton, '01, has secured a position with the Cliff Mining Co.

A. H. Baldinger, '99, preached in the First church Sabbath, Dec. 29th.

Prof. Chas. B. Robertson, '93, visited friends in town Christmas week.

H. V. Kuhn, '01, is in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad company.

Rev. J. A. McDonald, '98, was recently called to the Elwood congregation.

R. R. Littell, '99, of Xenia seminary, preached in Beaver, Sabbath, Jan. 5th.

Rev. James Dodds, '68, has resigned the pastorate of Oakland congregation, near Titusville, Pa.

Owing to illness, Miss Dora Cowden, '00, has been compelled to abandon her duties as teacher in the Oakdale schools.

Hugh McCartney, '01, of Allegheny seminary, preached to his home congregation at New Bethany, Sabbath, Jan. 12th.

The HOLCAD extends its sympathy to Wm. Stewart, '99, principal of the Apollo schools, in the death of his father, Sabbath, Jan. 5th.

Clair Thompson, '01, has, for the present, abandoned his medical studies, in Columbia University, Mo., and is teaching at Mexico, Mo.

Rev. K. W. McFarland, '88, a recent missionary to Egypt, has been installed as pastor of the congregations at Service and Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

Rev. N. Winegart, '74, pastor of Clearfield, Ia., has assisted in supplying the pulpit of the Lenox congregation in the illness of their pastor.

The Mt. Varnum and Eau Claire, Pa.,

congregations, Butler presbytery, have extended an entirely unanimous call to Rev. T. A. Houston, New Wilmington.

Shusan, N. Y., congregation gave a surprise visit to Rev. and Mrs. S. W. Douthett on Dec. 31st. The occasion celebrated the tenth anniversary of their marriage. Mrs. Douthett belongs to the class of 1887 and Rev. Douthett to the class of 1888.

The *Midland*, of January 9th, contains the following note: "James M. Ferguson, son of Dr. R. G. Ferguson, of third year class, Allegheny seminary, preached in the First church, Chicago, Sabbath week, and made a most favorable impression." Mr. Ferguson belongs to the class of 1897.

Among those visiting New Wilmington recently are Miss Alice Fairfield, '00, teacher in the Pulaski schools; A. B. Reid, '01, of Allegheny seminary; Prof. F. Taylor, '96, M. M. Edmundson, '01, physical director at Indiana State normal; Wallace Ferguson, '00, instructor at Norfolk college; J. F. Leeper, '01, of Xenia seminary; and James Sloss, '00, chemist, of Pittsburg.

The following comes from the *Post* of Cambridge, N. Y.: "The fine sleighing this week reminded the parishioners of the United Presbyterian church that their pastor, Rev. A. A. Graham, lacked one thing, a sleigh. So a subscription was made, and on New Year's day he was given a fine Portland cutter of the latest style." Rev. Graham belongs to the class of 1891, and Mrs. Graham to the class of 1893.

The Human Brute.

The saddest words of tongue or pen,

Likewise the gladdest words, we know,

The saddest are, "It might have been,"

The gladdest are, "I told you so."

—Philadelphia Record.

College World.

On Dec. 31st President Crawford announced that the last dollar of the \$140,000 necessary to secure the \$200,000 endowment fund from an unknown friend for Allegheny college had been subscribed.

By the narrow margin of a few hours the trustees of Oberlin college raised the \$300,000 necessary to secure the conditional offer of \$200,000 from John D. Rockefeller, made a year ago. The offer was to expire Jan. 1, 1902.

Under the direction of Prof. T. M. Austin, Monmouth College Choral Union gave a grand concert Thursday evening, Dec. 12th. It was the largest chorus concert ever given by the college, and in it were over one hundred and fifty voices.

The cost of the new building and equipment of the medical college of Cornell University is estimated at more than \$750,000, and the income from the endowment fund of the institution is twice the income from students' fees at the present time. This gift to Cornell comes from Col. Oliver H. Payne.

The Hon. Elihu Root, in a commencement address last June, said: "I believe that the American boy has better chances for education, for training, for making a true success of his life, in a college of not more than three hundred students, removed from the great centers of population, where the students are brought into intimate association with their instructors; where the air is full of college spirit; where he is breathing a schoolmate atmosphere year by year, and where the college is the all in all of college life."

Music and Art.

Miss Turner is missed in the studio this term.

Mr. Mac. Weddell is enrolled a student of pipe organ.

The chorus class has entered upon another term of practice.

Miss Jean Armour is studying the guitar under the instruction of Prof. Zeigler.

Prof. Peterson has organized a sight reading class to meet Thursday afternoon of each week.

Miss Hodgens has only three classes in free hand drawing, a number of students not being able to arrange their schedule to include it.

The new pupils in water colors are Miss McLaughlin, Miss Mary Park, Miss Gilkey and Miss Leavitt. Miss Leavitt is also studying china painting.

An interesting branch of the art of photography is "Trick Photography." One of these tricks is the photographing of one person in several different attitudes in one picture, as a man boxing or fencing with himself.

Miss Ella M. Warner, of Rochester, N.Y., entered upon her duties as assistant music teacher the first of the term. Miss Warner was graduated in 1900 from the New England Conservatory of Music, and has continued her study since that time.

A new pipe organ proved to be the center of attraction in the chapel at the opening of school. The organ, however, is to be removed to the practice house for the use of pipe organ students. The students will be under the instruction of Miss Warner.

Emperor William has become a patron of art, and is urging the Germans to maintain

the respect for German sculpture which has been held in all lands. "Art," says the Emperor, "should educate the people, and offer ideals to the lower classes after a hard day's toil."

The music department has opened with a large number of students. The following are the new students enrolled: Linnie Alta Russell, Agnes Hunter Newmeyer, Mary Johns Shaffer, Sarah Margaret Given, Margaret Leora Royer, Rena Anble Terrill and Bessie May Phillips.

The death of Edwin Onslow Ford and Sir Joseph Noel Paton remove two interesting art personalities from contemporary British life. Mr. Ford was among the most famous of British sculptures and his statues of Sir Rowland Hill, W. E. Gladstone, Sir Henry Irving and General Gordon are as notable as anything of their kind that has been attempted during recent years. One of his last works was a bust portrait of his friend, Edwin A. Abbey, which is now on exhibition in Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg. Sir Joseph Noel Paton was an entirely different type of artist, and his fame rests chiefly on his religious paintings, which bear such titles as "The Good Shepherd," "The Man with the Muck Rake." It is said that Noel Paton was Queen Victoria's favorite artist.—*Literary Digest*.

In the funeral sermon the colored parson said that the deceased brother was now "safe on Abraham's bosom." After the service a member of the congregation said to him:

"How you know dey's room enough fer 'im dar? Ain't dat whar Latherus is?"

"Well," explained the parson, "hit may be dat Latherus is done waked up, en is gwine roun' takin' exercise!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Athletics.

The prospects for a successful season in basketball are very bright. The team is practicing daily, and a strong team is almost assured. The only game played was a practice game with the N. W. A. C. last term, in which the score was 88 to 10 in favor of the college team.

Manager McKay is having some trouble arranging his schedule on account of several teams cancelling their dates, but a schedule equal to that of former years will be arranged. The schedule as near as can be stated definitely at present is:

January 20, Oil City at New Wilmington.

" 24, Oil City at Oil City.

February 3, Allegheny at New Wilmington.

" 8, Geneva at New Wilmington.

" 14, Mount Union at Alliance, O.

" 21, Allegheny at Meadville.

On February 28th a trip to Pittsburg will be begun, playing D. C. & A. C., Wilmerding and Homestead.

March 10, Geneva at Beaver Falls.

" 6, D. C. & A. C. at New Wilmington.

" 14, Mount Union at New Wilmington.

A series of games will be arranged with Grove City college.

A few words in behalf of the inter-collegiate league will not be out of place. The cause of Allegheny college withdrawing its basketball team from the league is the moving of the baskets twelve inches from the wall. This is alleged by Allegheny to be unfair, as all the teams they meet, except Geneva and Westminster, will play under the old rule. It can be as truthfully said that all the teams that Geneva and Westminster will meet will play with the baskets moved out twelve inches. The league is intended as a combination for mutual support of athletics in our college. Now, if when one

college is dissatisfied in some decision, she withdraws her team, the idea of mutual support is entirely withdrawn. It is understood that Allegheny's captain thinks the new rule would injure his goal throwing. Why should he suffer more than any other player? All things being considered, the withdrawal seems to be unjustified. Allegheny's rule seems to be to keep before the public when a strong team is being supported and when their team is below their standard, to use a familiar expression, "Go 'way back and sit down." We do not mean by this that their basketball team will be weak, as we see no reason why their team should not be strong. But it *does* apply to their action last spring, when their baseball team "was not" simply because they could not turn out a *winning* team. However, they did play a few high school teams, and were about in their class. It takes more courage to lose than to win. Westminster is proud of the fact that she has never lost courage to such a degree that her team has been taken out of the race.

The athletic authorities of some of our colleges are very brave under propitious circumstances, but when occasion calls for action when conditions are adverse, their "nerve" could not be weighed on a set of chemical balances.

Rules of the Committee on Athletic Sports.

THE COMMITTEE.

1. The committee on the regulation of athletic sports, (hereinafter called "The Athletic Committee" and "The Committee") has entire supervision and control of all athletic exercises within and without the precincts of the college, subject to the authority of the Faculty.

2. The officers of the committee are a chairman and a secretary. The committee, through its officers, has entire control of all athletic funds.

3. Stated meetings of the committee are held on the first Tuesday of each month during term-time

and special meetings are held at the call of the chairman, and shall be called at the written request of two members. Three members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

4. Any student of the college is entitled to present at any stated meeting of the committee a petition, the granting of which would lie within the jurisdiction of the committee, and to be heard in support thereof.

II—ELIGIBILITY.

1. No one shall be allowed to represent Westminster college in any public athletic contest, either individually or as a member of any team, unless he can satisfy the committee that he is, and intends to be throughout the college year, a bona fide member of the college, taking a full year's work.

2. No one who, in the judgment of the Faculty, is neglecting his studies shall take part in any public contest.

3. No student shall be allowed to represent Westminster College in any public athletic contest, either individually or as a member of any team, who, either before or since entering college, shall have engaged for money in any athletic competition, whether for a stake or a money prize, or a share of the entrance fees or admission money; or who shall have taught or engaged in football, basketball, baseball or track athletics as a means of livelihood; or who shall at any time have received for taking part in any athletic sport or contest any pecuniary remuneration.

4. No student shall take part in athletic contests for more than four years.

5. No member of a college "first team" shall play in any public game under the auspices of the "second team" without the express permission of the committee.

6. Under no circumstances shall any student take part in any athletic contest under an assumed name. Violation of rules 5 and 6 debar a student from all further participation in public athletic contests, whether confined to students of the college or not, until re-instated by the committee.

III—SCHEDULES AND GAMES

1. No schedule of games of any kind arranged by any athletic organization shall take effect until it has been approved by the committee, and no game shall be played until it has been thus approved.

2. No match games, whether confined to the students of the college or not, shall take place in New Wilmington except after the last recitation hour on Saturday or after three o'clock in the afternoon on other days.

3. No football games shall be arranged with professional or semi-professional elevens.

4. All match games outside of New Wilmington shall take place upon Saturday or Monday unless permission for another day is first obtained from the committee in writing.

5. No game shall be arranged which will require the members of the team to absent themselves from college duties for two consecutive days.

6. All contests shall take place as far as possible upon college grounds.

IV—CAPTAINS AND MANAGERS.

1. The captain of each college team shall be elected at the close of the season by written ballot. No player who did not take part in the most important contest or contests of the season shall vote. The retiring captain shall call and preside over the meeting and none but voters shall be present. (The Athletic Committee shall have power to annul the election of captain at any time.)

2. The manager of each team shall be appointed by the Athletic Association and the coach shall be appointed by the manager. Both officials shall be subject to the approval of the committee.

3. Captains and officers of the various athletic organizations will be held responsible for the observance, by members of their organizations, of these rules and of such further regulations as may be communicated to them by the committee. The Captain is held especially responsible for the decorum of his team while training and while taking part in contests at home or abroad.

4. The name of each candidate for a team shall be submitted to the committee before he is allowed to take part in any contest. Captains shall not allow any student to take part in a contest unless his name has been so submitted during the playing season.

5. The Captain is required on the day after a match or contest to furnish to the chairman a list of those who took part as members of his team. In case the contest took place out of New Wilmington there shall also be included in the list the names of all men who accompanied the team as substitutes. (This notice will serve instead of ex-

planation of absence, but no student is thereby released from responsibility to his instructors.)

6. The manager of each team shall consult the committee before arranging any contests, and shall arrange no contest except with college teams without express permission from the committee.

V—THE USE OF THE "W."

No student shall be allowed to use the letter "W" in such a way as to appear to be a player on a Westminster team except in accordance with the following rule:

Every player on the football team, the baseball team, and the basketball team who has taken part in an important game shall have the right to wear the initial "W" on sweater, cap or jersey. Every member of the track team who in an inter-collegiate meet has won three points shall have the right to wear the initial "W" on sweater, cap or jersey.

VI—GENERAL.

1. No person shall assume the functions of trainer, coach or instructor in athletics upon the grounds or within the buildings of the college without authority in writing from the Committee.

2. Any athletic organization making use of college grounds or buildings will be held responsible for the good order of participants and spectators during the time of occupancy.

Adopted, May, 1899. Revised, November, 1901.

MORGAN BARNES, Chairman,

CHARLES FREEMAN,

JOHN J. MCELREE,

W. J. WILLIAMS, JR., '02, Sec'y,

W. F. MOORE, '03.

Westminster College, December 4, 1901.

Constitution of the Intercollegiate Athletic League of Northwestern Pennsylvania.

I—NAME AND OBJECT.

This organization shall be known as the Intercollegiate Athletic League of Northwestern Pennsylvania and its object shall be to secure purity in athletics, prevent professionalism in any form, and perpetuate the best traditions of college sport.

II—QUALIFICATIONS OF PLAYERS.

a No player shall represent any college in this league in any athletic contest who receives compensation in any form for his services or who by direct or indirect pecuniary inducement has been

led to register as a student in said college. (This is not understood as applying to a man serving as instructor in gymnastics provided he is an undergraduate student and a candidate for a degree from the college which he serves in this capacity.)

b No student taking less than twelve hours of recitation weekly shall represent any college in league contests, nor shall any student whose class standing is not satisfactory to the faculty play in league games.

c Each member of the baseball, basketball and track teams must have been in college during the full term immediately previous to the term in which the contest comes.

III—CERTIFICATE OF ELIGIBILITY.

The members of each team shall be certified by three members of the faculty as eligible in accordance with the provisions of this constitution. Managers shall exchange certificates of eligibility within not less than five days prior to each contest.

IV—GAMES AND GUARANTEES.

a Each college shall play one game on its own ground, in football, basketball and baseball with each college in the League. Equal guarantees shall obtain.

b Any college failing to give a return game shall forfeit the game and pay one-half the guarantee.

V—OFFICERS

The officers shall be a President, a Vice President, a Secretary and Treasurer, elected annually, who shall perform the usual duties of such officers.

VI—BOARD OF CONTROL.

Each college shall be entitled to three delegates, one of whom shall be a member of the faculty and two student members of their respective athletic associations. The accredited delegates of each college shall constitute a board of control with plenary powers. Each college shall be entitled to one vote.

VII—MEETINGS

One regular meeting shall be held each year, on the first Monday of May. At the request of any college the president of the League may call a special meeting.

VIII—ADMISSION AND EXPULSION.

Any college may be admitted by the unanimous vote of the League or dropped by a two-thirds vote of the League for violation of either the spirit or letter of this constitution.

IX—QUORUM.

Two-thirds of the colleges of the League shall constitute a quorum.

X—AMENDMENTS.

Amendments to this constitution may be made by a three-fourths vote of the members present.

Adopted June, 1899 Revised November, 1899.

MORGAN BARNES, Westminster, Pres.

F. W. BLAISDELL, Allegheny, Vice Pres.

A. W. LEACH, Geneva, Sec'y and Treas.

Exchanges.

When the Roads Get Good.

When the snow hangs on the lilacs

When the frost is on the pane,

And the children of the rustic

Look with silence down the lane;

Tho' their faces look so mournful,

Comes a smile as always should

With a promise of a visit

When the roads get good.

When these children are no longer

Children in each other's eyes,

As they come home nearly midnight

From a party, and the skies

Seem to be so cold and distant

As they come out of the wood,

Then they plan a time more pleasant

When the roads get good.

When the frost of many winters

On their heads a whiteness make,

And these children are all scattered —

How with winter's blast they shake;

Tho' these heads are all so hoary,

And so many winters stood;

More they plan to make a visit

When the roads get good.

So we find it every winter

When the roads are mostly bad;

Whether old or young or single;

Whether married, good or bad;

There is constantly a planning

For some pleasure trip they could

Spend a happy day or evening

When the roads get good

MAC, '03.

"Whom the local editor writeth about, he loveth."

Tardy pupil who for once arrived on time—

"Vell, to-day I pefore at last. I always vas behind pefore."

Of course the college yell is the chief study of the curriculum, but it would be well to add a little Greek or geology as side electives.

Under ordinary circumstances, it is proof of unskillful instruction or unwise examination to impose a large number of "conditions" and not, "passed."

The Kendall Collegian, the Kendall College Muskogee Indian Territory publication, is surprisingly comprehensive and one of our most instructive exchanges.

The following conundrum is found in one of our exchanges: "Why is a sheet of writing paper like a lazy dog? Because a sheet of writing paper is an ink lined plane, an inclined plane is a slope up, and a slow pup is a lazy dog."

Football is evidently a favorite sport in some of our neighboring colleges as their publications cannot refrain from discussing and explaining how "our team did the best individual work" although the game was lost by a large score. Let us retire from gridiron talk and discuss something more up to date.

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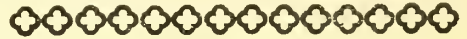
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THE HOLCAD.

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THE HOLCAD, NEW WILMINGTON, PA.

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Publishers' Notice.

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THE time has come for us as a staff to bid farewell to our readers and to hand over the HOLCAD to those who come after us. While we have fallen far short of our ideals, yet our connection with the HOLCAD leaves us naught but pleasant memories. To be sure we have experienced difficulties and perplexities as do all editors, and have been the recipients of harsh criticism and caustic words from hot headed youths who take themselves and their efforts too seriously, yet all these

trials pale into insignificance compared with the pleasant associations which cluster about our endeavors. To those who, as contributors, have answered our requests so readily; to those, our critics, who have so aided us by means of their sympathy and valuable experience, and to our readers who have treated us with such kindly consideration, we extend our sincere thanks and bespeak the same consideration for the incoming staff. May they find the road as pleasant to travel as we have found it, and may they meet with larger successes.

TRUE to our statement in the January HOLCAD, we have devoted a portion of our paper to the interests of the Endowment Commission. We present to our readers in these columns a few facts concerning Westminster, showing, to a small extent, what she has done, what she is doing and what she desires to do in the future, and what she *will* do if her adherents stand by her and give their co-operation to the enlargement of her endowment. We freely lend these pages to the assistance of the Endowment Commission, and if they help even in a slight degree we shall feel fully repaid for the efforts employed to make this an interesting and instructive sheet.

WHILE looking through the bound volumes of the HOLCAD in the reading room our attention was called to the bindings of some of these. One or two volumes were ready to fall to pieces and only by the most careful handling were they kept intact. Some of the leaves could be lifted out, so faulty was the workmanship of those who attempted to bind them. In one volume no attention was paid seemingly to the order in which the numbers should be placed. The lettering on the bindings is crude and old-fashioned. On inquiry we learned that these bindings were the product of workhouse labor. The individuals inhabiting those excellent institutions are evidently not familiar with the art of binding books. If a book is worth binding it is worth binding well. It is a mistake to encourage work that is not of the best. When a man acquires the habit of doing his work in a slipshod manner his business should suffer in consequence, and the man who does his work as well as he can should be patronized, even at a greater expense. When the Westminster people of the future look over the books in the library and reading room we would have them carry away the impression that we believed in beauty and durability in books as in other things. By encouraging those who do their work well we raise the standard of workmanship to a higher level, and by placing the product of such labor before the people we in a large sense develop their appreciation of and joy in the beautiful and the good. Book binding is an art. Let us keep it so.

THERE are still many in the land who persist in asserting that the negro is in-

capable of any great development in the educational and intellectual world. In addition to Fred Douglass, Booker T. Washington, who, by the way, has been chosen as commencement orator by the University of Nebraska, and many other noted negroes, there has been selected by the Senior class of Harvard, as their class orator, R. C. Bruce, son of B. K. Bruce, formerly Senator from Mississippi and Register of the Treasury. Bruce, though a colored man, was chosen from a class of five or six hundred students, and is one of the best orators and debaters Harvard has ever had. While, as a race, we believe the negro is behind the white man, yet just as truly as there are white men who have lived in advance of their times, there are also negroes who lead their race in intellectual attainments, and who, by their very advancement, predict a brighter future for their colored brothers. Great things are not accomplished in days, nor weeks, nor months. It takes years, even generations, for great changes to be brought about.

INFORMATION has recently come to us that an effort is being put forth to start an intercollegiate debate between Geneva and Westminster. The debate, as being of more practical benefit, is superseding the oration in the contests between the larger colleges and universities, and while we should not think of discouraging the continuance of oratorical contests, yet we believe the intercollegiate debate would be of inestimable value to both students and colleges, and we would urge that those having the matter in charge do all in their power to bring it about and place it on a firm basis. The following from

the editorial column of the *Geneva Cabinet*, of February, 1902, we reproduce verbatim as being in full accord with our views on the subject:

"An annual intercollegiate debate between Geneva and Westminster has been proposed and is being discussed. No definite arrangements have been made for it as yet, but the probabilities are that in the future this will be one of the regularly established events of the college year. Geneva and Westminster are already friendly rivals in athletics. Their representatives contest for victory on the foot ball field and the gymnasium floor. Why should not their representatives also meet upon the platform and contend for the laurel in a 'wordy battle?' The great universities have recognized the value of such contests. Princeton and Yale have their intercollegiate debate every year. Why should not Geneva and Westminster do likewise?

"Everyone admits that without competition there is no progress. It is the spur to greater exertion, the incentive to higher attainment. Now, whatever quickens the spirit of emulation between colleges tends to arouse them to put forth their best efforts toward improvement. Where competition is keen there can be no falling into ruts.

"An intercollegiate debate between Geneva and Westminster would undoubtedly stir up such a friendly rivalry between the schools as would quicken the life blood of both and give their students a new incentive to effort. The contestants themselves would receive inestimable benefit from their work in preparation; but, aside from this, there could not fail to come advantages to the colleges them-

selves. The increased rivalry would arouse among the students a new loyalty to their alma mater and a new devotion to her interests. In time of peace patriotism flickers and well nigh goes out, but under the breath of war it flames up and burns bright and steady. The intercollegiate debate cannot fail to result in good. It is to be hoped that such a contest will be established."

The Alumni Chair.

During the past few years the Alumni Association has been making a special effort to endow a chair in Westminster College. About one-half the amount necessary for this purpose has been secured. The project is a most worthy one, and should receive the hearty co-operation of every member of the Alumni Association. In no other way could the Alumni so signally show their interest in their Alma Mater. The present is an appropriate time for pushing this project on to completion. Nothing would contribute more largely to the happy success of the celebration of the semi-centennial of the college this coming summer than the attainment of this object.

By their deeds and gifts others are manifesting a deep interest in this endowment movement, and surely the Alumni, who have received the largest benefits from the college, and who are thoroughly conversant with its worth and work, should take a deep interest in it. It is earnestly hoped and expected the full endowment of this Alumni Chair will be completed on or before commencement day.

—Chinese quack doctors in the vicinity of foreign hospitals in the far interior hang out foreign flags inscribed, "Cure according to the foreign devil's plan."

The Movement for an Increased Endowment of Westminster College.

The First Synod of the West and the Synod of Pittsburg, having control and oversight of Westminster College, started the movement to adequately equip and endow that institution in honor of the semi-centennial of its foundation this coming summer.

The original proposition was to raise an additional endowment fund of \$200,000. Last fall the controlling synods enlarged this purpose by setting the goal at \$500,000, part of which was to be devoted to the erection of new and necessary buildings. This movement is being vigorously pushed and is meeting with a hearty response even beyond the most sanguine expectations that were at first entertained. Less than twenty-five persons in the vicinity of New Wilmington have given over \$10,000, and this amount will be measurably increased by other subscriptions.

It is scarcely necessary to urge the importance of this movement upon those who are interested in the prospect and prosperity of our United Presbyterian denomination. Every argument that can be urged as a reason for our separate denominational existence can be urged with equal force and cogency in support of the denominational college. Westminster has a splendid record in the past, but the College needs enlarged means and facilities to do its best work and to keep pace with our denominational growth and influence.

This question of an adequately endowed denominational college is vital and involves the question of denominational existence and perpetuity. Until the church rises to an adequate conception of this vital fact the outlook for United Presbyterianism can not be said to be encouraging.

The Denominational College.

1. The work of higher education in the country is largely done by the denominational college. The World Almanac has a list of colleges that is fairly representative; in this list over 60 per cent. is under denominational guidance.

It may be a small college, but it is a large factor in the work of the college in the land. If the list were more complete so as to include all of the 480 in the land, instead of 250, the percentage would be larger, for the smaller colleges are omitted and they are likely to be the struggling ones of the various denominations. So we may say that higher education owes more to the denominational institution than to any other agency.

2. The Christian college, is by way of eminence, the denominational college. There are indeed undenominational schools in which a good religious spirit is maintained. We cast no reflections upon those whose aim is different from our own. But the vast majority of the Christian colleges are under the care of some body of Christian people.

Is it too much to say that the Christian character is best maintained where some distinct type of Christian life prevails? It is responsible to somebody besides its patrons for its forms and doctrine—its spirit and life. Its professors are chosen for their Christian and denominational loyalty as well as their professional ability.

3. The denominational college is an essential part of the equipment of the denomination. It cannot live and grow without it. To starve the college to death is suicide for the denomination as well.

It is assumed that it has a right to exist—a reason for its existence. It has principles to which it designs to give emphasis. It has a history that reaches back for centuries

and out of which its life flows. It has a work for which it is responsible and by which its people are welded together in one. For these and other reasons it asserts its right to live.

Every self-respecting denomination has its own college. If it has none it proclaims its readiness to die. It has the same reason for a college of its own that it has for a literature of its own or board of its own. We might get along in a way with the *Presbyterian Banner* or *The Interior*, but we are better satisfied when we have besides *The United Presbyterian* or *The Instructor* or *The Midland* in our homes. We do not forbid the former, but we cherish and commend the latter. We could get very good Sabbath School helps prepared under the direction of I. R. Miller, D. D., but we prefer to have our own prepared under the direction of R. J. Miller, D. D. So we establish colleges of our own, where our youth may preferably be educated. We do not legislate against any other, but we cherish and commend to the patronage of our own church that which we have brought into existence.

Dr. Harper, in his notable tractate on the small college, speaks of the denominational college as "inseparably connected with the denominational spirit," and adds: "If men of deep religious convictions continue to cherish such convictions and to propagate them, they will find it necessary to educate those who shall hand down these same convictions. To do this with economy and certainty there must be institutions for higher study which shall be pervaded by the spirit of the denomination desirous of maintaining and developing this growth." The author's fear or hope of the extinction of the small college arises from the decline of de-

nominal loyalty. It will die as loyalty dies.

We do not fear death to any of our institutions worth preserving, because we believe in the loyalty of our United Presbyterian constituency and that any institution bearing an important relation to the welfare of the denomination will be sustained and supported in its work.

This does not mean that any narrow sectarian spirit will prevail in the college. We distinguish between sectarianism and denominationalism. The former we avoid, the latter we promote. In no narrow way is any man's view assailed. But an atmosphere is created that will be favorable to the distinctive position of the church and that will permeate the student's life with the leaven of the truth for which she stands. The teachers for the most part are chosen from the denomination, the forms of worship are her own, the whole trend of instruction is in harmony with her announced views.

4. The primary, though not the whole, design of the denominational college is to provide a ministry to the church. Of course the aim has widened with the demand of the times. Young men are seeking an education preparatory to professional study in various lines—in science, literature, law, medicine and business. Young women in large numbers enter the schools to prepare themselves for a fuller life of enjoyment and usefulness. So our denominational schools are obliged to provide for thorough instruction in scientific lines; for laboratories and libraries as well as teachers and text books. To the credit of our fathers be it said they understood well enough the signs of the times and made our schools co-educational from the first. But after all

these things are said it still remains true that one chief design of the establishment of the colleges was that they might insure a future ministry for the church, a ministry of our own training and spirit.

The college seeks to give them the education requisite to entrance upon the study of theology. It gives them instruction in the Greek language, in which the New Testament scriptures were written. It teaches them science without the bias of anti-supernaturalism. It undergirds them with a sound philosophy. Dr. Patton, in a short speech at Auburn Theological Seminary in 1899, on the occasion of the inauguration of Rev. Dr. Geo. B. Stewart as president of that institution, said this: "The only thing I want philosophy to do for me is to give me a solid anchorage for two things—a personal God and an immortal soul." The college of the church aims to do this and a good deal more for the students under its care. It seeks to anchor them not only to a personal God and an immortal soul, but to Jesus Christ and the word of God, to the church of Christ and the moral law.

The atmosphere of the college is created by its teachers and students. The former impress their personality upon those who look to them for instruction and guidance. The latter bring with them the life of the congregations out of which they come. All of these elements enter into the composite atmosphere that pervades the college life. We are each responsible in our measure for that which results from the gathering together of so many influences. Is it not of the first importance that we make this atmosphere that is to nourish our future min-

istry what it ought to be? The highest preparation for the Gospel ministry after all is piety, is genuine devotion to God. Let us labor and pray to God for the colleges that they may become, if they are not, centers of religious influence, baptized with the Holy Ghost for the service they are to render to the church.

5. The denominational college must give as good an education as can be obtained elsewhere. We cannot expect patronage if we furnish a poor article.

This does not mean that it is necessary to furnish everything that anybody wants. It is not important that we add a technical school to the college. Neither is it necessary to have unlimited electives in the regular college courses. But it is necessary to have some and to have equipment and instruction adequate to the work the college professes to do. It must be the best of its kind, have the best equipment and the best teachers it can secure. Who says this? The Law estate says it for Monmouth college and lays down \$50,000 to back its word. Mr. Rankin says it for Tarkio and lays down \$50,000 and the promise of more to follow.

Who says it for Westminster College? One man has said it to the tune of \$20,000 and others with various sums. The Synods have said it by their appointment of the Endowment Commission to raise \$500,000. Will you say Amen! and help the commission by your encouragement and by your gifts?

This is the year that rounds out our fifty years of Westminster's life. It is our year of Jubilee. It will be a Jubilee indeed only if our title to the land is confirmed, only if our future is assured by something like adequate provision for our wants.

\$500,000—What Would We Do With It?

The plan of the future cannot be definitely laid out until the means of carrying it out are known. We must cut our coat according to the cloth. If the material is ample we may make it according to any most desirable pattern. Yet it is easy enough to speak of possibilities. We have always had more difficulty in disposing of deficit than surplus. We would rather undertake to tell what to do with a surplus income of \$10,000 than a deficit of \$500. It would be a new experience, but we are ready for the venture.

1. Increased expenditure has already been made necessary by the election of two additional professors. Prof. Jas. M. Shaffer has already entered upon his work as professor of Mathematics, and Rev. J. O. Campbell, D. D., expects to begin work next year in the new department of History and Sociology. It is well to bear in mind in this connection that the rate of interest on endowment funds is less than formerly, and therefore a larger fund is required to meet the salaries of professors.

2. The equipment for work along regular lines may be improved.

(a) We need a *library* in which to keep safely our growing stock of books. It should be fire proof, with room to store books added for a generation to come, with space for reading room.

(b) We need a *music hall*. At present the Music Department is housed in the ladies' hall. The latter does not now have rooms enough to meet the demand. Every room is occupied and others have been asked for. Besides, it would relieve the home of the strain of practice pianos if a separate building were devoted to this purpose alone.

(c) We need a *gymnasium*, well equipped, with a physician in charge. Then the ad-

vantages of attendance would be so apparent that it might be made compulsory.

(d) We need a *college chapel*, capable of holding five hundred in the main room, and with the capacity to enlarge itself to take in large audiences on special occasions. If a college pastor could be provided, to be responsible for the religious life of the college, devoting himself to the spiritual culture of the students, preaching, teaching the Bible, and doing pastoral work, the money would be well spent.

3. Among the possibilities of the future some *new things* may be mentioned: Engineering courses are applied for and would be accepted if we had adequate facilities for furnishing them. A chair of pedagogics might meet the needs of the large numbers of teachers in our public schools.

4. We wish the school to increase in attendance. We might set as a goal for a season, five hundred students for Westminster! We might pull all together, students and faculty and friends, and accomplish it. But what would we do with them if he had them? We would need at once a new college building, with larger recitation rooms or division of classes, and a larger teaching force. The question of dormitories to accommodate so many might arise very soon.

"What would we do with \$500,000 if we had it?" The answer is easy. We *would simply grow* in efficiency, in force to teach, in numbers, in usefulness. We cannot grow—cannot afford to grow to any great size without some adequate sums for our support.

INDIVIDUALISM.

Each man, a world—to other worlds half known—
Turns on a tiny axis of his own;
His full life orbit is a pathway dim
To brother planets that revolve with him.

—WM. H. HAYNE.

Westminster's Surroundings.

New Wilmington, the home of Westminster, is "beautiful for situation." Nestled among the hills in the fairest spot of the beautiful valley of the Neshannock, she sits

is that blending of hill and valley and forest and stream which makes a landscape of subdued beauty; restful, delightful, inspiring.

Apart from the moulding and developing influences of the college upon the life and



A CORNER OF THE COLLEGE CAMPUS.

high up on its western slope, almost hidden by the luxuriant foliage of the many maples and other shade trees which line her streets on either side. Fresh spring water from a never-failing source of supply on the hills above is piped to the college buildings and to the homes of the people, bringing comfort and healthfulness.

Electric lights, telegraph, telephone, bank and numerous places of business give most of the conveniences of the city; while churches and schools, with the entire absence of the saloon, the Sunday newspaper and other allurements to vice, give good society and a pure moral atmosphere—the very first requisites of an ideal college town.

The country surrounding New Wilmington is surpassed in beauty by neither the hills and valleys of New England nor the mountains and canyons of the Pacific Slope. Without the strong contrast of the former, or the rugged grandeur of the latter, there

character of those committed to her care, such surroundings as those of Westminster will give lasting trend and impulse towards that which is noblest and highest,

"But like a cameo against the clear morning,
Memory holds Westminster up to our view,
Glory of sunlight and loyalty's azure
Are her fair colors, the white and the blue."

J. H. VEAZEY.

Westminster in the Civil War.

"What did Westminster do in the Civil War?"

As the agent for the endowment of this college was going on his rounds soliciting funds to place the institution upon a firmer basis, the interest of those to whom he applied in the welfare of the country frequently cropped out in the above question.

At the request of those having charge of the HOLCAD I make this contribution by way of answering, in part, the above interesting query. What is love of learning without

love of country? or whence would or could come the privilege to gratify the love of learning without a country secured not merely by warships and forts, but by an armory and armies of well drilled soldiers who are in it, not to gratify a murderous ambition of the human heart, but as the safeguards of righteousness, justice and judgment in the land?

But to the question. Brother Sands has already given in the HOLCAD of February, 1900, a graphic account of the doings of Westminster students on the Sabbath preceding that early Monday morning march. The writer of this joined them only that morning. There was some opposition to such an inroad upon the college, especially by President Patterson, who claimed it would seriously affect the exercises, and eventually perhaps even close the school. Dr. Vincent, afterwards our captain, replied that it would be a glorious closing of college, and with him most of us agreed. So we went out like Abraham, not knowing whither we would be sent, but submitting ourselves to the powers that be. We were rushed through with only a short stop in Harrisburg for supplies and arms into Hagerstown, Md., thence on to within a few miles of Antietam, where the battle, in which my youngest brother was seriously wounded, was then raging. We were rather raw to be taken any further.

But more particularly, "What did Westminster do?" At that time there were not as many students as now, only about one hundred and eighty. Of these about one-fourth were in the army for a longer or shorter time. Some three years, others one hundred days, and some like ours, to meet emergencies that lasted only for a few weeks or months. The names given below were for all these various times. Some may be overlooked, but not intentionally, and all are

mentioned as having gone out either before or after graduation. To begin with, in Co. I, 55th P. V. M., we had Prof. Vincent as captain and Prof. Mehard as chaplain, so we felt rather safe on general principles. Among those in the ranks were J. S. Sands, '64, called the "Sands of Time" by an essayist at one of the morning exercises in college when two of the students, instead of a visitor, as now, were expected to give the entertainment after devotions in chapel; Alvan Vincent, '68, a cavalryman, who overstayed his furlough at one time and afterwards reported to a member of our company that he had been court martialed and sentenced to be shot, but being too awkward to stand till the the guard could fire, was set at liberty; Walker Vincent, '60, killed at the battle of Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862; H. L. Sawhill, '61, killed at the battle of Gaines' Mill; Benj. Waddle, '61, killed at the battle of the Wilderness; Samuel Taggart, '62, killed in the terrible struggle at Gettysburg; J. C. Carson, '63, died in U. S. service Jan. 28, 1865; D. P. McCallister, '63, (not McClister as in the triennial catalogue,) died in U. S. service in 1864; Benj. N. Waddle, '61, died in the U. S. service Jan. 10, 1865; William Luther Findley, '63, lawyer, New York; Isaac G. Hall, '63, minister; Robert T. McCrea, '63, minister; A. J. Graham, '64, minister and editor, died Oct. 27, 1887; D. M. Thorn, '64, minister and editor; John A. Wilson, D. D., '64, professor in Theological Seminary, Allegheny; Dr. W. S. Owens, '66, minister and editor of *Midland*, Chicago; J. C. Taggart, D. D., '66, who turned the tide of battle by throwing a hatchet into the face of a rushing rebel leader at one of the fierce struggles in which he was engaged. He had taken the hatchet to open a box of ammunition, but before he could

do so the shrill voice of the enemy's commander, followed by a maddened host, called for another use of the hatchet and he threw it with a yell, but with eyes closed so that he saw not where it struck, but the commander's voice was hushed and what seemed about to be a terrible defeat was turned to victory. W. J. Snodgrass, '67, minister, West Middlesex; Dr. W. L. Smith, '72, well known in and about this community.

Now, if any who have doubts as to Westminster's interest in the welfare of our country, if necessary, even to the rifle and the sword, they may find more names at headquarters in Harrisburg or Washington, D C.

This college is not a bandbox institution, as is evident from the result of some of the games on the athletic field or in the gymnasium. The boys seem not afraid of being hurt or suffering, and as Dr. Owens remarked with some considerable emphasis in the annual address at one of our special occasions of college closing, "Westminster did not raise cowards."

I now leave the question at the head of this article to the candid, unbiased judgment of a generous public, in the hope that the college war record will stand the test of the most scrutinizing investigation along the line of patriotism, and that nothing of this nature can stand in the way of putting forth every effort to raise the proposed endowment to the half million, or even to the million dollar line. "Vive la, vive la Westminster!"

JOSEPH MCKELVEY, '63.

[Reprinted from HOLCAD of February, 1900.]

Westminster College in War Times.

Multitudes of people, who lived much farther away from South Carolina and Fort Sumter in 1861 than we in New Wilmington did, and were no better by nature than

we were, heard the booming of the cannon long before it reached our ears. In those days our latest news of "war and rumors of war" came by way of Enon Valley, our nearest telegraph station, and was hauled from there to New Castle and New Wilmington by very deliberate and dignified "hacks" or stage coaches, which dumped our share of trunks and travelers, mail and merchandise, and Freshmen, on the old hotel porch at the upper end of town, and then drove on with what was left. So we were always a little behind time in war matters. We were startled by the first shot, but not until after it had been fired several hours. We skedaddled at Bull Run, but several hours behind the army, and we pegged away at our brethren in grey sometimes long after they had surrendered to the Northern forces. However, we did the best we could with our somewhat limited opportunities.

At the outbreak of the war we were as much interested, perhaps, in the walls of Westminster as we were in the walls of Fort Sumter. It would be difficult to tell which made the more discouraging picture. Both were in ruins, and that famous bird a fable—the Phoenix—never did better service than it did just after the burning of Westminster, early in 1861. Don't you remember, you boys and girls of nearly forty years (ahem) ago, how that frisky fowl used to "rise from her own ashes" in nearly every speech that was made by the faculty or by the students? Yes, and how we waded through the mud, from one professorial mansion to another, to tell the dear old worthies about "the Phoenix," and that we would "stand by the old ship?"

The war news did not disturb us much, at least at first. The national trouble seemed to be far away. We heard no cannon thun-

dering, no bullets whistling through the air, no tramp of armed men passing through our town at dead of night. We saw no uniformed soldiers, with glistening bayonets and well filled cartridge boxes, pacing up and down our country roads, or tented in our neighboring fields. In fact, we saw comparatively few flags. Of course there were some, but it was not so easy to get flags then as it is now. None the less we loved "Old Glory," and were as patriotic a people, in town and in college, as could be found anywhere in the land. We had firm faith in the ability of the government to cope with the rebellion, and we kept the fire steadily burning on our altars. Our Glee Club, do you remember it? No? Well—that is because we did not have one. However, when we were in an O-be-joyful mood we used to make things hum in a musical way. We hung Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree, we rehearsed the sad story of John Brown's body and its mouldering condition, we sat in our prison cell thinking of mother dear, we proclaimed the Fall of Babylon, and later on you ought to have heard us coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!

Then, too, we had war sermons in the churches and in the college chapel, lots of them, that gave no uncertain sound and left unsolved no burning questions of the day. We had patriotic prayers that seemed at times inspired by the God of Battle himself. They guarded and guided the authorities in Washington, they covered the serried ranks of the North with His providential care, they sent His ministering angels to the sick and wounded in hospitals and prisons, and pillowed the aching heads of the bereaved in the bosom of the Lord.

How many the war kept from college the writer has no means of knowing, but

his impression is that there were not many who gave up their college course to enter the army. Some did, and after a term of service returned to graduate. Others entered after graduation. Some who went out returned not again. They laid down their lives on the field of battle. They were men of intellectual worth, as brave soldiers as ever drew a sword or shouldered a musket. One of them, an ideal Christian, just of age, was instantly killed while in command of a regiment during a terrific assault. Let their names be gathered up and their memory fondly cherished by the Alma Mater whose patriotic sons they were.

In September, 1862, just a week or two after the opening of the term, a company was formed for drill. It was suggested that perhaps we could have a military department in the college. At any rate we were promised the use of old government muskets and were to do great things in the way of preparing ourselves for putting down the rebellion. It had gone on about long enough. But, before we had an opportunity to drill any, or were to appear before the public, the old stage coach came lumbering over the hill from New Castle at the terrific rate of five or six miles an hour, its wheels fairly squeaking with all sorts of exciting news. Sure enough! There was a hurried call from the authorities for more men. Emergency men were wanted immediately. Lee was in Maryland. Washington and Baltimore were in danger. Pennsylvania was threatened. There was wild excitement all over the North. "To arms! To arms!" That was enough. Two couriers were sent on horseback to Enon Valley to tender to the Governor the services of the Westminster Guards. The couriers returned with marching orders for five o'clock on

Monday morning. That meant business, and the hitherto somewhat quiet town and country round about wakened up suddenly to the fact that something was about to be done. The Westminster Guards were going to war!

Now the women came to the front. From their point of view there was much to be done in the way of preparation, and a little time in which to do it. They baked their love of country into loaves of bread and cakes and pies—heaps upon heaps of them. They stuffed it into roast chickens and wrapped it in with sandwiches and other toothsome eatables. They sewed it into little needle books and knitted it into stockings, and put it in patches on our old coats and trousers, and rolled it into bandages, and scraped it into lint, and made it into a beautiful flag which we were to follow and defend. That was a great Sabbath day and a great Sabbath night, and in so using it those patriotic souls felt sure that they were “remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy.”

Promptly at five o'clock on Monday morning, Sept. 15th, “Co. C, 14th Regt., P. V. M.” with our professor in Greek, Dr. Geo. C. Vincent, as our captain, stood at “attention” in the town square, in the presence of the assembled community. Now let none of you people, who perhaps were not born then, laugh at us. That is a privilege we who are left of that band reserve for ourselves. We had no uniforms and we wore our oldest everyday clothes. In some cases shawls and big overcoats served as army blankets. We had no guns, but would get them on the way to the field of conflict. We scarcely knew how to keep step. No matter. It was a great occasion in the history of the town and college, and our hearts kept time together in throbbing

love for our country. The flag was unfurled and presented, patriotic words were spoken, prayer was offered, good byes were said and in a few minutes we were off in farmers' wagons on our way to war.

At New Castle we found navy transports waiting for us in the shape of canal boats, which were to take us as far as New Brighton. It was a beautiful day, the water was calm, the food was abundant. We had confidence in our weather beaten navigators who had charge of the crowded vessels and did not mar the pleasures of the voyage with thoughts of possible storms and heavy fogs and collisions. We reached Pittsburg at 8 o'clock that evening, and in a short time were on our way East, in box cars, with thousands of men like ourselves, from all sections of the North. After stopping long enough in Harrisburg to get arms and equipments, we were hurried down to Hagerstown, in Maryland, and were soon on the double quick, along the dusty road, in the direction of Antietam, where the great battle was raging, in which more than twenty thousand men were killed and wounded. We were put into camp about four miles from the main line of battle.

At last Westminster heard the thundering of the cannon and the shrieking of the shells, and there was a dread reality in the sound that gave seriousness to all our thoughts and movements. At last Westminster saw the smoke of battle, the glistening of bayonets of armed hosts, and multitudes of the wounded being carried back towards the North, and there was something in it all that for the time being turned boys into men. Time would fail did we attempt to tell of the midnight alarms, the hurried marches, the tentless bivouacs and fence rail mattresses, the capture of two gray coated soldiers by two

Westminster boys and other incidents of that memorable campaign. Having accomplished what we went out for we returned on the 28th of September to our college duties, covered with dirt and glory, and what we did not know about war was scarcely worth knowing. Perhaps it was owing to this that we did not drill any more!

In 1863 we were out for a second term of service. On the first day of July we reorganized under our war worn veteran, Capt. Vincent, and as Co. I formed part of the 55th Regiment, P. V. M., with professor Mehard as chaplain. This time we were uniformed and on the war path about two months. We spent most of the time in the neighborhood of Parkersburg, in West Virginia, guarding a railroad and trying to capture the wily Morgan and his band of reckless freebooters. We made history rapidly that we now tell to the little children when they gather around us for a story, and were mustered out at Pittsburg on the 26th of August in time to get ready for the opening of the college term.

Attention, Westminster Guards! Do not blame an old comrade for getting you under arms again. The Alma Mater's youngsters asked him to. But where are you, soldier boys of forty years ago? How many of you are left? While he wrote the writer fancied you were about him, but as he lays down his pen you seem to be far away and he cannot count you, nor even tell who you all are! Oh, well, its all right! Listen now; can you hear your old corporal as he calls after you, "Good bye, boys; good bye, until we meet again." Forward, march.

JOHN S. SANDS, '64.

—Aggressive fighting for the right is the greatest sport the world knows.—*Roosevelt.*

Literary Department.

Billy's Discovery.

"Please have it by ready the fifth, Mr. Norman."

These words had been ringing in the ears of the assistant editor of the HOLCAD for two weeks or more. His chief, Miss Cannud, had made a peremptory request for an article. She cared little whether he wrote an editorial, a poem, an essay or a short story. "Anything to fill up space, for there is precious little to go in this time, you know."

Billy Norman had a habit of waiting till the last moment to do things of this sort. He some times excused himself by saying he could "work better under pressure." This time, however, the plan seemed to be a failure, for here he was, on the last afternoon before the article was due, trying in vain to produce something good. He had tried to write an editorial, but his brain refused to philosophize on the present day questions of state, on the great moral problems of the time, or even on the momentous events of their college life. Then he had attempted to grind out some verses that might pass for poetry. When he reached the middle of the third line he noticed the fire growing low in the grate. There was no coal, of course, so he had to go down and bring up a bucketful. No wonder the muse had gone when he came back! Why waste time on a fellow that could think of the mere material comforts while pouring forth such impassioned words as these:

"Come nearer, creep into my arms, my darling.
Just one more kiss, dear,
Ere we must part, dear,
One kiss as long as is the moonless night."

"No use talking about a story to-day," thought Billy, as he poked the fire. "I lack

the necessary inspiration. The only thing left is the essay. I write them by main strength, anyway. (He looked at his watch.) Johnny won't be back for two hours, at least. If I get pretty well started I can finish when I come from the Hall to-night; or, if needs be, I can forego my extra nap in the morning and do it then."

Then Billy began to rack his brain for a subject. He did not want to attempt to make the essay very profound, but rather readable, and he knew from his own experience that the two terms are not synonymous as describing a HOLCAD article. When a student wants to read up on some question of science or history or literature, he naturally turns to the published thought of some one who is acknowledged to be an authority on the subject. So when home-made essays of attempted profundity appear in the college monthly, they are passed by unread, "nine times out of ten—yes, ninety-nine times out of a hundred."

After a mental canvas of the possible themes that might be written upon in an interesting way, Billy rose and went to the table. Drawing his tablet toward him he wrote at the top of the page: "The Collegian's Ideal Women." There he said, "That ought to catch the eye of every girl here, and most of the fellows, too. It may even help some poor, undecided grad to find his better half. Think I'll add a foot note giving my address, so that some grateful reader can send me his thanks."

• Then he blocked out his essay, for his was an analytic mind, and methodical. He was accustomed to say, "There's nothing like an outline for clearing up your thought and making it definite; lets one know what material is at hand, how much can be stuffed in and what has to be left out."

When he had finished his rough sketch it looked something like this:

Physical characteristics:

Size—Five feet two to five feet eight, according to "him."

Weight—Enough to make well-built, but not clumsy.

Form—Round head, neck, arms and waist; large eyes and forehead; small ears, hands and feet.

Coloring—Dark eyes and hair; white teeth and skin and globes of eyes; red lips and cheeks.

Athletic taste and ability, but untinged with masculinity; ease and grace that indicate vigor and vitality of constitution coupled with good muscular development.

Mental characteristics:

Braininess—A mind equal to, though not the same, as his; the complement of his own.

Athletic ability—To the extent of enjoyment at least; preferably, execution.

Responsiveness—Sympathetically comprehending and responding to the various phases of his nature revealed by differing times and circumstances.

Tact, fineness of feeling, womanliness, amenability to reason, common sense.

Spiritual characteristics:

Sincerity—A truth loving that scorns deceit in self and abhors it in others.

Spirituality—Something more than the "natural good"-ness of women; a deep, constant spirituality; a religiousness not strained nor assumed, touching every part of her life, influencing every one meeting her, yet constraining and hindering nothing but sin.

Soul-loving—Feeling the burden of lost souls and seeking to save them.

In fact, a woman in many ways like the minister's wife, Mrs. Murray, in "The Man From Gleggarry."

By the time he had completed his skeleton Billy had a pretty good idea of what he wanted to say, and began to write steadily, as though he meant business. Fortunately his room mate did not come around till the five o'clock bell was ringing. Assistant Editor William was just putting down the last sentence of the last paragraph as he came in.

"Read that, will you, Johnny, before we go to supper, and tell me whether I can afford to attach thereto my famous nom de plume."

"Renowned! Notorious you mean," said his chum, as he began to read.

When he had finished reading it he laid it down, saying, with a queer little smile, "It's all right, Billy, but you'd better give it another title."

"Why? What!"

"Miss Drew: A Character Sketch."

"Nonsense! I wasn't thinking of her at all."

"Now, what's the use of trying to bluff me that way when the proof of my charge is right before me? Read it again yourself, and if you don't see the resemblance you're pretty dense."

Billy took up the essay and began to read it. As he came to the end he let the paper drop to the floor and sat staring into the bright coal fire. His room mate considerably refrained from disturbing him, leaving him to his brown study. Finally, pulling out his watch, he said, "Wake up, Billy; supper time's ready."

Thus roused from his reverie, Billy went to get his hat, and together they started for the club. Norman explained as they went along how unconsciously he had incorporated Margaret Drew in his essay. He had written it without any personality clearly in mind. Not until he had read it the second time did the fact of the close resemblance dawn upon him.

"Really, Johnny, this has been a revelation to me. I've been going along with my eyes shut. Just think of my being with Margaret so much and not half appreciating her. Of course, I realized in a vague sort

of way that she was by all odds the best girl around here—"

"Hold on, there," interrupted John, punching him in the ribs, "you forget my lady love."

"Why, do you know," exclaimed Billy, without deigning to notice this declaration, "if this hadn't happened I might have lost a whole term. I had not considered even what my feeling for her was; had scarcely begun to wonder whether this was to be the usual ephermal "case," or whether my liking for Miss Drew would deepen into love."

"I think you're nearly up to your eyes now," observed his chum, but the remark was lost on Billy.

"Now I know," he went on, "that if in drawing a picture of my ideal woman I unconsciously sketched a likeness of Margaret Drew, then we must be meant for each other. Nature intended her to be mine, and so she shall be."

"That is," suggested the other, "if you can manage to persuade her that *you* are *her* ideal."

"I shall begin trying this very night," said Billy, as he opened the club door, "if I can reach the hall in time to get the library."

"Well, I wish you success, Bill."

"Thanks, Johnny. I'd rather love Margaret Drew and lose her than win any other girl I have ever known."

That remark showed Johnny that his friend had reached the dangerous stage, and he resolved to keep an eye on him for the next few months.

* * * * *

"But what about that article for the HOLCAD? Did he send in the essay?"

No. Under the influence of his new

found love, Billy was supplied with the "requisite inspiration" to dash off one of the best little love stories he had ever written.

SEVILLE, '98.

Scott—A Study.

With the fullness of time comes always the man. For many years, shall we say hundreds of years, men had been trying to write an historical novel, with varying degrees of failure; and in the quarter century immediately preceding Scott the number of attempts was legion. The reaction against the eighteenth century philosophy turned the tide of public favor from the politico-philosophical novel of Goodwin and his following to Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austin. To the former Scott has acknowledged his indebtedness for supplying the original suggestion for his work. He took the so-called historical novel of Miss Porter, the novel of local character and manners of Miss Edgeworth, and the Gothic romance. In the fire of his genius their best elements were fused, the dross—or the most of it—consumed. In his hands the historical novel as we now know it was shaped, shaped so completely, rounded so well, that no man has come after to improve it.

In spite of this, perhaps no name in fiction has had showered upon it such floods of adverse criticism as that of Walter Scott. The wildest charges have been laid at his door. To charge immorality because of the falsification of historical truth for the sake of the story is carrying criticism into the realm of the burlesque. But another charge is more absurd. Mark Twain never takes himself seriously, and he is, perhaps, striving to be humorous when he makes his assertion concerning the effect of Scott on civilization in the Southern States; but Brander Matthews

takes himself very seriously and gives the words the stamp of his approval by incorporating them into one of his essays:

"There is in Mark Twain's book on the Mississippi a strong statement of the evil wrought in the South by Sir Walter Scott's stories. After remarking that the French Revolution and its product, Napoleon, did much harm—but they did also this good, they broke up the feudal system, root and branch—he arraigns the author of *Ivanhoe* in this wise: 'Then comes Sir Walter Scott with his enchantments, and by his single might checks the march of progress, and even turns it back; sets the world in love with dreams and phantoms; with decayed and swinish forms of religion; with decayed and degraded systems of government; with the sillinesses and emptinesses, sham grandeurs, sham gauds and sham chivalries of a brainless and worthless long vanished society. He did measureless harm—more real and lasting harm, perhaps, than any other individual that ever wrote. Most of the world has now outlived good part of these shams, though by no means all of them; but in our South they flourish pretty forcefully still. Not so forcefully as half a generation ago, perhaps, but still forcefully. Then the genuine and wholesome civilization of the nineteenth century is curiously confused and commingled with the Walter Scott middle-age sham civilization, and so you have practical common sense, progressive ideas and progressive works mixed up with the duel, the inflated speech and the jejune romanticism of an absurd past that is dead, and out of charity ought to be buried. * * Enough is laid on slavery without fathering upon it these creations and contributions of Sir Walter.'"

Could anything be more ridiculous? Death,

they say, loves a shining mark, and so do some forms of criticism.

That Scott had limitations must be granted. He drew his characters largely as one meets them on the street or in the close companionship of every day acquaintance. He did not delve into their innermost thoughts and depict for us with distressing exactness their theories of the universe, their plans for social reform, the thoughts of their minds or the inquiries of their hearts. Perhaps he could not, and for this sometimes we are glad. We do not want all our novels to be filled with problems and psychology. He has been criticised for his faults of style. That it is faulty admits of no debate, nor is the reason far to seek. The taste of most educated men in the matter of style was seldom, if ever, worse than in the early years of the nineteenth century. The hard and fast rules of the eighteenth century had been swept away with everything else conventional, and the new rules were in process of formation. They affected Scott in no wise. Think you as the lava bursts in fiery deluge from the crater's mouth it flows down the mountain side according to any plan as to how it shall present the finest appearance when it has cooled? It is not to be wondered at that Scott had faults of style. We should rather wonder that the faults were not more glaring. The picturesque in landscape and in history filled his mind to overflowing, and when these burst forth he cared little for the minute details of their final form. His work was cycloramic in its conception. He had little of the art of the painter of miniatures. The ensemble is there, perfect in its mighty proportions. When you lay one of his novels down do you remember one single instance of a faulty sentence? Do you even re-

member one single good sentence, one striking expression which caught your fancy? It is the vast whole to which you reverently uncover, to which you must uncover if you are fair. What matter if a belt be awry, or the style of a minstrel's garb or a knight's armor be archaeologically inaccurate? Of course he was historically untrue. We do not read "Ivanhoe" as a treatise on the archaeology of the times of the Crusader. What if Richard be overdrawn, a more manly, lovable fellow than was the real king? Can we not get straightened out concerning his true character and deeds by consulting some ponderous tome written for that very purpose? If Scott had stayed by the tome we could not have thrilled as the Black Knight rode into the lists at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, and with his good right arm rescued his knight, Ivanhoe, or with him made merry in the cell of the monks of St. Dunstan and Baccheus. Is Shakspeare's Brutus any the less great because his ear is gifted with foreknowledge, and he hears a clock strike a few centuries before the first one was made? If we are to hold the literary artist to historical exactness we will force him either to insufferable dryness or else banish the historical novel as we know it from the realm of fiction. Brander Matthews would evidently seize the latter horn of the dilemma, for he says that "the only trustworthy historical novels are those which were a-writing while the history was a-making." Perhaps he will forgive us if we shall continue to prefer "Waverly" to the "Vignettes of Manhattan," charming as they be, even to a time sixty years after they were written.

The two novels we have chosen for consideration are "Ivanhoe" and "The Heart of Midlothain." They are not Scott's best, although one is, perhaps, the most popular

work of his pen. They represent radically different types of his work. One is a tale of Middle Age Chivalry, the delight of boyhood, still appealing as does nothing else to the boy that remains, as the oak leaves murmur over our heads in the wood-lands of the West Riding, and we hear the tinkle of the bells on the Prior's palfrey as he rides into our view; or as we sit with Rebecca in the Tower and watch the flight of the gray goose shafts of Locksley and his men, clear through to where in the tilt-yard at Templestown we view the final "judgment of heaven." The other is a tale of Scottish home-life, with its tragedy and its sorrow, and simple whole-souled heroine, the best of Scott's creations. Both works have their faults. The first is somewhat overdrawn, and the latter would be more readable if from its pages were culled its great mass of legal terms and bad grammar. This latter novel is a remarkable study of sin and its consequences. These are depicted with an unfaltering hand, not merely the immediate sorrows it brings to Effie and her family, but all through her vain, empty life till the convent's doors close behind her after the death of her husband at the hands of his own son. We do not know of a tale where the results of a single sin on the whole life, not only of the sinner, but of all connected with her, are more strongly set forth. Sin is sin here, as it should be. There is no gloating over details, no mawkish sentimentality, no gilding of the sin, nor condoning with the sinner. With dreadful earnestness the author works, not telling too much or too little, putting no price on evil. When we have finished there is no desire to go and do likewise, that some purveyor of realistic trash may hold up our exploits for sentimental fools, who will weep plenteous tears over the hereditary instincts that made

us do wrong in spite of our too, too good selves. And yet it is not a sermon with a ponderous moral attached. Scott is never a preacher.

There are two characters in the examples chosen that especially interested us, the Jew, Isaac of York, and Davie Deans, the Cameronian. To each a great sorrow comes, the seeming inevitable loss of a favorite daughter. The question of their rescue brings into play two conflicting emotions—in the case of the Jew, his love for his child and his love for his gold; in the Scot, his love for his child and his love for his religious principles. There is a memory of Shylock in Isaac—"My daughter, my ducats." Perhaps it is the conventional handling of the Jew, but it is a strong handling, and to our mind he is one of the most clearly lined figures in the book. The Scot also is a strong character. Perhaps the author rendered him more unlovable than he might otherwise have been because of his own religious prejudices as a member of a more moderate party. But if we cannot love Davie, and must perforce disagree with him, we cannot help admiring the fortitude with which he put away that which was so dear to him in obedience to what he deemed his duty and his religion. Had he been a Roman instead of a Scottish cow-feeder we would have called him great.

The past had a mighty influence over Scott. He gloried in its ballads as a youth. Into the treasury of his mind he gathered its precious things. He did not want to see the tinsel among the jewels. It was but natural to expect of a mind like his that it would give again what it had gathered. In the giving he reached the highest pinnacle, the central point, in the world of English prose fiction. All paths that may be safely trod-

den lead to him, and from him they come away. English letters could not be as they are to-day had Scott never lived and written. He has left his impress on all of our prose that is worth while, realistic as well as idealistic.

W. E. BROOKS, '00.

English Seminary,
Princeton University.

Smile.

Tho' the day is dark and dreary,
And the fire no more is cheery—
Makes your eyes just sort o' bleary

All the while,
You can get so much in living
If a pleasant look you're giving,
When you add a glance forgiving—
And a smile.

If you're working or you're playing,
And your hopes seem but decaying,
Or your feelings all are staying

All your wiles,
It will never do to worry,
'Tho' you're always in a hurry
You can aid midst all the flurry
By a smile.

If your work seems always dragging—
All you do is sort o' lagging,
And your conscience all a-jagging—

All seems vile,
You will find it best by trying
To a higher sphere be flying,
Where your life you're not belying,
Try a smile.

MAC, '03.

The *Transcript* gives the endowments of the richest colleges in America as follows: Girard, \$15,250,000; Leland Stanford, Jr., \$13,500,000; Harvard, \$10,000,000; Columbia, \$9,500,000; Cornell, \$8,000,000; Chicago, \$5,500,000; Yale, \$4,000,000. This enumeration, it appears, does not include the recent gift of Mrs. Stanford to Leland Stanford University.

Feudalism and Civilization.

The castles of the Rhine are standing to-night the monuments of an idea. Their walls tower in melancholy magnificence and in their loneliness and strength seem to proclaim the former power of the feudal system, the idea which gave them being. This mighty system, in its original significance, was the dependence of baronial estates upon the king, but its real power originated with the pope, and the nobility, and was the sequence of a religious evolution, an evolution in which the counterfeit of the old religion was giving place to the purer gold of the new. Paganism, the former belief, had proved to be the exterior embellishment of vice. The gilded surface had worn away and the inner darkness was revealed. Christianity, the new belief, shone from within. From the Cross as its center it flashed its light and bathed the world in its golden flood. But soon there fell a pall, a darkness black as night, for the sombre walls of Rome loomed forth between mankind and Calvary. Religion became the belief of the vatican, and the vatican was one man. The pope boldly declared himself to be the vice-gerant of God, the mediator between man and Heaven. By a man-made ritual, magnificent in its superstition, he appealed to the credulity of millions, while his awful anathemas of future doom crushed their spirit and held them in subjection. Terribly triumphant in the church, he sought to undermine civil authority and become master of the state. But here he met with opposition, for the emperor clung to his sceptre with a grasp of steel. The earth became the battleground of these two men. Long did the issue hang in the balance, since it was despot against despot, "Greek against Greek." The maddened pope finally allied himself to

the nobles. The latter fortified their castles and severed the bonds which bound them and their estates to the king. The state, thus weakened and unable to cope with the rebellious nobility, became void of authority. As a result, civil law perished and ecclesiastical supremacy was based, not upon God, but upon the idea of feudalism.

This mighty system soon developed into two great branches. The individual independence of nobles fostered petty sovereignties. Under this system each knight could rule his own domain, but could do nothing more. All were allies of the pope and the attempt of any to secure greater influence met with summary vengeance. The horizon of man had to be bounded by his present surroundings since he could attempt nothing new, nothing greater. Civilization, therefore, moved in a continuous circle, progress was stayed, and the world became dormant.

Then came serfdom, the sequence of ignorance. With eyes blinded by superstition the masses gazed upon the pope. He was their spiritual father and held in his hands the keys of life and death. Offence toward him meant punishment for eternity. Loyalty to him would be rewarded by the eternal glories of Paradise. So when the pope commanded utter obedience from the masses they obeyed with joy, voluntarily assuming the fetters which were destined to become tighter and tighter until freedom came only with death.

Thus we have the two developments of feudalism— independence toward the king, tyranny toward the subject; a collection of petty sovereignties whose feudal lords at once defied civil law and trampled upon the neck of the serf. In this manner local self-rule and individual subjection became the heart of that system which for centuries

strewn with wreck the field of European history.

Problems of evil demand solution. Europe could make no progress with petty sovereignties her masses suffered under serfdom. But how could the questions be solved? These ideas, wrong though they be, were universally triumphant, and the source of each was the church. What had humanity gained by forsaking Paganism? Counterfeit though this religion was, it had reared the splendid civilization of Greece and Rome, it had bound the whole world under its rule of culture and law. And humanity had left such a civilization only to descend into the valley of feudalism, and in its atmosphere grope as in a starless, stormy night. The light of the Cross was as a faded dream. Men gazed upon the walls of Rome, which in their awful strength seemed reared by superhuman power, and with loyalty even strengthened bowed to the pope as unto God. It was enough. Humanity had usurped Deity. Justice cried unto the Infinite, and against the corrupted church there burst the Reformation. Down came the walls of Rome, their former grandeur broken. No longer could they bar the light of Calvary, but over their ruins streamed the rays and fell upon the world in living bands. Guided by such a light mankind began to ascend from its valley, civilization snapped its chains of centuries, advanced, and then the doom of petty sovereignties was sealed. Gradually they became welded into strong, compact nations, and one of the problems of feudalism was finally solved.

But what of serfdom? The serf, as we have seen, was the slave of Rome, and when the Reformation revolutionized the world his freedom seemed assured. But "the brightest light will cast the deepest shadow," and

over against religious freedom we behold the shade of civil despotism. The divine right of the pope was followed by "the divine right of kings," and if the serf could now be dignified by the name of laborer and receive a pittance for his toil, monarchial tyranny would grant him nothing more. The change from absolute to constitutional monarchy can alleviate his condition, but cannot cure it, since monarchy in any form is only a compromise with tyranny and abridges the freedom of its millions. Thus, in the three centuries intervening the Reformation and the present Europe has failed to solve the problem of its downmost class.

In the generations succeeding the Reformation we find the religious spirit manifested in many sects, but in none more than in the Puritans. They were the Luthers of England, in that they stood for religious freedom, and their devotion to this principle defied persecution, while in the moral twilight of their age it shone like the stars. But persecution, while it could not shake their faith, made them yearn for a land of rest, and to America they came, glad to live in freedom even if it existed amid the perils of the forest. Theirs was a nature in harmony with their surroundings. A character stern and rugged as their own New England hills. A faith as deep as the nearby sea. A love of republicanism that could no more be shaken than could old Plymouth Rock. How different from the Cavalier who settled in Virginia. His was a character volatile and passionate as his rushing southern rivers; a faith subordinate to intellect; a nature which made him desire to be free himself but a tyrant over others. He came not for freedom, but in search of gold, and dreamed of wealth, a life of ease.

Naturally, then, slavery could find no per-

manent root in the soil of Puritanism, a soil which could nourish only freedom; but in the South, nurtured by the avaricious Cavalier spirit, it grew and promised to be lasting. Moreover, the guns of the Revolution had scarcely lapsed into silence until the Cavalier asserted the doctrine of States' rights over national, and on entering the Union seemed to say, "We enter your federation but are not of it. We care not for the benefit of the whole, but of the few. Therefore we will secede when we choose and exist independent of the other States and the Nation." American slavery and States' rights were nothing more than the old feudal system of serfdom and petty sovereignties! America had the same problems which had baffled Europe for centuries and one of which the latter could not solve.

But the old Puritan spirit in the North studied the questions in all their details. With the eye of intelligence it viewed the wreck of the past. It beheld the long, inactive reign which petty sovereignties had maintained over Europe, and as a logical conclusion determined that America, to be progressive, must have a strong, centralized government. It heard the groanings of the Southern slave, and with mind kindled by that sympathy whose source is Heaven, decided that the serf should be disenthralled. The shot against Sumter severed the last bond which united Puritan and Cavalier, while it summoned their forces to arms. Like two mighty waves their armies thundered together. Back and forth they surged and crashed until the South became a Golgotha of wreck and blood, but when the smoke of battle cleared the banner of the Puritan had become in fact the banner of the nation, for States' rights and slavery were uprooted and dead.

The Civil War has made the nation better and stronger. Mountains stand to-night with strength almost omnipotent and pierce the clouds. But they could not be reared and shaped save by internal agonies of fire. And so the Rebellion, by plunging the nation into the crucible of civil conflict, has shaped it, purified it, and reduced the diversified characteristics of Puritan and Cavalier into one grand element, loyalty to a centralized Union.

But is America free from serfdom? Monopoly, political corruption and intemperance scourge myriads and strive to rule as despots. But the remedy for these evils is found in the nation. Our country is a republic, founded by the people, maintained by the people, and any system not based upon the will of the people stands on a foundation of sand and must ultimately be swept away by the waves of popular indignation.

Europe and America, as we have seen, have attempted to solve the problem of feudalism. In their solution each has been powerfully aided by religious forces, the former by the Reformation, the latter by the child of the Reformation, the Puritan. But Europe tries centralized monarchy; America, a centralized republic. The former is founded on force, the latter on consent. The former is governed by men, the latter by popular law. Lonely among the nations in the support of these principles has America advanced to her greatness of the present hour. Other nations have viewed her from afar, become amazed at her progress, recognized the superiority of her ideas, and only the future's curtain can conceal that day when the power of the people behind the monarch's throne will become greater than the throne itself and sweep the last vestige of the old feudal system into the darkness of

oblivion, while America, in the van of nations and guided by Heaven, shall continue to lead humanity onward and upward, surmounting obstacles, and defying the assaults of wrong.

"If then 'tis given thee to arise in might,
Trampling the scourge and dashing down the
chain,

Pure be thy triumphs as thy name is bright,
The cross of victory should not know a stain.
So may that faith once more supremely reign
Through which we lift our spirits from the dust,
And deem not e'en when Virtue dies in vain
She dies forsaken; but repose our trust
On Him whose ways are stern, unsearchable,
but just."

S. C. GAMBLE, '01.

To a Hyacinth.

From Sparta's choicest blood thou'rt sprung, O
flower!

His blood, whom great Apollo loved so well,
Prince Hyacinthus. In that fatal hour

The god thee being gave where low he fell.
Amid the silence of the city's night

Of thy rich breath I catch the fragrance sweet,
Filling my being with a strange delight

Of those old days. The wide deserted street

Is thronged with shadows, men of long ago,
Whom Hades held or fields Elysian knew.

The quiting green I see, the woful blow,
The red stains on the turf, from which there grew
A memory fragrant all the coming years

Of Sparta's loss and brave Apollo's tears.

W. E. BROOKS, '00.

The average annual expenditure of the class of 1900 at Princeton was \$700. Thirty-one men worked their way through college entirely and thirty more in part.

Under the new elective system at the University of Michigan, which includes the abolishment of all baccalaureate degrees except the A. B., English is the only study required.

Holcades Mikrai.

At last Jim Greer has torn his gown.

Miss H. was heard to say, "Yes, he has four brothers, and there are just five of us."

Miss Daisy Taylor, ex-'02, was married to Mr. John Morse on the afternoon of Feb. 6.

Miss Campbell said, "I just up and spoke to that immense Mr. Gamble, he looked so big and innocent."

Miss Newmeyer, Miss Robb and Mr. Robt. You'd have been compelled to leave college indefinitely on account ill health.

A chorus of voices sang out to Stranahan as he left for the banquet, "Take care of our Bessie," and he happily answered, "No, my Bessie."

The Glee Club had just "rized the risibilities" of the audience by singing, "Coon! Coon! Coon!" when Dr. — asked, "Was that meant for a joke on Mr. Kuhn?"

Miss Strong, State Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, addressed a union meeting of the college association on Sabbath afternoon, Jan. 26th.

Mr. Mercer, in explaining the time of the arrival of his cab became nervous and mingling parts of the words "cabe" and "carriage," announced, "The cabbage will arrive at—"

The Rev. R. A. Jamison, '74, on Feb. 8th, preached the Sabbath evening sermon upon the theme, "Daniel in College." Mr. Jamison preached in the Second church at the morning service.

Gen. Gordon delivered his interesting lecture on "The First Days of the Confederacy" Monday evening, Feb. 10th. It was highly interesting and the interest was increased by the thought that one of the great

leaders of the South, one who went through and fought in the whole war, was the ordinary looking man addressing us.

The Ethics class had heard Dr. Ferguson's remark somewhat about the conscience being a germ, and W. J. Williams, of Caledonia, was heard to say, involuntarily, "That sovereign remedy, Crell Oll, could kill the germ."

During the month there have been several well remembered faces in town. Among them were Miss Taggart, '01; "Bill" Owsley, '99; "Binnoe" Greer, '01; Bruce McCrory, '01; Wilson McGinness, '01, and Harry Kuhn, '01.

Miss Sharp had been asked, "Why is the summer longer than the winter season?" and in reply had begun: "Well, you know, it is much hotter in summer, and—" "And so," continued Prof. Moore, "the heat expands the season. Is that it?"

The annual business meeting of the Inter-collegiate Oratorical Association was held in Pittsburg on Monday afternoon, Feb. 10th. It was decided to hold this year's contest in Meadville, under the auspices of Allegheny college, on the evening of May 11th.

When "Scotchy" heard that Miss Given was the only girl who stayed on the bob sled during one of its trips, he said, "Well, she must have been down in one of the cracks." And Miss Given, having heard, said, "I don't see where he has room to talk."

The Sophomore-Senior banquet was given on February 14th. It was a worthy rival of the one two weeks before. The reception hall, decorated in red and white, furnished a fitting background for the evening's enjoyment. The entertainment was novel, and the tiny bows and arrows given as favors were attractive mementoes of a pleasant time.

The toasts were responded to under the red and black of the Senior class, in the sweet perfume of the crimson and white carnations. The stages of both halls were backed by evergreens. Mr. Thos. Kennedy was toastmaster and introduced the following speakers: Mr. Warnock, Mr. Hunt, Mr. McCrory and Mr. Weidler.

The wind did coldly blow,
Don't-che-know,
But the horse it wouldn't go,
Don't-che-know?
The girl, she almost cried,
But the boy, he just replied:
"It's much nicer to go slow
To Sharon o'er the snow,
Don't-che-know?"

The Juniors gave the Freshmen their annual banquet on the night of January 31st. It was one of the most brilliant that has been extended by any class. The Adelphic Hall was decorated in the Freshman colors and the Philomath Hall in those of the entertainers. Both were very beautiful. The entertainment was interesting and very suitable, and afforded a pleasant evening. The toastmaster was Mr. Howell T. Getty, and the toasts responded to were: "The Class of 1905," Mr. Veazy; "The Class of 1903," Mr. Stranahan; "The Ladies," Mr. Lytle; "Our Alma Mater," Mr. Briceland.

Cousin May—"I thought you were engaged to Miss Yellowleaf."

Jack—"Not much! I couldn't love a woman with a past like hers."

Cousin May—"Why, what do you know about her past?"

Jack—"Nothing, except that it began too soon to suit me."—*Philadelphia Press*.

—The king of Greece habitually speaks English, using Greek only when necessary.

Graduate Notes.

'54—Recent issues of the United Presbyterian denominational papers contained appreciative biographical notices of the late Rev. William P. Shaw, of West Virginia, giving the testimony of several men of eminence to his worth as a man and a minister. For several years Mr. Shaw was the oldest living graduate.

'56—By the death of the Rev. W. P. Shaw, '54, the distinction of being Westminster's oldest graduate is shared by the Rev. T. H. Hanna, D. D., Monmouth, Ill., the Rev. J. M. Jamieson, D. D., Hopedale, O., and D. W. Rambo, Esq., Howard City, Kansas. It would be of interest to learn who of the venerable trio is alone entitled to the honor.

'57—The Rev. D. S. Littell, D. D., pastor of the Second church, Pittsburg, is one of the commissioners from Allegheny presbytery to the General Assembly in May.

'58—The Rev. E. A. McElree, D. D., on January 5, preached a special sermon of the tenth anniversary in token of his ministry in the Second church, New Wilmington.

'59—The Rev. James Crowe, of Philadelphia, accompanied by John Lytle, '05, spent the summer abroad.

Dr. J. B. McMichael, ex-president of Monmouth College, assisted in the recent anniversaries of the Greenfield and the Greenville churches.

'60—Hon. Samuel H. Miller, president judge of Mercer county, is quoted in the public prints as having recently given public utterance to severe condemnation of liquor license abuses.

'61—The Rev. J. G. D. Findley, D. D., of Newburgh, N. Y., accompanied by his family, sailed for Europe, February 8, on the S. S. Celtic.

Mrs. Rachel Hayes Spencer is one of Westminster's women graduates who have the distinction of serving as members of local Boards of Education. Mrs. Spencer was elected school director in New Wilmington in 1899.

'62—The Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D., of Philadelphia, editor of the "Westminster Lessons" and various other Presbyterian Sabbath school publications, is the author of a recent book in





the "What is Worth While" series, published by T.Y.L. Crowell, New York City. Dr. Miller's writings are justly praised by both religious and secular reviews as sane, sympathetic and inspiring.

'63—The Rev. Joseph McKelvey in this number of the HOLCAD writes on "What Did Westminster Do in the Civil War?"

'64—Dr. John A. Wilson, Professor of Church History in Allegheny Seminary, preached the sermon at Grove City College on February 9, the day of prayer for colleges.

The Rev. D. M. Thorn, of Allegheny, who has been seriously ill for several months, is rapidly recovering health.

'65—The death of the Rev. A. H. Calvert, D. D., occurred recently at his home in Etna. The HOLCAD extends its sympathy to mourning relatives.

Under the title, "A Notable American," a recent Cleveland paper publishes an appreciative sketch of the life of Judge George F. Arrel, of Youngstown. Judge Arrel, as mentioned in the HOLCAD at the time, declined the appointment of Attorney General in the cabinet of the late President McKinley, subsequently offered to Mr. Knox and accepted by him.

'66—The Rev. W. J. Gillespie, recently of Aspinwall, is now in charge of a congregation in Sparta.

The Rev. W. S. Owens, D. D., editor of the Midland, Chicago, deserves congratulation upon the high rank among denominational journals which his able and energetic administration has won for his paper.

'67—The Rev. W. J. Snodgrass, of West Middlesex, was a recent visitor in the village.

'68—The Rev. D. R. Imbrie, chaplain of the Allegheny county workhouse at Hoboken, would appreciate the receipt of back numbers of magazines, illustrated papers and periodicals for the use of prisoners under his charge.

The Rev. A. S. Vincent, of Emporia, Kansas, was called east by the recent death of his sister, Dr. C. Jane Vincent, of Allegheny.

'69—Ex-Judge Samuel S. Mehard, of Pittsburg, gave an address on "Ideals," at the reunion of the Grove City College Alumni held in

Pittsburg recently, on which occasion he was one of the guests of honor.

The Rev. David Dodds, of Hepburn, Ia., has been obliged by ill health to resign his pastorate at that place which he has occupied almost a quarter of a century, and to remove to California.

'70—Mrs. John S. McKee, of Butler, was a recent Westminster visitor, spending a few days with her daughter, Miss Jeannie McKee, '02.

Dr. M. M. Patterson, of Wilkinsburg, was one of the speakers at a recent union meeting of the Ministerial associations of Pittsburg and Allegheny.

'71—News of the illness of the Rev. E. P. Dunlap, D. D., the well known Presbyterian missionary in Siam, is causing some disquiet to his many friends on this side of the sea.

J. A. Stranahan, Esq., of Harrisburg, ex Attorney General of Pennsylvania, is one of the counsel in the Pittsburg Elevated Railway case.

'72—Dr. D. G. McKay, of Greenville, is the author of a timely and interesting paper on the "Day of Prayer for Colleges," in a recent issue of the United Presbyterian.

W. L. Smith, M. D., of New Wilmington, is in New York City this winter attending lectures upon special topics pertaining to his profession.

President Samuel Martin, of Wilson College, Chambersburg, reports increased attendance in every department of college work this year.

'73—The Rev. T. D. Stewart, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Wheeler, was in the village recently.

'74—The Board of Trustees of Grove City College at their recent mid-year meeting conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon the Rev. A. E. Linn, of Pittsburg.

The Rev. R. A. Jamison, of Apollo, preached in the chapel on the evening of February 9, the day of prayer for colleges.

The Rev. T. A. Houston has accepted his recent call to the pastorates of the EauClaire and West Union congregations.

'75—The Rev. R. C. Allen, of Grove City, announces the early publication of a pamphlet on "The Rights of Man," uniform in style

with his booklets on "Fundamental Principles of Civil Government" and "Christian Marriage and Divorce."

Dr. S. H. Moore, of New Castle, preached in the Presbyterian church in the village on a recent Sabbath.

'76—The Rev. A. R. Munford, of York, N. Y., has almost entirely recovered from his recent illness.

'77—Dr. S. W. Gilkey, of the First church, Mercer, gave his lecture, "Dollars and Sense," in the Fifth church, Allegheny, on the evening of Feb. 4. The Pittsburg Times of February 5 said: "Dr. Gilkey has an attractive style, and his address was a practical and entertaining presentation of an every day subject. It was well received."

'78—Dr. James B. McClelland, Professor of Greek in Grove City College, is again at his post after a long convalescence.

The Rev. A. P. Hutchinson, of Sandy Lake, was the guest of friends in the village recently.

'79—The New Wilmington Globe of January 30 contains an article reprinted from an English paper published in China, relative to the successful efforts of Dr. Watson McMillan Hayes in the awakening of interest in a public school system in that land, where for several years he has been an honored missionary of the Presbyterian church.

'80—The Rev. John McNaugher, of Allegheny Seminary, is President of the Westminster Semi-Centennial Endowment Commission.

Dr. Robert McWatty Russel's "Truths for the Inner Life" in the Midland is one of the most helpful departments of that paper.

'81—David R. McDonald, D. D., recently assistant professor of Philosophy in Grove City College, is now Principal of the newly established Academy at Mercer.

'82—The Brooklyn Times of January 24 contained a picture of the Rev. R. R. Wick, together with an illustrated report of the new Dutch church, Jamaica, N. Y., of which Mr. Wick has for some years been pastor.

'83—J. P. Whitla, Esq., of Sharon, is a director in a number of the newly established steel industries in South Sharon.

'84—J. A. McLaughry, Esq., of Sharon, visited his

sister, Miss Margaret McLaughry, of the English Department, recently.

'85—The Rev. J. L. Cotton, of Coraopolis, leaves New York this week with a party of Pittsburg clergymen for a trip to the Holy Land.

Professor I. N. Moore, of the Department of Physics, was elected a member of the New Wilmington school board at the spring election last week.

'86—The Rev. J. A. Alexander, of Cambridge, Mass., makes an interesting report of an all-day prayermeeting, in a recent number of the United Presbyterian.

'87—The Rev. S. P. Barrackman's address is changed from Salineville, Ohio, to Council Bluffs, Iowa.

'88—The Rev. Geo. W. Robinson preached the 64th annual sermon to the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the First church, Allegheny, on January 26.

The Rev. R. W. McFarland, late missionary to Egypt, has accepted a call to the pastorate of Mt. Pleasant church.

'89—Reid Kennedy, Esq., of Homestead, visited his brother, T. W. Kennedy, '04, recently.

C. E. Mehard, Esq., of New Castle, District Attorney of Lawrence county, attended the funeral of Miss Cummings here on the 2nd inst.

'90—Flattering press notices of the work of W. W. Campbell, director of the Music Department of Trinity University, Texas, have been received.

'91—E. N. McElree, of Sharpsburg, visited his parents here recently.

'92—We regret to learn that A. H. Elliott, M. D., of Emsworth, has given up his practice by reason of ill health.

'93—The Rev. John W. Gealey, of Plain Grove, was a recent visitor.

'94—The Rev. W. H. Fulton, pastor of the Carnegie church, was married on January 22 to Miss Mary Bryant Lost, of Greenville, Ky. The HOLCAD extends congratulations.

J. R. Magoffin, Esq., of New York City, is Secretary and Treasurer of the newly organized Fidelity and Trust Company of Mercer.

'95—Miss Edith Taylor, recently teacher in Henry Kendall College, has been awarded a fellow-

ship in chemistry in Bryn Mawr College and has entered upon her studies there.

'96—The marriage of Dr. John B. Miller, of Philadelphia, to Miss May Hutchinson, at Cambridge, Mass., occurred on February 3. The HOLCAD joins in best wishes.

The Rev. A. B. Dennison has accepted a call to a pastorate in La Prairie, Ill.

'97—The Rev. John C. Hanley has been called to the pulpit of the Tilden, Ill., congregation.

'98—Thomas R. Jones is at present in the employ of the New York Canadian Copper Syndicate, having charge of their mine interests at Kashabowie, Ont.

'99—W. McOusley, M. D., of Youngstown, called on Westminster friends last week.

The HOLCAD extends its sympathy to J. P. Lockhart, of New Castle, upon the recent death of his father.

'00—J. A. Chambers, who has been reading law in New Castle, has accepted a position on the faculty of the Indiana State Normal School, and will enter upon his duties at the opening of the spring term.

'01—R. N. Grier and W. B. McCrory, of Pittsburg, visited Westminster friends last week.

W. S. Montgomery and T. C. Cochran were down from Mercer recently.

Miss Elma Chamberlain, of East Palestine, Ohio, has entered college as a special student in art.

On the bench among Westminster's alumni may be mentioned Judge S. H. Miller, '60, of Mercer; Judge Mehard, '69, Pittsburg; Judge Arrel, '65, of Youngstown, Ohio; Judge Martin, '81, New Castle; Judge Wallace, '81, New Castle; Judge McMichael, '57, New Castle; Judge Peacock, '58, Monmouth, and Judge Graham, '69, Denver, Col.

Westminster men who are or have been college presidents are ex-President J. B. McMichael, '59, Monmouth College, Monmouth, Ill.; President S. A. Martin, '72, Wilson College, Chambersburg; President F. M. Spencer, '68, Cooper Memorial College, Sterling, Kan.; President J. L. Snyder, '86, Michigan State Agricultural College, Lansing, Michigan.

At Yale every student is called on to contribute \$8.00 to the athletic management.

College World.

Monmouth college has quite recently established a reading room in connection with its library.

Johns Hopkins University has a department of the Philippines to prepare men for service in the Philippines.

The Yale-Harvard debate will take place at New Haven during the month of May. The exact date is not yet settled.

Mrs. John C. Whitin has lately presented Wellesley college with an observatory and complete astronomical apparatus.

To-day there are 626 Universities and Colleges and 43 Schools of Technology in the United States, with a total attendance of 150,000 students.

The Misses Davidson, of Monmouth, Ill., have given to Monmouth college a pipe organ valued at \$5,000. The gift is in memory of their mother.

By the death of Mrs. Anne Wentworth, of Lowell, Mass., Dartmouth college, as residuary legatee, will shortly come into possession of an estate valued at \$500,000.

On Dec. 31st President Crawford announced that the last dollar of the \$140,000 necessary to secure the \$200,000 endowment fund from an unknown friend for Allegheny college had been subscribed.

One hundred and twelve thousand dollars have been devoted to a chair in Chinese at Columbia. The chair will be offered to Wu-Ting-Fang, present Chinese minister to the United States, as soon as established.

By the narrow margin of a few hours the trustees of Oberlin college raised the \$300,000 necessary to secure the conditional offer of \$200,000 from John D. Rockefeller, made

a year ago. The offer was to expire Jan. 1, 1902.

By comparing the statistics of English and Scotch Universities in a given year it was found that Scotland, with a population of 3,725,000, had 6,500 university students, while England had only 600 out of a population about six times as great.

Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, lately at the head of Johns Hopkins University, has been chosen president of the new institution founded by Mr. Carnegie. Mr. Carnegie has turned over to the governing board recently organized, bonds of the Steel Corporation for \$10,000,000.

Rev. L. E. Holden, president of the University of Wooster, O., which was recently burned, announces that a well-known millionaire has promised to contribute \$100,000 toward the rebuilding of the institution, provided that \$40,000 shall be raised in Wooster and \$100,000 from outside sources.

The cost of the new building and equipment of the medical college of Cornell University is estimated at more than \$750,000, and the income from the endowment fund of the institution is twice the income from students' fees at the present time. This gift to Cornell comes from Col. Oliver H. Payne.

The enrollment of the largest Universities in their order are as follows: Harvard, 6,740; Columbia, 4,392; the University of Michigan, 3,813; University of Minnesota, 3,423; Ohio Normal University, 3,298; University of California, 3,215; Cornell, 3,004; Yale, 2,584; Pennsylvania University, 2,513.

Three wealthy citizens of Baltimore have jointly offered to give a tract of 142 acres of land to the Johns Hopkins University on condition that the university abandon its pres-

ent location and raise an endowment fund of \$1,000,000. The property offered lies in the most fashionable part of the city and is worth about half a million.

Music and Art.

"There can be no music where there are no silences."

Miss Armuor is a newly enrolled student in water color.

Miss Turner has returned to the studio after an absence of half a term.

Miss Chamberlain has completed an effective water color, "Grapes." Miss Russell has finished a study in "Wild Roses" which is very pretty.

Mr. Snodgrass, who is studying crayon, proves to be the center of attraction in the art room.

The new art students deserve praise for the work they are doing.

William II. of Germany, at a banquet given to the Artists of the Avenue of Victory, delivered another lecture against modern art. The emperor's interest in art is increasing, and with this increasing interest his hatred for the art of to-day is gradually being made known to the world. His criticisms are likely to receive the attention of those interested in art.

The following Senior orations have been been delivered this term:

January 24—"Richelieu," John Gamble, New Wilmington; "Twentieth Century Citizenship," Albert G. Weidler, New Wilmington; "The Veil of Mystery," Miss Bertha Kemps, New Wilmington; "Ourselves or Others," Earl D. Miller, Allegheny. Music was furnished by Miss Zoe Hockenberry and Mr. James McWeddell.

January 30—"Lincoln and Slavery," Jno. L. McBride, McDonald; "Yester Thoughts," Miss Frances Mehard, Mercer; "The Success of Failure," Miss Julia Kennedy, Sharpsburg. Miss Ballou Gibson played and Miss Fisher sang

February—"The Question of Tyranny," John B. Porter, New Wilmington; "For a Just Cause," Roy Neville, Sharon; "Our Nation's Danger," Chas. C. Porter, New Wilmington; "The Mission of Life," Roland G. Deevers, Wilmerding; "The Vatican," Mabel F. Woods, East Palestine, O. Miss Martha Mehard and the Glee Club furnished the music for the evening.

It is claimed that the prevalence in America of foreign born players and singers is fast destroying the career of American musicians. The foreign musician is ever greeted with a crowded house, but with the American musician it is a constant struggle, unless he be gifted with a foreign tongue. It is argued that our musicians are not able to stand alone and must receive aid from Europe. Europe may possess a few greater musicians than America, but does this justify Americans in standing by and allowing their musical world to be ruled by Europe?

The "First Days of the Confederacy" was the subject of a lecture delivered by Gen. John B. Gordon in the Second church, Feb. 10th. Mr. Gordon's head has silvered in the service of his country, yet he still maintains the appearance of a general. At times the audience is moved to tears, and again to laughter, by the narration of incidents of the battlefield. The chief point of his lecture was the cause of the war. "Slavery," says Gen. Gordon, "was not the cause of the war, but an incident of it, and I would not restore it to the South if I had the power. The

real cause of the war was the wide difference of opinion on the question of State rights." The next and last lecture of the course is by Morgan Wood, on "Heavens and Hells of Married Life, or Home Sweet Home."

Adam Worth, known as the "Napoleon of Crime," died recently in London, and with the announcement of his death the details of the recovery of the celebrated Gainsborough painting, now the property of J. Pierpont Morgan, were made public. It was while in London that Worth conceived the idea of carrying off the Gainsborough picture. His first plan was to rob the Royal academy of its art treasures. Then he changed his mind and directed his attention to the Gainsborough painting. Assisted by his partner he climbed into the Agnew galleries one night, cut the painting from its canvas and carried it away. Worth owned a steam yacht and the canvas was taken on board and concealed there until he sold the vessel to Lord Lonsdale. Then he took the picture to Paris and finally brought it to America, where it was concealed for fifteen years. In the meantime Worth was arrested in Brussels and forced to serve seven years. Two years ago Mr. Pinkerton received a telegram telling him that an important letter was at his home. The letter was from Worth, who asked an interview. This was granted, and Worth said he was going to die and wanted to "turn up" the Gainsborough picture in order that his two children, who had been educated in a convent, might enjoy the proceeds. Through a hitch the picture was not recovered at that time. Worth returned to London and early last spring he fulfilled his bargain.

The concert on Tuesday evening by the Chorus Class, under the direction of Prof. M.

Luther Peterson, assisted by Miss Ella Warner, pianist, and Mr. M. Whitney Huebner, violinist, fully maintained the excellent traditions of the Music Department in this line, and amply met the high expectations of an appreciative audience. Of the four numbers by the Chorus, all things considered, the last, Barnby's "King All Glorious," with solos by Mr. Briceland and Mr. Donaldson, was perhaps given with the highest finish. The descriptive five part song, "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower," was rendered with splendid effect. The accompaniments were played by Mr. J. MacWeddell. Prof. Peterson's solo, "Where the Lindens Bloom," was received with enthusiasm, and in response to a recall he sang an old Welsh air, "All Through the Night." Miss Warner, the recently elected assistant in the Department, appeared for the first time before a New Wilmington audience, and her two numbers, played with sympathetic interpretation and artistic finish, won appreciative recognition, and she was on both occasions obliged to re-appear. As encores she played Victor Herbert's "Yesterday Thoughts" and "A Merry Song" by MacDowell. Mr. Huebner's violin solos were marked by admirable tone, quality and exquisite expression. As extra numbers he gave Moskowski's "Serenata" and "Simple Aven" by Thome. Congratulations are due Prof. Peterson upon the success of the concert as well as thanks for a highly enjoyable musical occasion. The program follows:

Offenbach.....	The Mountain Miner's Song
Mendelssohn	Andante from Concerto Op. 64
	Mr. Huebner.
Stewart.....	The Bells of St. Michael's Tower
	Five part song.
Rubinstein.....	Barcarolle in A Minor
	Miss Warner.
Bick.....	Where the Lindens Bloom
	Mr. Peterson.

Schira.....	The Boatman's Good Night
	Four part song.
Wieniawski.....	Obertass, Mazurka Op. 19, No. 1
	Mr. Huebner.
Sinding.....	Fruehling's rauschen Op. 32, No. 3
	Miss Warner.
Barnby.....	Molett.....King All Glorious

The Chorus Class is now working on the cantata "The Holy City," which will be given Commencement week.

The crazy European musical tendency, as it is called, is receiving much attention in the music world.

Athletics.

Westminster, in the opening game of the season, defeated the Y. M. C. A. team of Oil City by a score of 45 to 15. The game was rather roughly played, but the showing of the collegians was very encouraging. One weak point in the team is in locating the basket. Many chances to score were forfeited by misjudgment. Another weakness is in the team work in passing. The team is able to keep the ball from opponents, but the passing is to no advantage, as it is not toward their own goal. Another defect is in not covering the opponent. This is the secret of good guarding and should not be forgotten by any member of the team. Another victory was scored over Oil City, at Oil City, on Jan. 24th. The usual line up was played and the score was 16 to 10.

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The first intercollegiate league game was played with Allegheny on Monday, Feb. 3d. The game was a very rough exhibition of basketball, both sides forgetting the fine points of the game. This often resulted in fouls, and these were not always called, and culminated in utter disregard by the players of some of the important rules of the

game. Allegheny was the first to score and held the lead during the whole contest. No field goals were scored by Westminster during the first half, Allegheny having three to their credit. The first half ended with the score, Allegheny 12, Westminster 4. The second half was another scene of rough basketball, this time resulting in Allegheny scoring six field goals and Westminster three. The line up and final score follows:

ALLEGHENY.	WESTMINSTER.
Taylor.....f.....	Moore
Williams.....f.....	Elliott
Lampe, Capt.....c.....	Lambie, C
Jackson.....g.....	Stewart
Leffingwell.....g.....	Kennedy, Capt
Field goals—Williams 3, Lambie 2, Taylor 2, Jackson, 2, Lambie 2, Kennedy 2. Goals from foul—Morse 8, Williams 6. Umpires—Hass, Allegheny; Degelman, Westminster. Final score, 33-17.	

The second league game was lost to Geneva on Feb. 8th. From a spectator's standpoint the game was a great improvement over the Allegheny game. The work of Mr. Campbell as official was wholly satisfactory and prevented any inclination to commit unnecessary fouls. His decisions were honest and were seldom questioned. Geneva secured the lead near the beginning of the contest and held it until the end. The largest number of goals was made by Leach, who secured four. The victory was won by the better team. Let us not be discouraged, but hope for favorable fortune next time. The score and line up:

GENEVA.	WESTMINSTER.
Thompson, Capt.....f.....	Moore
Martin.....f.....	Elliott
East.....c.....	Lambie
Leach.....g.....	Kennedy, Capt
Edgar.....g.....	Stuart
Field goals—Leach 4, Thompson 1, East 3, Edgar 1, George 2, Moore 2, Elliott 2, Lambie, Kennedy. Final score, 38-24. Substitutions, George for Martin. Umpire, Campbell, Grove City.	
* * * * *	

The Campus, of Allegheny college, is sorely grieved because of the comments

in the January number of *THE HOLCAD* criticising some actions of the Allegheny athletic management. *The Campus* does not deny a single statement made in *THE HOLCAD*, but attempts to retaliate, in which it miserably fails. The author of the article in *The Campus* is evidently ignorant of the fact that the representatives of that institution, at the organization of the league, agreed to the playing of undergraduate gymnasium directors. This is no loop-hole, but was thoroughly understood by all the colleges in the league. It is openly acknowledged that their baseball team was withdrawn because a good team was not in sight. All the colleges cannot be pennant winners in the same season, so we fail to see why any college is justified in not putting out a team. The alleged inconsistency in the constitution of the Westminster Athletic Association in playing her physical director is easily explained. Westminster's physical director is secured by the college authorities, and not by the Athletic association, is an undergraduate student, a candidate for a degree, and does not teach, and has never taught, baseball, football, basketball or track athletics for remuneration. Considering the fact that an empty wagon makes much noise, we will pass by all further mud throwing at our athletic policy.

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One of the most interesting and exciting games of basketball ever seen in the Westminster gymnasium was played with Grove City on Monday, February 17. The game was the initiation of athletic relations between Westminster and Grove City, and from a Westminster standpoint everything was lovely. Good feeling was prevalent and cheers were given for each player before the game. Grove City scored the first goal by a

nice shot by "Little All Right" Campbell. It might be said at this juncture that Campbell did not disgrace his title. Wright, who played his first game, then threw the first goal for Westminster. Grove City succeeded in landing another, followed by a goal by Kennedy. Moore then scored a point on a free throw, thus making the score 7-6 for Westminster. Grove City did not have the lead again during the whole game. The score at the end of the first half stood: Westminster 38, Grove City 10. The second half produced 8 field goals for Westminster and 4 for Grove City. Each player on the team did his share in landing the victory, and we congratulate them each one. If any one is worthy of special mention it is Captain Kennedy, who outplayed Campbell, the acknowledged star of this part of the State, scoring seven goals, while Campbell secured but two. Wright went into the game with a rush, and deserves special mention as a new man. Moore made some fine shots and easily outplayed his opponent. Lambie played his usual strong game, but was compelled to retire near the end of the game on account of an injury received in practice several days before the game. He was replaced by Houston, who succeeded in landing a goal. Stewart guarded well, as usual, and threw two goals. Although the Grove City team was outplayed at every point of the game they did not give up, but played every minute of the time. They played a gentlemanly, sportsmanlike game, and we hope for many such contests with them in the future. We recognize that it is easy for us to be gracious on an occasion of this kind, but we hope our opponents will not be influenced in the opposite direction, for they deserve credit for the heroic manner in which they took defeat.

The line up and score, showing the work of each player, follows:

WESTMINSTER.	GROVE CITY.
Moore.....f.....	White
Wright.....f.....	Campbell
Lambie.....c.....	DeFrance
Stewart.....g.....	Clinger
Kennedy.....g.....	Williams
Field goals—Kennedy 7, Lambie 5, Moore 4, De France 4, Campbell 2, Stewart 2, Wright 2, White, Houston. Goals from foul—Moore 2, Williams 2, Campbell. Substitutions, Houston for Wright. Wright for Lambie. Official, Thompson, of Geneva. Final score, Westminster 65, Grove City 24.	

Exchanges.

While Moses was no college man and never played football, in rushes he is said to be the first one of them all.—*Ex.*

"To man propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul
On its lone way?"

—ROBERT BROWNING.

Hazing has been made a criminal offence by the Illinois legislature and offenders may be fined \$500 and sent to jail for six months.—*Ex.*

A college paper has been defined as a publication to which one per cent. of the students subscribe and which ninety per cent. criticize.—*Juniated Echo.*

We learn from our exchanges that Westminster is not alone in her complaints of partiality shown by the daily press. Especially is this true among the Western colleges.

We would like to suggest that "The Oracle," of Monmouth College, keep its advertisements and reading matter separate. Nothing is so provoking as to begin reading a column and be compelled to read advertisements at the same time.

"Life is but a short highway between

two unknown countries, beautiful in many respects, desolate and shadowy in others, without indication of the country whence it emerged, or the country to which it leads—except to the mind of faith. But Faith steps in, pointing backward and forward with a finger; backward, to a spirit shrouded in mystery launching the traveler on his way with many a loving caress, and tear-laden goodbye—forward, to the shining garments of God's herald-angel waiting to announce the stranger."—*Er.*

Bits of Wisdom from the Philistine.

Dignity is not valuable till you forget that you have it.

If you would be happy let not happiness be your aim.

Your own will come to you, if you hold the thought firmly—and hustle.

Public opinion is the judgment of the incapable Many opposed to that of the discerning Few.

It does not take much strength to do things, but it requires great strength to decide on what to do.

You can vanquish your foes alone, but you will need help when it comes to withstanding your relatives.

When we give let it always be with a kind word, a smile, and a loving thought. To give otherwise were insult.

Depend upon it, the best antiseptic for decay is an active interest in human affairs; those live longest who live most.

A man owes his first duty to himself, and that duty is to be gentle in his acts and moderate in his judgments. Thus does he conserve his strength over against the time when it is most needed, and stands ready to seize opportunity when it comes his way.

The education that aims at mere scholar-

ly acquirement, rather than useful intelligence, will have to step down and out. The world needs competent men—then if their hearts are right, culture will come as a matter of course. To go in search of culture is to accumulate that which is rotten at the core. Beware of education *de luxe*. The great man is great on account of certain positive qualities that he possesses; not through the absence of faults.

Songs of the Eastern Colleges.

In this volume have been gathered not only the typical songs, but also the most popular songs of all the Eastern colleges.

The collection has been made for two purposes: First, to provide the Eastern college students with songs which are always sung whenever they gather together; second, to deepen the spirit of brotherhood already existing between college fraternities as they learn to sing each other's songs.

All the old favorites will be found in this collection, together with many new songs that will stir the college man and revive those memories which unite him and his Alma Mater in bonds which can never be broken.

It is hoped that this book will also be acceptable to the alumnus, for nothing brings so strongly before the graduate's mind the glorious days of yore as the sweet strains that one time floated to his ear in the gloamings of college days. Hinds & Noble, publishers, 4, 5, 6, 12, 13, 14 Cooper Institute, New York city. Price \$1.25. For sale at your bookstore.

Mrs. Smith—"But, John, how do you know the welsh rarebit is going to disagree with you?" Mr. Smith—"I—I have inside information."

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A HERO'S MARCH TO LIBERTY.

By J. M. Briceland, '03.

CREATED for a purpose, ushered into a new world by the morning stars singing soft and low, charmed by the beauty and grandeur and harmony of nature, lulled to pleasant dreams by perfect peace and sweet content, blessed with power and freedom, inspired with love and hope, endowed with thought and immortality; thus through the changes of time, the records of history and the experiences of life, man has grown familiar with the grand design of his own existence.

Man is a complex being. His origin is divine. His existence is a progress. The logical order of his development is body, mind, spirit. The evolution of these sways his future, marks the dignity of his character, and the glory or shame of his destiny. In the realm of thought he rises from the instinct of the beast to the mind of man and from this to the spirit of Heaven. His life is a reality; his death a certainty. Neither is it all of life to live nor all of death to die; for on the shore of eternity hope sees a star, and trusting love is guided by a faith eternal.

The physical man presents a story, sad and pathetic. His life is a struggle between truth and treachery, honor and dishonor, purity and profligacy, in which the brutish part of his nature conquers. Being igno-

ant he trembles at the sun's eclipse, and the comet and the meteor are regarded as the immediate precursors of the dissolution of the world. The noble faculties of his mind are slaves to appetite. His heart of sympathy is completely buried under the lava of selfishness. Passion sits upon the throne, guilt and innocence are established by the infallible ordeal of military prowess, envy is his motto, inhumanity to man his Golden Rule, and the sum of his commandments "Might is right"; the fear of nature is his religion, superstition his God, the puerilities of heathen fancy his education, justice and right are unknown, principle is a farce, virtue an evil, love never was, and all is chaos and night.

Is there in this whole universe a spectacle of deeper pathos? Is man nothing but the development of the embryo gerin and nothing but the survival of the fittest? Is his life a mighty maze of shadows, doubts and mysteries, and all without a plan?

But another scene is presented in the wonderful drama of man's life, and grand and glorious are the achievements of his progress. The star of hope which rose with his existence and which has been steadily ascending and brightening in its course now stops in midheaven, and there beneath its zenith is the Bethlehem of the Realm of

Thought. Ignorance disappears in the brilliancy of enlightenment. The mysteries and complexities of nature have been solved by scientific research. "Confusion in the physical world has gradually yielded to the revelation of natural law." Superstition has given way to common sense. Knowledge unfolds to us a voluminous catalogue, and history echoes and re-echoes with the living thoughts of ever living thinkers. We can point to the great advance in civilization and exclaim, Thought! We can point to the world's towering piles of literature and exclaim, Thought! We can point to the wonderful developments in mechanical science and applied dynamics, to the marvelous scientific discoveries, to the beautiful delineations of art, to the glorious symphonies of music and exclaim, Thought! We can point to man, to life, to eternity and exclaim, Divine Ideas! But has man yet reached his millennium? Does centralization yet rule the animal force? Is material and intellectual greatness the highest aim of his existence and the ultimate design of his creation?

History is nothing but a representation of the development of human nature; and as the life of the individual reaches beyond itself and tends to form the life of nations, turn the pages of history and profit by the fate of classic Greece. Barbarism was conquered by her civilization. Into the surrounding gloom radiated the brilliant beams of literature and learning. From the minds of her philosophers emanated principles of moral culture and social harmony. Her orators have lured and charmed mankind with their magnetic personalities and eloquence, and her splendor of refinement has touched

with a morning ray the kingdoms of the world. But within the boundaries of materialism, Greece has fallen.

Again, mark the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, a nation founded upon the sterling principles of her citizens and governed by the patriotic standards of her statesmen, whose capital was Rome. "That sat on her seven hills and from her throne of beauty ruled the world." But again materialism engenders the destruction of an empire, and the freedom, genius and edicts of Rome are gone forever as from the breast of Cæsar gushed the stream of wasted life.

But now from Calvary radiates a light which far outshines the splendor of Roman power and Grecian culture and introduces the dawn of a new era—a reign of righteousness and peace—from whose softening influence emanated the highest concept of right living, the Christian aim of man's existence and the most important factor in the world's civilization. But humanity misinterpreted its meaning and its purpose, and recoiling upon itself, was submerged in the spiritual chaos of the Dark Ages. Century after century of unbroken darkness follow. Man sinks into barbarism. Religion becomes a dream. Righteousness is replaced by conquest. The rivers run red with innocent blood, and humanity is on the verge of destruction.

But finally the midnight darkness is changed into day as the Reformation, like a mighty conqueror, comes forth, and in the march of humanity destroys barbarism and revolution, establishes equality, liberty and love, frees Europe from a mighty revolution, lays a foundation for the British

Empire, and as a climax presents to the world an America, the grand culmination of the evolution of nations, governments and liberty.

The twentieth century finds man in a high stage of civilization. His development involves noted discoveries and startling events. It marks his victory in the world of physical struggle and is bright with the portents of intellectual possibilities. But alas! The grand music of the Reformation has died away. Material achievements cast a shadow over the moral. The spiritual life is lost sight of in the search for knowledge. Lust for conquest overcomes principle, and expansion crowds out duty to our fellow man. For the love and power of gold, man still kneels with an eastern devotion, at the shrine of Mammon. Political equality has been placed in a glittering sepulchre, and the cruel swords of Bribery, the Victor's Spoils and Bossism guard her entrance. Romanism and Mohammedanism, dead epochs of the Middle Ages, have become dangerous derelicts upon the sea of progress. Society, regardless of right and wrong, breeds vice and crime, and is engaged in the giddy and dizzy whirl of fashion, amusement and dissipation. The centralization of wealth and power enables the capitalist to pile up fortunes and live in splendor and luxury on the wages of the artisan. Loving mothers are compelled to sacrifice their dear ones on the altar of Bacchus; and the Saloon, the foulest institution ever licensed, continues to assail the purity of womanhood, the nobleness of man, the protection of government and the progress of civilization and Christianity. And throughout the world narrow minds

and narrow hearts continually stir up strife to satisfy selfish aims and ignoble ambitions and thereby foster Anarchy, which rebels against the laws and constitutions of the powers that be, hurls the cowardly bomb-shell at true citizenship and patriotism, creates discontent, rebellion and wars, and for the hand of friendship demands a nation's idol.

Is this the end of man's existence? Is there no aim but self-aggrandizement? Is there no ideal but the tragic appetite of ambition, gold, power? Is there no honor or virtue but in the dreams of the world's fleeting fancies, illusions and mysticisms? "When we have quit this transitory scene of life and have shuffled off this mortal coil, shall we be at last at an undone eternity? "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul, As the swift seasons roll! Leave thy low vaulted past! Let each new temple, nobler than the last, Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast, Till thou at length art free, Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

At last the mists have cleared away. Now our hero steers his course by the eternal light of the heavens, and not by any Will o' the Wisp or meteor glare which material or intellectual power may engender. Now he looks out through the material structure of his body and beholds in the vistas of eternity assurances of happiness and love; and within his character are implanted principles of liberty, equality and honor; which neither "Herod with his murderers, Nero with his foul deeds, the Czar with his Cossacks, the Pope with his Cardinals," nor Mohammedanism, nor Confucianism, nor Anarchy, "nor principalities,

nor powers'' can repress. Were these principles of righteousness imbedded in the centre of the earth, they would burst its granite walls, speed onward with a deathless vigor, and fulfill their destiny.

Now right maintains a noble conflict with wrong, the brave rise to defend the helpless and innocent, liberty hurls defiance at its persecutors and reveals a fortitude stronger than death, avarice is replaced by the Golden Mean chanted in Horace's verse, "money is prized for the service it can render, learning for the light it can shed, power for the help it can give, station for the good it can do;" passion gives way to sympathy, selfishness is overcome by love, treachery yields to principle, the rolling billows of public opinion cease to sway and rule, the evolution of the mind rises to a

grand climax that chords with the Beatitudes of Christ's Gospel, and a Man is a Man. But what is our hero's end? Let us draw aside the curtain.

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast flitting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to rest in the grave."

And then our hero is ushered from time into eternity, from a beautiful twilight into a grand and glorious morn, from the chains, walls and limitations of mortality into the liberty, peace and freedom of immortality; and in the hearts of men is written the memory of his beautiful life, on the tablets of history the eulogy of a true hero, and on the Rock of Ages his farewell battle cry,

"O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?"



TO AN "INSTRUCTOR."

TREAT not with such wanton disdain
The title of which you're possessor,
Nor sorrow because you remain
Instructor instead of "Professor."
Content you should be to be known
As one of enlightenment's directors,
Rememb'ring how oft we bemoan
Professors who are not instructors.



THE only way to get into the Kingdom of Heaven is to have the Kingdom of Heaven in you.—Hugh Pentecost.

THE BOY BEHIND THE PLOW.

Contributed by "Mac." '03.

YOU have heard and read the stories
Of the "man behind the gun;"
How upon his head the glories
Heaped with victory's he has won;
But you seldom hear related
What I'm going to tell you now,
'Tis the one who is ill rated,
'Tis the boy behind the plow.

Who is he with muscles brawny
In the furrow deigns to walk?
Who is he with face so tawny
Looking, careful, for a rock?
Who is he with whistle merry
Would the saddest soul endow?
Not the dude, or clown, or fairy;
'Tis the boy behind the plow.

Though his face is brown and dirty;
Though his clothes are patched and torn;
Or his dress like one of thirty,
Or his countenance all worn,
Under these there is ambition
And a heart with virtue's bow—
There's a brain of intuition
In this boy behind the plow.

He's already battles waging,
Often victorys there are won;
And the strifes of life are raging
Yet his task has just begun.
His is one where conscience holds him;
Right and wrong he will avow,
And self consciousness extols him,
Him—the boy behind the plow.

THE HOLCAD.

It is not the pallid features,
 Or the hands without the tan,
 Or the foppish, handsome creature
 That it takes to make the man.
 'Tis the one who loves his neighbor;
 Who the right will e'er avow
 And is not averse to labor—
 That's the boy behind the plow.

Down beneath those tawny features
 Beats a heart so true and brave,
 Which was born mid Nature's teachers,
 And enlightenment to crave.
 On a sturdy tree he's growing,
 Though he is a humble bough,
 Life, through him, to twigs is flowing
 —Through this boy behind the plow.

Where's the statesman of tomorrow?
 Or the poet of the past.
 Who will ne'er be known to borrow
 Trouble, that some life may blast?
 Where is he that's born to lead us
 Where's the one, if you'll allow,
 That will think, and guide and feed us?
 'Tis the boy behind the plow.



I STUDY Evolution
 And hear the teacher tell
 How we have all developed
 From an isolated cell.
 And in the examination
 Some fellows make it plain
 Their principles will bring them
 To the starting point again.—Sequoria.

THE SUCCESS OF FAILURE.

By Miss Julia Kennedy, '02.

FROM the misty years that are gone, they come, in the years that are to be they shall go—a mighty procession moving the foundations of the world—a great throng of those who have labored and for naught, of those who have almost attained, of those who have tried and in vain—the multitude of Time's failures.

The world sings the praises of its great men, of its famous men, of its heroes. Who sings of those who might have been great, of those who should have been famous, of those who were almost heroes?

A mighty army, our full ranks make
We shake the graves as we go
The sudden stroke and the slow heart-break
They both have brought us low.

We are the toilers from whom God barred
The gifts that are good to hold
We meant full well and we tried full hard
And our failures were manifold.

The men ten-talented, who still
Strangely missed of the goal
Of them we are; it seems Thy will
To harrow some in soul.

We are the sinners too, whose lust
Conquered the higher claims.
We sat us prone in the common dust
And played at the devil's games.

We are the doubles of those whose way
Was festal with fruits and flowers
Body and brain we were sound as they
But the prizes were not ours.

In this mournful throng are the great men, gone wrong—the apparent failures whose mistakes have revolutionized the world.

They are the dreamers—the impractical men, who musing all day long on the impossible suddenly awake, one day, to the realization that they have not yet begun to live—that they have lost all that is worth living for. Such are they who live on the heights and breathe air too rare for their fellow-mortals—such are the students who theorize on life and never live. In searching for the high, they miss the low. Oh the sadness of it! With our puny minds, we conjecture and imagine and quarrel while the great prize, unnoticed, slips through our fingers.

They are the men who have been misunderstood, those who have lived out of time and tune with the world and the age—the so called fanatics—the bold spirits who have dared to think beyond the common mind and, daring, have died hearing in their ears the echo of that cry which has sounded through the ages—"Away with him! Crucify him!"

They are the jests of Fate, the jokes of Fortune, the weak who yielded and are doomed. These are the mile-stones of history, pointing us upward—ever upward. By their mistakes we profit—in their failure we gain.

They are the great ones—unknown, the seemingly ordinary men whose sublime lives are unappreciated. How many great lives there are and have been of which we know nothing! How many great lives there are which we do know and whose greatness we do not realize! To-night, let us give praise to the lonesome lives, the patient lives, the obscure lives. Let us sing of the home heroes—of those loyal keepers of the lights—the watchers of the fireside.

They are the hard-luck folk, the men who play to win next time, the men who are ever about to be happy. For them Fortune is ever in the future. They are the disappointed—the broken hearted. They are slaves of the Gods of the great Unrest. Some in their weariness have turned aside and put themselves to sleep. For life is hard—death is easy and sleep is sweet. There the heart does not ache neither does the conscience trouble. Many have been lulled to rest by the Siren of Sleep and their bones lie bleaching on the rocks. These are the lost.

They are the men who have had ideals. The boy playing with pebbles on the golden sands dreams of the day when thus he shall play with the affairs of men and the politics of mighty nations. The long years go by and with them comes disappointment. The longings of youth haunt old age with the ghosts of unfulfilled hopes and innumerable failures. Ever elusive, ever mocking his ideal hovers a little beyond him. These are the men with blasted hopes—the men who all but succeeded.

We have all dreamed—we have all had our ideals—we have all failed. Some, as the great lonesome men who mark the de-

cisive moments of history, have almost attained the ideal. But what man is there who can say "I am all that I hoped to be?" Who can say "The reward of the years of work and waiting is all that I dreamed it should be?" "But happy ye whether the waiting be for a short time or a long time if only it bring on meanwhile the struggle. One sure reward ye have—just the struggle."

To thrill with the joy of girded men
To go on forever and fail and go on again,
And be mauled to the earth and arise,
And contend for the shade of a word and a thing
not seen with the eyes;
With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at
night
That somehow the right is the right
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough.

And is not this the only reward if it teach us in our pain that by it alone true nobility can be gained—that without it man need never hope to be anything.

Man is not born immortal but with a capacity for becoming immortal. He has in the flesh that spark which makes him wish for things not of the flesh. Let us thank God for the gleam which is set before us, the will-o'-the-wisp of our darkness! Man is born to yearn and struggle for an unattainable object and by the fact that it is unattainable he proves its worth. He is finite—his ideal is infinite. To attain it either he must become infinite or his ideal finite. By the accomplishment of his purpose he proves that purpose to be low and worthless. Our greatest success is failure.

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three parts pain
Strive and hold cheap the strain
Learn nor account the pang; dare, never grudge
the throe!

Our mistaken aspirations, our inexperienced attempts, our failures—what are they but the beginning of better and nobler things? It is by these that we climb higher.

As tiny children—weary children with their stubborn little fingers crudely scrawl a copy, thus we, for are we not all children, with wavering and faltering stroke are painting the pictures of our lives. And Christ, that first example of all men can hope and dream to become, that great model after which master minds in all the past centuries have tried to copy—to-day in his inimitable glory and beauty stands before us and we, in our life's blood and the sweat of agony and tears of regret are striving to copy the faultless image. Our lines are crooked—the colors are blurred and faint—we cannot draw the image as we see it—we do not see it as it is. And we struggle on. For every man must paint. And as we toil, the lowly Nazarene looks down upon us and sees our poor attempts and disheartening failures. He misses not one distorted line which was almost straight. He overlooks no stroke which we tried to make beautiful. And some day, when the heavy darkness of that long sleep shall fall upon

the artist and his work, the great Master of all painters shall come and touch the crude picture. And the lines shall straighten, the colors shall glow, the image will be true. And we shall be like him for we shall see him as he is.

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest and faith we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two
'Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair,
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter and Paul
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us and only the Master shall blame,
And no one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of working and each in his separate star
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are.



FROM land to land and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

—Tennyson.

THE SMALL COLLEGE.

William Jennings Bryan in "The Commoner."

THE tendency toward consolidation and centralization is manifesting itself in the donations made to the large colleges. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, the Chicago and Stanford universities, and others of this class, have received enormous gifts. But is there not danger that the cause of education may be injured rather than aided if the great institutions become so strong as to destroy the small college? There is no doubt that the large colleges and universities have advantages in the way of libraries and apparatus that the small college cannot afford, but has not the small college, on the other hand, certain advantages over the larger institutions?

If within a certain territory there are two hundred boys who can and will patronize a local college, probably not over one hundred of them would attend a distant college. If the withdrawal of the one hundred causes the closing up of the local college, the number of graduates from that territory may be diminished rather than increased by the establishment of the large institution, and the danger is still greater if those who are able to endow the smaller colleges are persuaded to give to the large institutions.

There is a fellowship, too, among the students of a small college which is impossible among the students of a great educational institution. Where several thousand

boys are thrown together they are quite likely to divide into classes and cliques separated from each other by social lines and differences in the style of living, especially if, as in some places, the rich students have sumptuously furnished rooms, while others are forced to live in more modest apartments. Students do not need to be taught the artificial distinctions that are based upon wealth or pedigree; they learn these soon enough after entering life. There is a democracy about small colleges that is wholesome in its influence upon the student.

There is a third advantage in the small college which cannot well be overestimated, namely, the influence which the instructor exerts on the student. The years spent in college cover a critical age. It is the period when the boy's ideals are being formed, when habits are being contracted and when he is likely to enter upon an upward or downward course. The teacher in a small college knows the students intimately, and can supply to a large extent the parental care and watchfulness so much needed at such a time. The example of the teacher, a kindly suggestion, or a reproof given in an affectionate way may mean an immense amount to the boy and to his parents. This close personal contact is impossible where the teacher meets several hundred boys in a class room or lecture hall. It should be remembered that the object of education is

not the production of a scholar merely, but the production of a man, and a man has a heart as well as a head. The moral element in education cannot be neglected without infinite danger to the student and to society. Whether the education will prove a blessing will depend largely upon the life purpose of the man who possesses it, and nothing is more helpful in the implanting of a high and noble purpose than the constant daily influence of a pure-minded, devoted and conscientious instructor.

Those who have money to give to the cause of education may well consider whether the small college is not deserving of a larger share than it is now receiving.

Mr. D. K. Pearsons of Chicago, has shown great wisdom in dividing his fortune among a large number of small institutions

instead of bestowing a large endowment upon one institution. While some rich men have been identifying themselves with a single college or investing their money where it will return large dividends in dollars, he has been making an investment more permanent in its character, more profitable to the community and richer in reward to himself. Those who aid a worthy cause or give impetus to some movement for the uplifting of man build for themselves monuments which will outlast the granite and the bronze. The current that flows from heart to heart is infinite in the extent and duration of its influence, and those who use their money in such a way that they feel that they are contributing to the welfare of their fellows enjoy a satisfaction and happiness which wealth cannot purchase.



MARCH.

LIKE an army defeated
 The snow hath retreated,
 And now doth fare ill
 On the top of the bare hill;
 The plough-boy is whooping—anon—anon!
 There's joy in the mountains;
 There's life in the fountains;
 Small clouds are sailing,
 Blue sky prevailing;
 The rain is over and gone!

—Wordsworth.



A PESSIMIST is one who has been intimately acquainted with an optimist.—Elbert Hubbard.

EDITORIAL.

WITH this number we of the new staff begin our work as editors of the HOLCAD. We feel that a high honor has been conferred upon us and hope that we shall not prove unworthy of the trust confided in us. The retiring editors have merited only the highest praise for the excellency of the work they have accomplished, and for their faithfulness in its performance. It is the purpose of the new staff that the old standards shall not be lowered and to this end we bespeak in behalf of the HOLCAD the same co-operation on the part of the whole student body as has been granted in the past. Loyalty to our college requires that each student have the interests of the HOLCAD at heart. The support of the paper should not be left to the upper classes alone. There is need of Freshman originality as well as of Senior learning, if the paper is to be truly representative of the college. Suggestions, criticisms, and contributions from all sources will be most welcome. Let us hope that our relations together as editors, contributors and readers of the HOLCAD may be most pleasant throughout the year.



AMERICA'S royal visitor has returned to his home country, and his name has almost disappeared from newspaper gossip. Prince Henry certainly received a royal welcome from the American people. The leaders of society circles have vied with each other in entertaining him, a great uni-

versity has honored him with a degree, and the popular demonstration has everywhere been most enthusiastic. His visit has been of deep significance in many respects. But in no aspect has it been more noteworthy than in the informal expression of international good feeling which it has called forth. For Prince Henry owes the ardor of his reception not to American homage of title, nor to political design, but to the deep underlying feeling of friendship between two great nations. Such a demonstration as this gives assurance that the work of the Hague Peace Conference was neither premature nor in vain. For however tardily ratified by the government, it is evident that it rests upon the broad foundation of the popular good feeling between nations—a fit ground work for the erection of the glorious temple of universal peace.



ANOTHER term of college is completed, and the question comes to every student, "How much better off am I for the last three months spent at Westminster; how much better fitted am I to face the world and its problems?" Benefit has been derived by each student in proportion to the effort put forth and interest manifested in whatever has been set before him to be done. Habits formed now, can be changed with difficulty in after life. If we form habits now of doing things thoroughly and of depending on ourselves alone, there need be no fear of failure in our after life.

THE Faculty is to be commended, regarding its recent action in compelling all students in the collegiate department to become members of one of the established literary societies of the college. The value of society work is not, as a rule, realized by students until after they have graduated from college; and, if society work is not made compulsory, many students will never take it up at all. It is a great temptation to let slide such work, for which no grades are received, and for which little praise is received in comparison with that received by athletes for feats performed on the athletic field. But there is a culture and ease acquired in society work, which can not be acquired in the class room. Moreover, it is practical work. It teaches one to express his thoughts in good language. No difference what a man's occupation may be, there

are few men, who go out from college life, who are not, sometime, called upon to face an audience and, perhaps without any previous warning, to make a speech. This only a few men can do well without previous experience, and now is the student's opportunity to secure such experience.



WE have heard rumors to the effect that our college Glee Club is to give one of the concerts on the lecture course next year. This will certainly be a step in the right direction. We have a good Glee Club, and their concerts are enjoyed as much as those given by traveling companies. The boys have been put to a great deal of personal expense in this connection, without receiving any return, and it is only right that we should do what we can for them.



AN IDYL.

HE stands before his glass in doubt;
 His beard by night has sprouted well;
 He needs must scrape—and yet without
 He hears begin the lecture bell.
 Too many times he's skipped the course—
 He fears its doors on him may shut;—
 His blade is dull. Now which is worse
 To cut and shave, or shave and cut?
 —Howard Lampson.

HOLCADES MIKRAI.

DON'T forget to subscribe for the HOL-
CAD.

Mr. Dwight Russell '03, is ill with pneumonia.

Moonlight parties to visit sugar camps are in season.

Clyde W.—“You can hit me if you don't hit Me-hard.”

H. I. Zuver '04, of Pittsburg, was home for a few days.

Mr. Chas. Porter is recovering rapidly from his recent illness.

Mr. V. needn't think he can win every game by a steady gaze.

A foot ball game is not to be compared with a flag rush at the Hall.

Miss Haydee Elstein of New Castle, was a recent visitor in town.

John L. says that after R. V. came back, Mary had a little lamb.

The Rev. J. T. McCrory, D. D., recently visited his son J. A. McCrory, '04.

Mr. Laing's latest: “Railroads are in need of more wreckless engineers.”

Prof F.—“That's nearly right but it doesn't exist so it's entirely wrong.”

The Jr.—Sr. Basket Ball game was highly suggestive of chicken roasts.

Miss C. thinks a certain young preacher should soon be looking for a wife.

“Parting is such sweet sorrow.”

The Literary Societies have recently been reinforced both numerically and financially.

Three young ladies took an afternoon stroll to New Castle and returned by train.

We advise Mr. Laing to keep the furnishings of his room out of the neighbor's trees.

Miss F. is laying a good foundation for her work in art by taking up a preparatory study of hues.

Mr. Williams remarked “Edgar Sampson has a smaller brother about the same size at home.”

When a young man stays at the Hall until he is locked in things are looking rather serious.

Mr. McFate in Eng. Hist.—“Mary was given in marriage to William as one of the articles of the treaty.”

Mr. George S. Quay of Wellsburg, W. Va., was recently the guest of his sister, Miss Elizabeth Quay '04.

Mr. James Ferguson, Mr. Howard Boyd and Mr. R. B. Miller paid a short visit to New Wilmington this month.

Miss G. in Eng. Hist.—“The Castle of Blenheim was given him as a reward and is yet in the possession of his ancestors.”

Prof. McLaughry and Miss Hodgen missed the last few days of the term on account of illness but are recovering slowly.

Miss B. must have thought the class looked sleepy when she asked Mr. G. to "conjugate we fell asleep in the past indefinite."

Prof. M. (picking up a black cloth) "Some one's handkerchief I suppose after examination when he would naturally be in mourning."

After the last snow storm Miss P. was seen waiting on a street corner and when asked why she tarried said "Oh I'm just waiting for a bob."

At a meeting of the Oratorical Association Monday, March 17th, J. K. Gamble '02, was elected Westminster's delegate to the business meeting of the Inter-Collegiate Association.

In the Preliminary Contest held March 14th, the judges rendered the following decision: Weidler '02, first; McKelvey '02, second; Lytle '05, Veazey '02, Briceland '03, tie for third.

A spirited discussion was taking place among the ladies at the Hall as to the possible tendency of ministers' wives toward prevarication when suddenly Miss C. indignantly exclaimed "Who said I told lies?"

Messrs. R. G. Deevers '02, J. A. Veazey '02, and J. H. Grier '02, have received appointments as members of the faculty of Assiut College, Egypt, for three years beginning Sept. 1902. They expect to sail in August.

Hon. Walter M. Chandler of the New York Bar, delivered his lecture "The Trial of Jesus from a Lawyer's Standpoint" Thursday evening, March 20. The speak-

er handled his subject in an able manner showing deep thought as well as great oratorical ability.

The Sophomore boys introduced something unique when they extended congratulations to the girls of the victorious basketball team in shape of carnations in the class colors instead of the accustomed vocal celebration.

Prof. Mary Jeffers of Baltimore, a daughter of Dr. Jeffers of York, Pa., formerly President of Westminster, will deliver a course of three illustrated lectures here about April 17-19. The course includes one lecture on "Greece and Rome," treating of the Age of Pericles, Athens, Greek Athletic Games and the Roman Forum, showing the new excavations; another on "Pompeii," and a third on "A Journey Down the Rhine," an historical sketch beginning with Caesar and ending with the Unification of Germany. Miss Jeffers made another extended trip in Europe last summer preparing especially for these lectures. They will certainly be highly interesting and instructive—a rare treat which no one can afford to miss.

Mr. Hinshaw of Penn College, representing the Inter-Collegiate Prohibition League, visited Westminster recently for the purpose of forming a local organization. The movement is a new one, its aim being to enlist all college students in Prohibition work. One of its methods is to hold prohibition oratorical contests, in which any member of a league may participate. A local contest is first held, the winner of which is sent to the inter-collegiate contest. The

local contest here is to be held on April 25, the winner of which goes to Lancaster, Pa., on May 10, to compete for the Inter-collegiate prize. Several candidates have already entered for the local contest and the affair promises to be of unusual interest. The membership of the local league is steadily increasing and its outlook is very promising.



LABRATORY REMARKS.

Miss M. (wishing to borrow a blow pipe) "Mr. B. please lend me your wind pipe."

"Oh Mr. Shaw your hair's all tossed up."

Mr. P.—"These crystals belong to the monoclastic system."

Prof.—"Mr. A. How many kinds of Chemistry are there?"

Mr. A. "Three."

Prof. "What are they?"

Mr. A. "Organic, inorganic and—and—Oh Yes, Junior Chemistry."

Prof.—"Why is fluorine so hard to obtain?"

Miss S.—"Because it is scarce."

Mr. Y. doesn't believe in Athletics for girls. He spoiled a whole experiment while watching the crowd gather for the Basket Ball game.

Mr. M. and Mr. H. should be more saving of apparatus. The trains can carry only so much "every so often."



WOMAN'S WILL.

MEN dying make their wills—but wives
 Escape a work so sad;
 Why should they make what all their lives
 The gentle dames have had?

—John Godfrey Saxe.



I DO not tremble when I meet
 The fiercest of my foes;
 But heaven protect me from the man
 Who comes but never goes.—Saxe.

ALUMNI AND COLLEGE WORLD.

REV. J. A. Bailey '59, of Mt. Jackson, was a visitor in town recently.

Earle H. Frazer '01, is now in Pittsburg as chemist in the Black Diamond Steel Works.

Miss Jennie D. Vance '87, is teaching in the Government School at Crow Agency, Montana.

Rev. John McNaugher D. D., '80, of Allegheny Seminary, was a visitor a few weeks ago.

Will C. Ferver '98, Principal of schools, Goodwill, South Dakota, is home on a visit to his parents.

Professor G. L. Hamm '85, Slippery Rock State Normal, conducted chapel service recently.

A. H. Baldinger '00, preached before the Allegheny Presbytery lately. Mr. Baldinger's preaching was acceptable.

J. P. Vance '85, is Chief Constructing Engineer of a railroad in North West Territories, Canada, with headquarters at Edmonton, Canada.

Miss Laura B. McClure '97, one of Westminster's representatives in the great army of trained nurses, spent a few weeks at her home recently.

Rev. Thomas C. Anderson '91, was elected Moderator of Allegheny Presbytery (U. P.) meeting, held in Allegheny a few weeks ago. Mr. Anderson is a successful pastor in Tarentum, Pa.

The Misses Lida and Diana Pomeroy '98, now graduate students at Bryn Mawr college, lost most of their effects in the recent fire in Denbigh Hall, Bryn Mawr.

The following graduates were delegates to the Toronto Convention: W. V. Grove, '00, G. H. Seville '98, H. C. Chambers '99, A. H. Baldinger '00, and W. F. Brooks '00.

Mrs. Melissa McBride Hubbard '81, formerly of the Department of English in Indiana State Normal, now resides in Lansing, Mich. Dr. Hubbard is State Sup't. of the Anti-Saloon League of Michigan.

Graduate visitors with us recently were: Rev. R. W. Veach '96, Rochester, N. Y., Prof. G. L. Hamm '85, Slippery Rock, Homer C. Drake '00, law student, New Castle, J. M. Lininger '96, Journalist, Sharon, and James M. Ferguson '97, Allegheny Seminary.

Rev. J. G. Houston '93, and his East McKeesport congregation have lost by fire their new church and parsonage. The loss is estimated at \$10,500. The building had not been received from the contractors and the first and only service—a Sabbath school service—was held the day of the fire.

Dr. W. F. Waugh '68, for a number of years College lecturer in the Chicago Medical schools, will devote the most of his time hereafter to literary work. He has given up his private practice and also his profession as Medical lecturer with the exception of the Chair of Practice in the Chi-

cago Medical College, which he will retain. Dr. Waugh is the Literary Editor of the "Alkaloidal Clinic" and the "Surgical Clinic" and the author of a number of Medical books.

James M. Ferguson '97, a member of the class graduating this year from Allegheny Seminary and son of President Ferguson, has received and will probably accept the call to the First U. P. Church, New Castle, as co-pastor with Rev. Robert Audley Browne, D. D., many years pastor of that church. Mr. Ferguson also received an informal call to Second U. P. Church, Cambridge, O.

The distinction of being Westminster's

oldest graduate lies between Rev. J. M. Jamieson, D. D., Hopedale, O., and D. W. Rambo, Esq., Howard City, Kansas. The Rev. T. H. Hanna, D. D., Monmouth, Ill., the other member of the trio of '56, is the youngest of the three. Rev. Mr. Jamieson will be 71 years old July 30, 1902 and Mr. Rambo is about the same age. The next issue of the HOLCAD will probably contain the date of Mr. Rambo's birth. It is interesting in this respect to note that J. P. Whitla, Esq., of the Class of '83, has the distinction of being the youngest member of any Westminster graduating class, (Classical course.) Mr. Whitla is now Secretary of the South Sharon Steel Co., and director in many of the leading industries of South Sharon and Sharon.



COLLEGE WORLD.

Grove City College secured President Ferguson as one of three judges in a recent literary contest.

Haverford College has received from the widow of Charles Roberts \$50,000 for a new assembly hall. Mrs. Roberts also presented the college with Mr. Roberts' fine collection of autographs.

Wooster University, Ohio, has secured from L. H. Severance, \$15,000 in addition to the \$50,000 he had already given for a chemical laboratory. It was discovered that the plans would require \$65,000.

The friends of Bryn Mawr College are compelled to put forth extra efforts, owing to the recent fire in the dormitories, in order to secure the \$250,000 promised by John D. Rockefeller conditional on an equal amount being obtained by the College.

Thiel College will be consolidated with Greensburg (Pa.) Seminary this coming summer. Leading Lutheran residents of Greensburg have purchased 19 acres just east of that place at a cost of \$28,500, to be used as a college site. The site will be occupied by Thiel College.

Oberlin's "Grand Old Man" passed

away March 19, in the person of James H. Fairchild. James Harris Fairchild was born in Stockbridge, Mass., 1817. He graduated from Oberlin in 1838 and from the Theological Seminary in 1841. In 1842 he was professor of Greek and Latin and afterwards filled the chair of mathematics, theology and moral philosophy. In 1866 he became president of the college. He resigned in 1899 aged 72 years, but continued to teach in the college and Theological seminary until 1897. He was to Oberlin what Eliot has been to Harvard.

Harvard University has received the following sums of money as gifts: From an unknown friend for the erection of a stellar photographic library building at Har-

vard, \$20,000; Geo. Smith, St Louis, Mo., for three dormitories (by will) \$450,000. From Mrs. Arabella D. Huntington for a "Collis P. Huntington Laboratory of Pathology and Bacteriology, "in memory of her husband," \$250,000; From sixty-six (66) friends of Harvard, most of them graduates, in sums ranging from \$100 to \$100,000, \$571,225; From John D. Rockefeller, conditional on \$750,000 being obtained by June 1902, \$1,000,000; From J. Pierpont Morgan \$1,000,000. Total \$3,291,225. This sum less the first two items will be used for a medical school. John D. Rockefeller's million was secured by the subscriptions of the sixty-six (66) friends of Harvard before mentioned, together with Mrs. Huntington's \$250,000.



Y. M. C. A. AND Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The following were elected as officers: President, Loretta Mitchell '02; Vice Pres., Elizabeth Stewart '02; Cor. Sec., Pearle Anderson '02; Rec. Sec., Mary Sloss '04; Treasurer, Ada King '02.

The entertainment committee offered for approval a very bright and pleasing idea for a novel reception to be held the first of the spring term. All are cordially invited to come to a Japanese wedding and tea drinking.

We appeal to all the Christian girls of the College. Come and join us, stand up before our college world and show your

colors. Take the part that belongs to you in the work for Christ. There is strength and encouragement in numbers so come and help us. The Y. W. C. A. is a distinctively college prayer meeting, and if the college girls do not take an interest in it and keep it up, who is left to stand by it?

The meeting of the Y. W. C. A. held March 18, the last of the term was especially interesting. Several letters from city associations were read and greatly enjoyed. It is true that we college girls do not as a rule realize and appreciate the work done by our sister associations. Let us remem-

ber the grand work being done, let us uphold by prayer and in every way possible the hands of the faithful workers.

The new officers of the Y. M. C. A. are: President, F. S. Thompson '03; Vice President, T. A. Craig '03; Treasurer, Clyde Acheson '03; Recording Secretary, W. C. Press '04; Corresponding Secretary, H. C. Hildebran '03. The chairman of the several committees are: Devotional, H. C. Hildebran; Bible, W. C. Press; Missionary, Leigh Alexander; Social, T. A. Craig; Membership, John Lytle.

The delegates who attended the recent conventions at Warren and Toronto have returned to us filled with much enthusiasm for more and greater things in the Association work. They have come to us fresh from the company of some of the great leaders in the student world and have brought with them many good ideas which they are putting into the work of the Association.

Some echoes from the meeting of March 18, subject "Castle Building:"

"A castle must be built strong that it may withstand the assaults of the enemy. So ought the castle of our life to be built."

"In building our castle we must use the plumbline."

"A wall may have a seam in it, yet if it is built upon a firm foundation it will not fall."

"The castle of the Christian differs from earthly castles, in that it is built not only for time but also for eternity."

Mr. W. J. Miller, Student State Secretary, made us a short visit near the close of last term. He addressed the students in chapel, also at a called meeting in the afternoon. He instructed the new officers and committees in their work and we trust that his visit among us will inspire us to be more diligent in the work that is ours to do. He is an earnest enthusiastic worker and has the power of arousing others to more consecrated work.



SAY does Fact or Reason err,
And if they both err, which the more?
The man of smallest calibre
Is sure to be the greatest bore.



TRUTH and right are above utility in all realms of thought and action.—President Eliot.

MUSIC AND ART.

THE drawing classes are finishing their work for this year.

Miss Armour has just finished a very pretty water color, "Violets." Miss Park's "String of Pansies" is worthy of mention.

Miss Hodgens reports that excellent work has been done in the Studio this term. The new students especially deserve praise.

The crayon picture "Two Dogs," just completed by Mr. Snodgrass, is perhaps the most interesting study in the Art room.

"The Rose Maiden" by Fredrich H. Cowan, which was given two years ago by the Chorus Class, will be repeated commencement week instead of "The Holy City."

Miss Frampton's plate in "Blackberries" is one of the finest pieces done this term.



The following Senior Orations were given on February 25: "The Race Problem," Benjamin A. Allison, Mercer; "Persepolis," Ora Reisinger, Beaver; "Our Opportunities," Clark F. Campbell, New Sheffield; "Gustavus Adolphus," Joseph Boyd Witherspoon, Oakmont; "The Mob or the Law," Clyde Gibson, New Wilmington. "The Men Who Ran Away," Roy G. Kennedy, Sharpsburg; "The Hague Peace Conference," Charles H. Baldwin, New Castle.

The Annual Preliminary Contest was held in the College Chapel, Friday evening, March 14, at 8 o'clock. The five contestants all deserve commendation. The orations showed careful preparation and were characterized by deep thought. The first place was won by Mr. Weidler, while the second place was taken by Mr. McKelvey. The program follows:

A Hero's March to Liberty,	-	Mr. Briceland.
The Era of Hope,	-	Mr. Lytle.
The Thoughts and Actions of Men,	-	Mr. McKelvey.
The Knight of the Twentieth Century,	-	Mr. Veazey.
Christianity and Labor Problems,	-	Mr. Weidler.

The Mandolin Club, Mr. Weddell, Miss Gibson and Miss Mehard furnished the music.



One of the most enjoyable entertainments of the term was the Concert given in the First Church, Friday evening, February 28, at 8 o'clock. Miss Clark, who has always been a favorite in New Wilmington, rendered her solos with great feeling and expression. The appreciation of the audience was shown by the encores, all the performers being obliged to give extra numbers. The following program was rendered:

Swift	-	Concert Gavotte Op. 4, No. 4
		Mr. Weddell.
Macy.	-	The Water Mill.
		Glee Club.
Arditi.	-	Il Bacio.
		Miss Clark.
Denza.	-	Come to Me.
		Mr. Peterson.

—	-	-	-	Laddie.	by enthusiastic applause. The following is the program:
				Miss Acheson.	
Buck.	-	-	-	Fear Not Ye, O Israel.	
				Mr. Barr.	
Thomas.	-	-	-	a. Contentment.	Le Barge. - - Right Off the Griddle.
				b. Sunset.	Mandolin Club.
				Miss Clark and Mr. Peterson.	Osgood. - - My Little Woman.
Sinding.	-	-	-	Frueblingsranschen Op. 32, No. 3	Prof. Freeman.
				Miss Warner.	- - - The Two Rivers.
Mrs. Burton Harrison.	-	-	-	Tears Idle Tears.	Miss McKee.
				Miss Acheson.	Hatton. - - - Bugle Song
Tosti.	-	-	-	Mattinata.	Glee Club.
				Miss Olark.	Adams. - - The Holy City.
Foster.	-	-	-	Old Kentucky Home.	Mary Smith. - O That We Two Were Maying.
				Glee Club.	Rev. Barr and Mr. Craig.
					Tschaikowsky. - - Chant Sans Paroles.
					Miss Warner.
					Bullard. - Here's a Health to Thee, Roberts.
					Mr. Donaldson.
					Tennyson. - - Lady Clare.
					Miss Sloss.
					Molloy. - - Song of the Triton.
					Glee Club.



The concert in the College Chapel on Tuesday evening, March 11, for the benefit of the Base Ball Team was very successful. The Mandolin Club made its appearance for the first time this year, and was greeted



SO one stone more swings into place
 In the dread temple of Thy worth,
 It is enough that by Thy grace
 I saw naught common on Thy earth.
 —Kipling.



WE will try to make some small piece of ground beautiful, peaceful and fruitful. We will have no untended or unthought-of creatures upon it. We will have flowers and vegetables in our garden, plenty of corn and grass in our fields. We will have some music and poetry; the children shall learn to dance and sing it; perhaps some of the old people in time may also. We will have some art; and little by little some higher art and imagination may manifest themselves among us—nay—even perhaps an uncalculating and uncovetous wisdom, as of rude Magi, presenting gifts of gold and frankincense.—John Ruskin.

ATHLETICS.

THE list of sports to which Mr. Kipling makes such graceful allusion in his recent poem, "The Islanders" is unfortunately incomplete. The following from the Westminster Gazette, if it does not refine upon "The flanneled fool at the wicket and the muddled oaf at the goals," at least enlarges the catalogue:

"The rubber-shod rough with a racquet: the ass
on the asphalted path;
The half-witted hurler of hammers, the lubber
that leaps at a lath;
The ruffian riding in red; the gaby in gaiters
that shoots;
The fatuous flapper of flies; the scoundrel with
skates on his boots;
The bare-legged boobies in boats, each bent on
becoming a "blue;"
The crass headed crooks playing croquet, the
crapulous cad with a cue;
The lout that loafs on the links with his lingo of
'lies' and "the like;"
The blundering bent-backed boulder that buck-
ets along on a bike;
The maniacs mounted on motors that murder a
man every mile,
(And I think you will freely admit that I've bet-
tered my earlier style.)"



The annual inter-class indoor meet was held on March 19, and was won by the senior team, which made 53 points. There were no sophomore entries and the other classes scored as follows: 1903, 19; 1905, 11. Preparatory department, 23. The events, winners and records were:

Standing high jump—1st, P. H. Yourd, '03; 2nd, H. Lambie, prep; 3d, R. G. Deever, '02; and R. G. Kennedy, '02. 4 ft. 2½ in.

Potato race, 220 yd.—1st, R. Freetly, prep; 2nd, P. H. Yourd, '03. 56 sec.

Running high jump—1st, W. C. Witherspoon, '03; 2nd, J. B. Witherspoon, '02; 3d, J. V. McKelvey, '02. 5 ft. 2½ in.

15 ft. ladder climb—1st, tie between R. G. Kennedy, '02 and J. A. Veazey, '02; 2nd, J. V. McKelvey, '02. 4 3-10 sec.

Triple broad jump—1st, R. G. Kennedy, '02; 2nd, R. G. Deever, '02; 3d, R. Freetly, prep. 29 ft. 10½ in.

Bar-vault—1st, J. V. McKelvey, '02; 2nd, W. D. Cleland, '05; 3d, R. G. Kennedy, '02; 6 ft. 4½ in.

Slow bicycle race—1st, J. H. Hunter, prep.

Pull up—1st, J. V. McKelvey, '02; 2nd, J. A. Veazey, '02. 3d, R. C. Adams, '02. 26.

Pole-vault—1st, H. Lambie, prep; 2nd, R. G. Kennedy, '02; 3d, J. B. Witherspoon, '02. 8 ft. 9¾ in.

Shot-put—1st, R. Thompson, '05; 2nd, E. A. Tennent, '05. 3d, H. H. Donaldson, '02. 36 ft. 7½ in.

Rope-skip, 1 min.—1st, Lambie, prep; 2nd, P. H. Yourd, '03; 3d, R. G. Deever, '02. 203.

High diving jump—1st, H. Lambie, prep; 2nd, P. H. Yourd, '03; 3d, R. C. Adams, '02. 5 ft. 4½ in.

Parallel dip—1st, R. G. Kennedy, '02; 2nd, J. A. Veazey, '02; 3d, R. G. Deever, '02. 29.

The basket ball game on March 13, between the freshman and sophomore girls' team was won by the 1904 five by the score of 15-2. The audience was made up exclusively of college girls and despite a one-sided score the contest is said to have been a spirited one. Partisan enthusiasm found expression in cheers and songs more or less personal. Five minute quarters were played and 1904 maintained the lead throughout. The score by quarters was 1st, 3-1; 2nd, 12-1; 3d, 12-2; 4th, 15-2. The teams played as follows:

1904—15.	1905—2.
Miss Allen.....f.....	Miss McElree
Miss Elliott.....f.....	Miss Gilkey
Miss Mitchell.....c.....	Miss C. Stewart
Miss } Armour	
Miss } Ferguson.....g....	Miss L. Stewart
Miss Sloss.....g.....	Miss Cochran
Goals: Miss Elliott 2, Miss Sloss 2, Miss Mitchell. From foul, Miss Cochran, 2. Officials, Miss Frances Gibson .02, Miss Pearle Anderson '03.	



1903 lost to 1902 on March 15, by the score of 50-16. For some time honors were nearly even but 1902 gradually forged ahead and closed the first half with 23 points against '03's two goals from foul. The second half was more closely contested, '03 scoring 14 points, while '02 made 27. The line-up was:

1902—50.	1903—16.
Houston.....f.....	Yourd
Donaldson.....f.....	Russell
Wright.....c.....	Veazey
Kennedy (Capt.).....g.....	Degelman (Capt.)
Deevers.....g.....	Witherspoon
Goals: Houston 7, Wright 3, Deevers 3, Kennedy. Degelman, Witherspoon; Foul, Kennedy 6, Degelman 5, Yourd 2, Houston, Wright. Officials, Lambie and Moore.	

The second team won from the Pittsburg High School five in a close and exciting game on March 17th. The score was 26-18. At the end of the first half the score stood 16-10 in favor of the High School. In the second, Westminster gradually lessened the gap and when five minutes of play remained, was one point to the good. A foul goal by Nickel tied the score. This was followed by one by Moore to Westminster's advantage, when Nickel again brought the teams even by making the High School's last point. Two goals each in quick succession by Elliott and Moore then put the victory out of doubt. Pittsburg was not allowed a field goal in the second half. The line-up follows:

Pittsburg H. S.—18.	Westminster—26.
McCrory.....f.....	Christy
Orr.....f.....	Houston
Nickel.....c.....	Elliott
Steen.....g.....	Smith
Morgan.....g.....	Moore
Goals: Smith 3, Elliott 3, Moore 4. Houston, Orr 3, McCrory 2, Nickel, Steen; From foul, Moore 4, Nickel 4. Officials, Mr. Rosser, D. C. & A. C., Degelman, Westminster.	



The Grove City College team won the second game of the series with Westminster by the score of 45-31. Unfamiliarity with the hall and in particular the lowness of the ceiling proved a serious handicap to the Westminster team and this together with the unexpected strength developed by Grove City since their defeat at New Wilmington gave the winning five what was all in all, a well won victory. Courteous treatment was extended to the Westminster team by both players and partisans and

a wholesome spirit of sportsmanship obtained generally throughout the game. Grove City maintained the lead from the outset though at one point in the second half the score stood 28-27. The two teams thus stand even, each winning one game and the total points being Westminster 96, Grove City 72. The line-up and summary follow:

Grove City - 45. Westminster - 31.

White.....	f.....	Wright
Locke.....	f.....	Kennedy
DeFrance.....	c.....	Lambie
Clinger.....	g.....	Deevers
Campbell.....	g.....	Stewart

Goals from field: White 4, Locke 3, DeFrance 3, Clinger, Campbell 3, Wright, Kennedy 4, Lambie 5; Goals from foul, Campbell 3, Lambie 4. Referee, Thompson, of Geneva. Time, 20 minute halves.



Westminster's return games at both Beaver Falls and Meadville resulted in victory for Geneva and Allegheny respectively. Perhaps the most clever playing done by the Westminster five this season was seen in the Geneva game. In this, the score at the end of the first half was 13-12 in favor of Westminster and the contest was not won until the last minute of play. The scores in both games were Allegheny 40, Westminster 5; Geneva 42, Westminster 29. We are unable to give summaries of either game.



An unpleasant rumor is current among both Geneva and Westminster undergraduates that two members of Grove City's basketball team are not in college. We trust that an investigation will prove this

to be groundless. If it is established, on the other hand, it will indicate a degree of athletic iniquity and unblushing dishonesty which must give every friend of fair-dealing in college sport pause. Let the matter be probed. In the meantime we will hope that the confidence in the honesty of her sister college which Westminster manifested in consenting to meet her team this season has not been abused.



We notice by the Grove City dispatches to the Pittsburg papers that the college has again won "the intercollegiate championship of Western Pennsylvania." This makes, unless we have lost count, the 121st consecutive "championship" thus won. This perennial athletic joke of the soi-disant "champions" is beginning to get a bit threadbare.



The prospects for base ball the coming spring are now brighter than ever before. Many new men are already reporting to the gymnasium for winter practice. A strong schedule is now being arranged. Games will be played with all college teams in Western Pennsylvania. From the outlook at this time of the season the team bids to uphold its former record—the inter-collegiate champions of Western Pennsylvania. The management has been successful in securing last year's "crack" battery—Frank Smith and Sam Brown, the Only and Best.—Grove City Collegian.

Consequently neither Geneva, Allegheny nor Westminster will have the pleasure of meeting the "champions" this year

on the diamond, says the Allegheny Campus, "Grove City will again be represented this season by practically a hired nine. No self-respecting college should arrange games with them."



For the same reason, hired players, the Ohio colleges have refused to arrange games with Washington and Jefferson. This is a richly-deserved rebuke to the "muckerism" which yet prevails in one or another specious guise in a few, and happily only a few, of our colleges. Let the "induced" player idea be made odious.



In the course of a recent sermon on heroism Dr. Parkhurst made allusion to the heroism of to-day and incidentally referred somewhat scathingly to football. Said he, "The tendency in all ages is to imagine that chivalry to a good degree consists in taking the risk of being knocked down ourselves while in the act of knocking somebody else down. But that is the chivalry that yokes a man with a hyena. In our colleges and universities there is no event in the entire academic year that so grips upon the interest of the entire institution, from president down to professor of dust and ashes as the struggle on the campus that illustrates the students' terrific brutality. In comparison with it, intellectual feats and philosophic, classic, or even scientific competition are not even a barren circumstance." Harper's Weekly, on the point, says that if Dr. Parkhurst could only begin to know what these athletic sports have

done in fifteen years in our colleges to give our boys a good outlet for their energy, a good moral perspective, he would thank Heaven for these same hyena-like games. The secret of the whole matter is that the ten-thousand newspapers in America cannot and do not come out each morning with scare-heads that Peter and Tim have this morning attended three lectures on history, science and political economy. Yet Tim and Peter do go to their lectures every day in the college year. But when the two lads play on Thanksgiving day, or now of a June afternoon, then the boom is hardly worth the scare-head. Here lies the difficulty with the energetic doctor. He reads it and cries "Kill the hyena!" Frankly, it is a case of a little knowledge in athletic matters. Dr. Parkhurst is an energetic preacher, than whom there is no better fighter for the right against the wrong; but we conceive that in his enthusiasm for his subject he has strayed a point from those fields in which he is correctly informed as to details.



The project of taking a track team to Philadelphia on April 26th, to take part in the Intercollegiate Field and Track games on Franklin Field under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, is now well in hand.



The meet of the Intercollegiate League of North Western Pennsylvania will be held this year in Beaver Falls under the auspices of Geneva. Both Allegheny and Westminster will send teams and an interesting athletic event is in prospect. Wheth-

er Westminster's team will participate in the games at Schenly Park, Pittsburg, on May 30, is as yet undetermined. There are several promising candidates for the team among the men who entered college last September and of last year's team we have Deevers '02, Kennedy '02, McBride '02,

Veazey '02, Stewart '04, Yourd '03, Price '04, Degelman '03, Thompson '03, and others. Of the new men Lambie, R. Yourd and Campbell are the most promising thus far. It is expected that an interclass meet will be held some time during commencement week.



EXCHANGES.

SILENCE is a friend that will never betray.—Confucius.

Temper is a weapon that we hold by the blade.—Barrie.

The world looks to the college for opponents of idleness and cruelty, for champions of industry and kindness; for modern knights-errant who will think and act.—Lombard Review.

Prof. (to hesitating Soph.): "Sir, you seem to be evolving that translation from your inner consciousness."

Soph: "No, Professor, last night I read that by faith Enoch was translated, and I thought I would try it on Plato."

Prof: "Faith without works is dead."—Ex.

Do you hear the ocean moaning,
Ever moaning soft and low?
'Tis because that fat old bather
Stepped upon its undertow.

A man who does not know how to learn from his mistakes turns the best schoolmaster out of his life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of Time.

—Longfellow.

Great men's lives remind us also,
When tracks in the sand we meet,
Men who make the largest footprints
Need not have the biggest feet.—Ex.

Lives of poor men oft remind us,
Honest men don't stand a chance,
The more we work there grow behind us
Bigger patches on our pants.
On our pants once new and glossy
Now are stripes of different hue,
All because subscribers linger
And will not pay us what is due.
Then let us all be up and doing,
Send your mite however small,
Or, when the snow of winter strikes us
We will have no pants at all.—Ex.

Lives of students all remind us
We should pay no heed to looks,
But in passing leave behind us
Interlinings in our books.

Interlinings which another
Toiling hard midst grief and pain,
Some forlorn and flunked out fellow
Reading, ne'er shall flunk again.—Ex.

In the Lombard Review for February are two good articles on the value of a college education. The first deals with the question from a favorable standpoint, and advances those arguments with which we are all familiar; that a college education broadens the mind, permits one to look at the world from different points of view, teaches a man to think and form his own opinions, and makes him more tolerant and useful. The other article, after showing that the proper kind of man can get along without a college education, consults the opinion of the college president or professor and of the business man who is disgusted with college graduates because he finds so many who are worthless from a practical standpoint. The writer then proceeds:

"And so we must take the words of the college professor and those of the business man and sift them thoroughly before we formulate our answer.

"Does it pay from a social standpoint? Is a college graduate any happier in his home life than one who is not? Is the influence he casts over his wife and children any more pure or moral than is the influence of his neighbor who is not a graduate? Alas, the answer might be more in favor of the

college graduate if there were less Herrons in this world, or if we could find a single instance where the college social intercourse is more pure than it is in a good home.

"Another question might be asked here. Does a college education pay from a moral point of view? We can answer this by asking other questions. Does it pay, in any instance, to place a prize on indolence, lying or deceit in any form, from a moral standpoint? Is it right to reward a student, who bluffs his way through the recitations, with a high mark at the end of the term, while he, who has to dig for his knowledge and passes his examinations honestly, must take a low mark or flunk?

"I believe if parents understood this matter thoroughly, they would stop and consider the question very carefully, 'Does a college education pay?' before launching their children into college, and maybe there would be fewer good-for-nothings in a class of college graduates."

This all goes to show that it depends largely upon the student himself what good he gets from attending college. We believe he may get great good by proper use of his opportunities.



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THE ERA OF HOPE.

By John Lytle, '05.

THE history of the world is a record of its changes. By disobedience the first representatives of our race sowed seed from which their descendants have ever reaped a harvest of vicissitudes. For no two days in succession, nay, not for an hour, has the world remained the same. "There are a thousand evidences that the present state of things is drawing to a close, and that some new development of the social organization is at hand." Is the coming state of affairs to be better or worse, is an all-important question. Is the world on the march to victory, peace and happiness, or is it returning to original chaos? Ask the pessimist; he will tell you there is ground for your worst fears. Society is a pot of corruption, the lid of which none dare lift. Intemperance, despite the huge efforts made to check and control it, with liberal hand continues to deal out woe, sorrow, contentions, ruin and death. The Sabbath, that great bulwark of Christian civilization, that corner stone of our religion, is being turned into a day for every manner of pleasure and sport. Politics is a synonym for all that is hypocritical and selfish. In our day we do not expect to have amongst our statesmen a Washington or a Lincoln. And if such a one does arise before we are able to recognize him we must hear from his dying lips as he enters the hall of martyrs "Thy

will be done." From North, South, East and West the roar of cannon, the cries of the wounded and dying are carried to our ears by the wings of telegraph, telephone and press. Throughout the southern part of this continent war, grim and terrible, continues to rage and consume. The gold fields of South Africa are saturated with human blood. In thousands of unknown graves rest the mangled bodies of Britain's sons and Transvaal patriots. Anarchy, that awful monster of Hades, instead of being exterminated, is permitted to thrive on the blood of the nations' rulers. The great family of God on earth is divided against itself and is going to pieces.

Is it beyond the power of all the mighty forces for right to make it live in harmony? Are we entering upon an age that will be darker than the dark ages? Are politics to become worse than in the days of Bolingbroke? Is our world about to pass through a reign of terror? Will our electric chairs be only another name for the guillotine? Oh, is it possible that a Danton will one of these days pollute with his foul presence the halls of Windsor castle hallowed by the breath and footsteps of England's noble Queen? Will the last earthly home of Lincoln and McKinley be occupied by a Robespierre?

While it cannot be denied that black

and ominous clouds of intemperance, war, political corruption, and anarchy are floating in the world's sky, it is also a great truth that behind them the sun of sobriety, peace, purity and law is bursting forth in all his strength, and before his strong rays these clouds are slowly but surely melting away. Look where it will, the thoughtful, intelligent mind will see abundant reasons for believing that the darkness which has enveloped the world in part since the beginning is giving place to a brighter day. The world is in a better state now than it has ever been. Its condition is vastly improved since the days of Ahab and Jezebel; it is sound compared with the hollowness of the days immediately preceding the coming of the Christ; bright when put side by side with the darkness dispelled by Luther, Calvin and Knox.

Carlyle has said that "The centuries are all lineal descendants of one another." He believed that past experiences and present conditions largely determine our immediate future. As we look back over the past century and behold with wonder the marvelous achievements made in an infinite number of good directions, as we gaze around at present and see the progress being made toward the realization of higher ideals, surely our expectations for the future ought to be optimistic; surely our age is, far above all others, an Era of Hope.

Machinery, steam, electricity, are reducing human labor to a minimum. Men will live henceforth rather by mental force than physical energy. This necessitates education. Never before was this so easily obtained. Educational institutions are being multiplied in every land. Never before

has access to them been so easy; never before have instructors been so competent. The best thoughts of the strongest and brightest minds of past and present are placed in our hands. The conscience of the public has always solved the moral, social, and political problems which new conditions are continually creating. Soon conscience will be so educated that all such problems will be disposed of with much greater facility.

Already wonders have been accomplished in political circles. Look at the freedom and power attained by the citizens of Great Britain. Imagine a Louis XIV sitting on a European throne today! And just as surely as the world has triumphed over despotism, so surely will it, in the near future, free itself from the shackles of political demagogues. When the human race arrives at that state of culture which present conditions warrant us in expecting, the imagination fails to picture the era of peace and prosperity that will be ushered in.

It is true that ancient nations possessed a culture in some respects unsurpassed by modern civilization, and where are they today? They flourished, ruled for a season, and fell, dragged down by their own prosperity. Yes, but we must remember that there is a great difference between the culture of Babylon and Greece and that of Europe and America in the twentieth century. Theirs was a culture, the bone and marrow of which was license; ours is a civilization the pillars and foundations of which are purity of heart and life, love to our neighbour as to ourselves, faith in a Supreme Being infinite in His power, wisdom, and goodness.

There are other forces for good largely the result of education. During the past hundred years woman, from being man's slave, has been rising step by step until to-day she stands his equal in nearly every walk of life. His equal in learning she is easily his superior in morals. Banded together for the destruction of evil and the uplifting of the oppressed she possesses a power prophetic of glorious things for the world. If it be true that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world" what will not that same hand do in the coming days, trained as it will be by the learning of high school, college, and university? What will not that same hand do, as it not only rocks the cradle, but points out from teacher's desk the beauties of the arts and sciences? Woman has reached a height from which she is going forth to conquer the world for God and humanity. There is a heavenly love in her heart; there is a look of holy boldness on her face; the sword of justice is in her right hand, and in her left the lamp of truth; vengeance for the wrongs of six thousand years flashes from her eye. Look! She is face to face with the Devil's hosts! Will she go back or will she go on? She is going on! Look out powers of darkness! Your kingdom totters! At last you have met an enemy worthy of your hellish weapons!

It is generally conceded that the state of the church largely determines the state of the world. To that divine institution, more than to any other power, must be attributed the civilization we enjoy. To her the majority of educational institutions owe their origin and maintenance. From her

emanate most philanthropic movements for the comfort and uplifting of the unfortunate. In what state is she now! Frequently we hear men bewail her lukewarmness and irreverence, and sigh for the good old days of their fathers. But if the church is declining statistics fail to prove it. Rich and poor, learned and illiterate are enrolling themselves amongst her numbers. Men are beginning to see that there is philosophy in religion, that "it is profitable" even "for the life that now is." Is the church declining? What meaneth, then, that song that comes floating to your ears from three million Christian Endeavorers? Ask what she is doing in heathen lands. Do all this liberality and enthusiasm denote retrogression? And she has only begun to do. She has only begun to erect her churches and schools in the dark places of the earth; only begun to translate the old book into the languages and vernaculars of the world. "Watchman, what of the night? The morning cometh" Yes the morning is coming. The beams of the rising "Sun of Righteousness" already have gilded the lofty domes of Egypt, India, and the Islands of the sea. Soon it will be "daybreak everywhere."

While we must admit that the increase of morality during the past decade has not been proportional with that of wealth and science, yet we can affirm that here, too, the progress has been marvelous. And we believe that, as in a child, first comes physical strength, afterwards intellectual, and last spiritual, so with our old world; it has recently engaged in gymnastics which have developed its material muscles in a wonderfully grand way; out of this there will be

evolved such a moral organism as the Creator foresaw when He breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life.

Christian culture, science, consecrated womanhood and the old church are harnessed to a better age, and come it must.

The sun went down on a better world tonight than last night, and before he shall have wended his way to the west again mankind will be nearer to God; and the sun that rises fifty years from now will warm and brighten the most moral people, that ever basked in its beams.

Are you ready to take your place in this better age? Remember, there will be little room in it for the mean, the selfish, the untrue.

"The age wants heroes—heroes who shall dare
To struggle in the solid ranks of truth;
To clutch the monster error by the throat;
To bear opinion to a loftier seat;
To blot the error of oppression out,
And lead a universal freedom in.

* * * * *

If thou wilt be a hero, and wilt strive,
To help thy fellow and exalt thyself,
Thy feet, at last, shall stand on jasper floors."



PERSEPOLIS.

By Victoria Jane Reisinger, '02.

IN the land of roses and of fair women, in the southwestern part of Persia is the lovely valley of Shiraz which poets delight in describing and idealizing. Through the long spring and summer the plains are covered with flowers, filling the air with perfume, and the melody of birds, winds and waters reaches the ear. The fields in this vale are covered with grain which ripens as early as the month of May; here, fruit is most abundant and luxuriant, and the grapes, the apricots, and the peaches are much finer than those of Europe. The nightingale sings more sweetly than elsewhere and the rosebush, the national emblem of Persia here grows to the size of a tree and is weighed down by beautiful blossoms.

In the hollow of a crescent formed by

rocky hills at one extremity of this valley and thirty miles northwest of Shiraz stands an immense platform, rising fifty feet above the plain. It is partly hewn out of the mountain itself and partly built up with gray blocks of marble purposely cut of different shapes and sizes and so fitted together according to a plan which contemplates strength and solidity that the joints can scarcely be detected. This platform, which consists of a series of terraces, three of which are still seen, is about fourteen hundred feet long by nine hundred broad and its faces front the four quarters of the heavens. You rise from the plain by a system of marble staircases so massive and grand as to excite just wonder even at the present. The noblest of these ascents is on the west side of the elevation near its northern

end. The steps are so broad and easy that modern travelers ride up and down them without difficulty, the breadth of the flight being sufficient to permit ten horsemen to ride abreast. "The ancient world has bequeathed to the modern no other example of a stairway so massive, so simple, so grand" and so enduring that time has been unable to disturb the solidity of adjustment.

Ascending these steps you reach a landing where two colossal figures, sculptured from great blocks of marble, stand as sentinels. It is thought by some that the one horn in the forehead indicates the Unicorn, that the mighty limbs with the prominent muscles represent the sacred bulls of the Magian religion, while the half human repose of the features suggests some symbolic and supernatural meaning. Passing these sentinels who have kept their solitary watch for centuries, you ascend by other flights of steps to the top of the terrace. The chief difference between the two staircases is that the lower one on the west is perfectly plain while the faces of the second stairway are covered with sculpture, the most interesting of any found among the ruins of Persian greatness. One of the chief of these works is the relief of a lion devouring a bull. At your left as you ascend the steps eight colossal guards, armed with spear and sword and shield, are executed in a style worthy of the chisels of Greece. Along the whole stairway are carved rows of figures which seem to be ascending by your side. They represent a large number of subject peoples bringing tribute to the great king, warriors, captives, men of every nation, among whom the negro of Africa is very easily distinguished.

The officers of the monarch are arranged in rank and are evidently conducting the ceremonial of the court. In three different parts of the stairway slabs are left for the purpose of receiving inscriptions and on one of these written in that strange wedge-shaped character, which after long baffling the learning of Europe has only yielded to the science of the present century, are the following words, "Xerxes, the Great King, the King of Kings, the son of King Darius the Achaeminian." Thus all doubt is removed as to whose royal halls opened at the landing of these stairs or under whose direction the great palace was reared.

On the top of the terraces are the ruins of what were once the most splendid edifices in all Persia. There stand, lonely and beautiful a few gigantic columns whose lofty shafts and elaborate capitals belong to an unknown order of architecture. Here, then, was the palace of Darius and his successors Xerxes and Artaxerxes famous for their conquests some of which are recorded on these walls. They carried their victorious arms into India on the east, and Syria and Asia Minor on the west, but are even more famous for being defeated at Marathon and Thermopolae. By the side of these columns sat the great kings of Persia receiving ambassadors from all parts of the known world. Here, perhaps, sat Cyrus, the founder of the Persian monarchy, and issued orders that Jerusalem should be rebuilt. To this place the son of Xerxes the Ahasuerus of Scripture may have brought the fair Esther from Susa. For this is the famous Persepolis, and on those loftier platforms where only ruinous heaps of stones now remain, stood that other palace which

Alexander burned 330 years before Christ and which resembled the Temple of Solomon more than any other building of antiquity. "Solitary in their situation, peculiar in their character," says Heeren, "these ruins rise above the deluge of years which has overwhelmed all the records of human grandeur around them, and buried all traces of Susa and Babylon. Their venerable antiquity and majestic proportions do not more command our reverence than the mystery which involves their construction awakens the curiosity of the most unobservant spectator. Pillars which belong to no known order of architecture, inscriptions in an alphabet which continues an enigma, fabulous animals which stand as guards at the entrance, the multiplicity of allegorical figures which decorate the walls,—all conspire to carry us back to ages of the most remote antiquity over which the traditions of the east cast a wavering light."

As in most of the ancient kingdoms, so in Persia, the grandest display of architectural skill was in the construction and decoration of royal palaces. Because of the purer and simpler religious doctrines of the Persians their temples were less grand and less numerous than those of the Egyptians. After the palaces the most striking works of the Empire were the tombs which the kings, with feelings very much like those of the Pharaohs, built for their last homes. It is from the houses of the kings,

living and dead that we get our knowledge of the style and building arts of the Persians. Persepolis, therefore, may be studied as a type.

The entry of Alexander the Great into Persepolis is rendered doubly memorable by the vast fire which soon followed and reduced one of the most magnificent of the world's capitals to ashes. We may judge of what Persepolis must have been by the grandeur and beauty of the ruins which yet remain to remind us of the glory of Darius and Xerxes and of the "ruthlessness of war when her torch is in the hands of one like Alexander."

Dryden has recorded this incident in one of the finest odes in the English language entitled "Alexander's Feast." In this famous lyric the poet takes what is probably the rational view of this great calamity, which it certainly was to the history of architecture. Dryden represents the king of Macedon fired at a banquet in the halls of Persepolis by the songs of Timotheus, the bard, who recites the wrongs which Greece had suffered at the hands of the Persians and summoned them to take a vengeance that would immortalize his name.

The burning of Persepolis was a mistake, whether done in a moment of wild frenzy, or as an act of profound policy.

"He who wars against the arts, wars not against the nations but against mankind."



I FIND the great thing in this world is, not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are going.—O. W. Holmes.

EDITORIAL.

THE baseball season is again at hand. The weather has not been very favorable for practice, but the boys have made the most of their opportunities. We cannot as yet judge what sort of a team we will be able to put in the field, as a large percentage of the players are new. But, as it is unnecessary to say to anyone acquainted with Westminster College, every member of our team is a member of college, and receives no inducements to play on the team. It is the duty of every student in college to attend the games, and cheer our boys on to victory. Nothing inspires a team as much as the knowledge that it has the school right with it. College songs, college yells, and cheering help to infuse an indomitable spirit into the players. We are with them; let them know it.



THE death of Frank R. Stockton removes a favorite author from the group of American writers of to-day. His works have been read so widely, and with such keen enjoyment that his name has become a household word in American homes, and deservedly. For while literary critics may quarrel over their estimate of the value and permanence of his work, a weary, care-worn world is too grateful to its mirth-makers to let their work soon pass into oblivion, and this generation, at least will not fail to cherish the memory of one who has so often provoked it to laughter as has the

author of "The Casting Away of Mrs. Leeks and Mrs. Aleshines."



A COPY of this number of the HOLCAD will be sent to each new student reminding such an one that his or her name should appear on the subscription list. The HOLCAD is published especially for the students and it should receive their undivided support. It is a lamentable fact that it does not receive the patronage which it deserves either from the students or from the Alumni and consequently the staff is considerably hampered in its efforts to publish an up-to-date college paper. Neighboring colleges—some of them no larger in numbers than Westminster—are able to publish weekly a highly creditable paper; must we be compelled to admit that in this respect alone we are inferior to our sister colleges? The answer, reader, rests with you.



MORE definite plans are now being discussed by the students concerning an annual debate between Geneva and Westminster. Every one concedes that this debate would be a great benefit to the colleges and students concerned, but many have raised the objection that we have all the contests we can well attend to without injuring our regular society work. If this inter-collegiate debate is held, there must of course, be a preliminary contest to

choose the college representatives, and this would interfere with the debate in the contest between the societies at the end of the year. The plan, as now talked of, is to hold two society contests each year; one at the end of the Fall term consisting of debate, three contestants being chosen from each society; the other at the end of the Spring term, consisting of oration, decla-

mation, and essay. It is thought that this would also improve the Spring contest, for the contests as now held are so long as to be exceedingly wearisome. By this plan the inter-collegiate representatives would not necessarily be the entire winning team in the preliminary debate, but the three best debaters chosen from the six. No change is contemplated in the programme for the Spring contest this year.



HOLCADES MIKRAI.

WHY is a college paper like a good student? It should be well read.

Begin now to cram for final exams.

Senior examinations will close on June 4.

A liberal reward is offered to the finder of an unfrequented walk or bridge.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of"—baseball.

Did Miss Breaden take the desired course in the study of homology last term?

The reception given by the Y. P. C. U. of the Second Church was much enjoyed.

Prof. M. after discussion of Latin cases, "Miss Broad, what does a real case mean in English?"

Scrub and press botany specimens before mounting. Be sure to use new specimens. The benefits derived are both mental and physical.

Don't wait to borrow some other person's HOLCAD, get one of your own. Only one dollar a year.

E. P. Cole, J. L. Degelman and J. M. Briceland of the Junior Class, have been admitted to the class of 1902.

Miss Ramsey, when asked to accompany some girls to the station studiously remarked "Can't leave Dutch."

Seniors and others desiring photographs this spring should see the Star Photo Co. for samples and prices before ordering elsewhere.

Miss Brown, calling roll—"Miss Scholl"

Mr. Shaw, suddenly aroused from a reverie,—“Here.”

Miss B. "Can't you think of any more of these adverbs?"

Mr. M. "Oh, yes—"

Miss B. "Wo, that's right."

How fortunate for the young lady who is "just starved for hymn(s) that she lives in a United Presbyterian settlement where only the Sams are in demand.

We are glad that Prof. McLaughry is able to be back again and hope that Miss Hodgen may continue to improve so that she too may soon be able for her work.

SENIOR CHEMISTRY YELL.

Paraffine, kerosene, tetra-methyl-amine,
Benzol, glycol, iso-butyl-carbinol,
Carbonyl isomerism, hydroxyl metamerism,
Palmitate, stearate, iso-sulpho-cyanate,
Pentane, butane, tetra-mythl ethane,
 Due for early cemetry
 'Rah for Senior Chemistry
 Whoop-ta-di-de
 Squirt gun, Whee.

If expecting to have pictures taken this spring it is recommended that half an hour a day be spent in practicing the "pleasant expression." Constant repetition of the word "persimmons" is said to give the proper turn to the corners of the mouth.

Dr. Ferguson was absent in Pittsburg for several days attending the Presbyterian Alliance Commission and the banquet given by the United Presbyterian Social Union at Schenly Hotel.

Howell's farce, "The Mouse-Trap" will be given April 23 for the benefit of the track team by a number of the students under the direction of Miss Acheson.

"Can you tell me where I can find a nice shady walk not too stony—one where a few botany specimens may be found, as an excuse, preferred?"

"Will you kindly tell me how to find the way to the ball field?"

Miss M. "How long will it be until full moon?"

Miss S. "Indeed, I don't know I'm not studying botany this term."

In spring term, more folks learn
Than the lessons in their books
For they go to and fro
And search out the shady nooks,
Then they talk and they walk,
Far away along the brooks.

After having made a microscopic examination and chemical analysis of the "Local Box" we still find no traces of jokes or information, hoping for a noncontinuation of past omissions we remain yours expectantly.

The Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest will be held at Allegheny College, Meadville, May 14. Best wishes for a return of Westminster's past success.

Miss Breaden has announced her intention of walking to New Castle when she has had a little more preliminary training.

The announcement that Analytical Geometry has been made an elective for students in the Classical Course resulted in an immediate decrease in the size of the class.

To wear or not to wear
That wondrous cap and gown
Is the question, that the Senior
Answers ever with a frown
And very strange it seems
That they are not always worn
When the Seniors go to chapel
Very early Friday morn.

J. H. Grier '02, has been appointed to fill a vacancy in the Bellevue High School but will return for Commencement.

It seems that a few of the "banquet cases" have not yet recovered.

In the laboratory—"Too much wind here to use a blow pipe very well."

It is fashionable now to walk to New Castle—if you haven't already done so.

Rev. Dr. Humble made an interesting talk in chapel April 11, and told of his work among the Mountain Whites.

He, humming the college song,—
"glorious grand and true."

She, "Don't be sentimental."

Among the new students enrolled this term are Miss Pepper, Messrs Calhoun, Adams, Winger, Sewell and Lindley.

Mr. Kennedy devotes much time this term to the study of Chemistry and is an acknowledged authority on the subject of Ethyl.

Mr. Gilfillan says there should be added to this college a chair for the instruction of professors, and he would like to have the position.

"What's in a name?"—So much in some that their owners write only their initials, so little in others that there is talk of lengthening them.

All except the Seniors may find this consolation for the mournful appearance of their grade cards. "If at first you do not pass, cram, cram again."

Dr. F. in Political Economy—"What laws are made concerning employees?"

Mr. Jaxtheimer—"They are not allowed to break the machinery."

Miss Nellie McNaughton, formerly a student at Westminster, graduated from the McKeesport Hospital this spring. She is at present in New Wilmington attending Mrs. Sloss.

Miss Conway preparing to write a letter takes out twenty-six sheets of paper. On careful inquiry it was found that she had to renew the supply only twice.

Major Byers of Des Moines, Iowa, made an interesting talk in chapel April 22. He told of his visit to the Hospice of St. Bernard made during his twenty years residence in Switzerland as United States minister. Major Byers will lecture May 2 on his experiences in the Civil War.

On the way from the Star Photo Gallery. "Your's are good!" "My hat's on one side" "Look at my hair!" "Her's flatter her." "Do I look like that?" "What made you so solemn?" "What a grin!" "Mine are all promised." "I'll have to get some more."

Miss Mary Sloss has not yet entered college this term owing to the serious illness of her mother. Others who have not returned are Misses Quay, Leavitt and Culbert, Messrs. Allison, Campbell, Grier, Barr, Christie and John Gamble.

Prof. J. C. Wier of New Castle, Ind., will have charge of the Pedagogic Department of the summer school. Prof. Wier is one of the ablest instructors in this special line of work. It is the policy of the managers of the summer school to provide efficient instructors in all departments.

The collectors for the Martin Missionary fund are: 1902, Miss Jaxtheimer and R. M. McGill; 1903, Miss Vincent and P. H. Yourd; 1904, Miss Alexander and T. G. Thompson; 1905, Miss Byers and J. Lytle; Preparatory, Miss McClaren and H. Lambie. A special effort is being made this year to raise the entire four hundred dollars, Westminster's subscription to the support of Rev. Howard Martin in India. This can easily be done if each student takes an interest in the work.

At first it was only mentioned by one or two, then a crowd at the Hall discussed the matter, finally someone mustered up courage to speak of it in class meeting, a committee was appointed and books and samples sent for; whispered conferences and spirited discussions took place, and at last the momentous question was decided, but alas only to be undecided and in that condition still remains the Sophomore class pin.

The first annual contest of the Prohibition League was held in the College chapel April 22. The judges, Rev. S. W.

McKelvey of Mercer, Rev. J. J. Sharp and Mr. J. J. Ashenhurst of New Wilmington, decided in favor of R. M. McGill, first and H. C. Hildebran second. All the orations showed thought and ability. Music furnished by Mrs. Maynard, Miss Whitney, Prof. Peterson and Mr. Ralph McKelvey added much to the program.



SENIOR QUESTION BOX.

What are you going to be?

Did you get that school?

Who's going to take your pictures?

Will you have to get a new cap and gown before commencement?

Who is Mr. Williams' photographer?

How often are you going to wear your cap and gown?

When's the Senior party? Shall I send you flowers? The cab will call at half past seven, rather early, but I have to get home in time to make the morning train.



MAN is a kerosene lamp:
He isn't especially bright;
He is often turned down, usually smokes,
And frequently goes out at night.

—Exchange.



“**H**A, I will fool the blood-hounds yet,” cried the fugitive gleefully, and slipping on a pair of rubbers he erased his tracks.—Ex.

ALUMNI NOTES.

EVERETT A. Campbell '01, is teaching at New Sheffield Academy.

J. C. Sloss '00, is in town visiting his mother who is ill,

J. McN. Cameron '01, is teaching in the Indiana State Normal School.

J. P. Whitla Esq., '83, of Sharon, was in New Wilmington on the 21st ult.

Professor Charles B. Robertson '93, has returned home after a few days visit with friends in town.

T. C. Cochran '01, of Mercer, and W. S. Montgomery '01, of Wheatland, visited college friends recently.

Miss N. J. Spencer '90, daughter of Mrs. Rachel Spencer '61, is home from missionary labors in India.

Prof. John J. McElree '90, has been elected a delegate to the Prohibition Convention to be held at New Castle in May.

E. C. McCown '01 and W. V. McCandless '01, will be licensed to preach by Monongahela presbytery at a meeting to be held April 28.

"The People," April 18 issue, contains an excellent picture of the Rev. J. A. Bailey, class of '59, together with a sketch of his career as a Prohibitionist.

Rev. J. G. Houston '93, is receiving hearty support from his congregation at East McKeesport and plans are well under way for a new church and parsonage which shall duplicate the buildings recently lost by fire.

Rev. A. G. King, Galt, Ont., Class of '64, has contributed an interesting obituary article in "The United Presbyterian" of April 3, on the "Death of Rev. John Gillespie."

Rev. W. H. Fulton '94, has accepted the call to the Fifth (U. P.) church, Chicago. Pittsburg papers under date of April 19, give an extended notice of the event together with a brief account of Mr. Fulton's school and college career.

W. S. Sturgeon '01, preached at New Bethlehem and Hugh W. McCartney '01, addressed a missionary meeting at same place recently.

Miss Emma F. Robertson '94, who graduated from the Oswego State Normal in February, is now teaching in the Academy in West Sunbury.

H. G. Byers '95, who for the past three years has been Professor of Chemistry in the University of Washington, has received an appointment as instructor in chemistry in Chicago University for the coming summer quarter.

COLLEGE WORLD.

THE new college buildings of Wooster University, O., will cost not less than \$300,000.

Students found playing ping-pong in the Study Room at the Syracuse College of Medicine will be expelled.

President Roosevelt attended the installation of Professor Nicholas M. Butler as president of Columbus University.

Ira Remsen, the newly elected president of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, has been appointed a member of the School board of that city.

Rev. David Stanton Tappan, D. D., President Miami University, will resign July 1. Dr. Tappan it is understood, will be elected a member of the faculty of Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati.

Robert C. Billings, a Boston millionaire, has left \$100,000 each to Harvard college, The Massachusetts Institute of Technology and The Museum of Fine Arts.

Educators in Pittsburg and Allegheny are making an effort to have Harvard entrance examinations held in those cities. Yale and Princeton examinations have been held there for some time.

Sir William McDonald, who has been a generous benefactor of McGill University, has just given \$20,000 for books needed in the research work of students in arts and

has presented to the physics building a liquid air plant and to the zoological department equipment for the teaching of embryology.

John D. Archbold of New York city, has offered \$400,000 to Syracuse University. John D. Rockefeller has added \$100,000. The college must obtain equal amounts in order to secure the gifts.

James W. Gayley '74, has presented a \$33,000 Chemical laboratory to Lafayette college and Henry W. Oliver has given a Chemistry library with \$5,000 endowment to the same college. Both buildings were dedicated April 6.

The governor of Shangtung province, China, has ordered a telescope for use at the University of Teng Chow. The instrument will be furnished by Professor John A. Bradshaw, Allegheny, and it will be the finest ever ordered by China from the United States.

Cecil John Rhodes has bequeathed to Oxford University, Eng., about ten million dollars to provide for English, German and American scholarships. Provision is made for two perpetual scholarships tenable for three years at Oxford for every state and territory in the United States.

The method of making the awards is worthy of note. The marks opposite the

following qualifications being Cecil Rhodes' estimate of same:

1. Literary and scholastic attainments, - - - - 4-10.
2. Fondness for, or success in manly sports such as football, etc. 1-10.
3. Qualities of manhood such as truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindness, unselfishness and fellowship - - 3-10.
4. Moral force of character, instinct to lead, interest in schoolmates 2-10.

The board of regents of the University of West Virginia provided for an athletic fee of \$1.50 annually from each student and ordered all candidates for degrees and also the members of the faculty to appear in caps and gowns on Commencement day. The board appropriated \$15,000 to furnish the new library building and arranged for the dedication next June of the new chemical and scientific laboratory which has been erected at a cost of \$110,000.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

F. S. Thompson, president of the Y. M. C. A., will attend the Presidents' Convention at Lancaster, Pa., the last of the month.

At Haverford College a fund of \$250 was raised for missions. At Cumberland University, Tenn., \$544 was raised by the students for the support of one of their number in the mission field. Are not we a little slack in our mission policy?

One great hindrance to the work of our Association is, that we have no room which we can call our own. Were it possible to have a room entirely for the use of the Association our work would be better appreciated and we would have something which would interest new students. In the near future a new Chapel and Gymnasium will be erected, in either of which a room may be fitted out at a very small cost. Let us keep this thought in mind during the next few months.



STRANGE glory streams through life's wild rents,
 And through the open door of death
 We see the heaven that beckoneth
 To the beloved going hence.

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;
 The best fruit loads the broken bough;
 And in the wounds our sufferings plough,
 Immortal love sows sovereign seed.

MUSIC AND ART.

OWING to the illness of Miss Hodgens, the studio has not yet been opened, but she hopes to begin her work in the near future.

Miss Anna Gertrude Clark has been engaged as soprano soloist for the cantata "The Rose Maiden" to be given Monday, June 16.

A series of illustrated lectures was given in the College Chapel by Miss Mary Jeffers, daughter of Dr. Jeffers, formerly president of the college. The subject of the first lecture, given on April 15 was "Greece and Rome," Perhaps the most interesting of the three was given April 17 on "Pompeii." The last of the series on April 18, was "The Marble Faun," instead of "A Journey Down the Rhine" as was announced before.

Following is the list of music students this term: Piano—Mary Eva Cochran, Myra Leslie Davidson, Matilda Cooper Dickey, Alexander Elstein, Leo Elstein, Helen Ferguson, Mary Getty, Agnes Nancy Gibson, Ina Ballou Gibson, Lida Belle Gibson, Zoe Dora Hockenberry, Nellie McAuley, Agnes McDonald, Martha Christina Melhard, Albert Homer Metz, Margaret Leora Royer, Linnie Alta Russell, Mary Eva Scott, Mary Johns Shaffer, Mary Vincent Smith, Laura Stewart, James McConnell Weddell. Voice—Charles DeWitt Breaden, James Moore Briceland, Helen Adeline Byers, Florence Merthyne Ferver, Ina Ballou Gibson, Zoe Dora Hockenberry,

Anna Adair Houston, John Cyrus Hunter, Agnes Hunter Newmyer, Martha Reed, Martha May Warner. Harmony—Myra Leslie Davidson, Zoe Dora Hockenberry, Martha Melhard, James McConnell Weddell. Organ—Bessie Grace Gilkey, James McConnell Weddell.

The Rose Maiden, Cowan's beautiful Cantata, which was given with such marked success two years ago, will be repeated this year at Commencement time. Those who heard the Cantata should remember that it bears repeating, and a second hearing will only add to the appreciation of this fine composition and of the excellent work done by our College Chorus Class.

The lecture on "Brains" by Dr. Frank Bristol which was to have been given on Nov. 25, was delivered Monday evening, April 14, in the Second church. Although the last, Dr. Bristol was by no means the least on the list of attractions. The Committee should be commended for their efforts in behalf of the lecture course for this year. We congratulate them on their success.

It is reported that the Glee and Mandolin Clubs will not give a concert this term. This will be a great disappointment to many who enjoy and appreciate the work of these organizations. We hope that the boys will give a campus concert at Commencement time at any rate. No other feature of Commencement week won more praise, or was more highly appreciated than the open air concert given two years ago.

ATHLETICS.

AT a meeting of the Athletic Association on April 23d, F. S. Thompson '03, was elected manager of the eleven for the coming season vice W. C. Witherspoon '03, resigned.



Says the Pittsburg Dispatch:

"Friends of sport at W. & J. note the trouble which has come between Captain Hammer and the football management with misgivings. Hammer claims to have been fooled out of his tuition, that he was to have had it returned at the close of the year, for playing on the team last season. Captain Hammer is no novice or amateur nor has he played with W. & J. for love. For a team which is claiming pure amateurism as its bedrock, such an expose, for expose it is, is to be deplored."

And again:

"Catcher Draher, of the Fairbanks Athletic Club, has gone to Grove City College where he will be the backstop during the coming season."

And yet again:

"Walsh, formerly of Buchtel college, who has signed with the Cleveland team has been induced to play with the West Virginia University team for part of the season."

Worse, worst, worse yet still and still worse yet!

Before these notes meet the public eye the Intercollegiate Field and Track games will have been held on Franklin Field, Philadelphia. On April 23 the final trials of candidates for Westminster's relay-team were held and in spite of an unfavorable wind and the unavoidably short period of preliminary out-door practice, creditable records were made. The average time was 56, and the best time was made by H. Lambie. The other men of the team ranked in the following order: R. G. Deever's '02, J. A. Veazey '02; P. H. Yourd '03, and A. D. Stewart '04, tied; J. L. McBride '02 and J. V. McKelvey '02. Washington and Jefferson, The Western University of Pennsylvania and Westminster are the only local colleges sending teams. All the New England colleges and the leading institutions of the Middle and Western States will be represented by teams or individual contestants.



Unfavorable conditions of weather and ground have until recently severely handicapped the base ball squad in the matter of practice. For the past week, however, about 30 candidates have been on Athletic field daily and Capt. Breaden expects soon to be able to announce a tentative line-up at least. Of last year's veteran team eight were graduated, so that the captain's task is by no means a light one. As pitchers, Porter '02, Tennent '05, Sewall '05, have been

most promising. For catchers, Fulton '02, of last year's second nine, Cleland '05, Crooks '05, and J. C. Campbell are close rivals. Infield aspirants, in addition to Capt. Breden, are Moore '04, Degelman '02, Stewart '04, Williams '02, Miller '02, and Stranahan '05, all of last year's second team; Hunter, Perkins '04; Tweedie '04,

and Elliott '05. For outfield positions candidates are Calhoun, Smith '05; T. Kennedy '04, Briceland '02, Davison, Freetly and W. Moore, '03. Manager Neville's schedule has been completed for some time, with the exception of a vexed date with an Ohio college, and will be given to the athletic committee in a few days.



EXCHANGES.

THE "Thielensian" for March is full of good reading matter. The articles are short but sound.

Senior—What's become of The Lady of the Lake?

Classmate—Dunno. Guess she fell in.
—Geneva Cabinet.

The "Dynamo" of Mt. Union College is always received with pleasure. The April number contains a fine poem entitled "The Last Deer."

"Is your son at college getting a liberal education, Mr.—?"

"Wall, I d'know. Strikes me I'm gettin' most o' the lessons in lib'rality."

Among the best exchanges received this month are "The Kendall Collegian," "Ursinus College Bulletin," "Sibyl," "Geneva Cabinet," "The Beaver," "The Dynamo," "The Rayen Record," "The Amulet."

Some of our exchanges resemble newspapers too much. More space than is necessary is given to local news and local jokes, and a few are even devoted almost entirely

to athletics. A college or high school journal should as a rule, contain a good proportion of reading matter interesting to the general public, in addition to that which can be thoroughly appreciated by the student only. Essays and orations, short stories, poetry, and other literary productions should find their place.

The "Amulet" is always well gotten up. Its outward appearance is in keeping with the excellence of its contents. It contains each month "Mosaics of Thought," a collection of quotations on various subjects, which betokens great painstaking on the part of the compiler.

A student not long ago asked the president of Oberlin college if he could not be permitted to take a shorter course of study. "Oh, yes," replied the president, "but that depends upon what you want to make of yourself. When God wants to make an oak, he takes a hundred years, but when he wants to make a squash he takes six months."

—Sel.



THE HOLCAD.

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No. 9.

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YESTERTHOUGHTS

By J. F. M.

THERE is a land bounded on the north by fancy, on the east by dreams, on the west and south by the province of credulity and the state of childhood; it lies a little above the cradle, a little below the desk; its name is Fairyland. The population is great, the products are varied, the wealth is unlimited. It is a land of shadows and moonlight, of dew drops and flowers, of humming birds and gauzy butterflies. Soft breezes blow there laden with the breath of childish thought, sweet music plays there made by the sound of birds on the wing. The good and evil both dwell in this land, each struggling for the mastery, yet neither gaining it completely, for altho' right is always triumphant wrong is never conquered. Like Man's world the fairy world has its sorrows as well as its joys; the nectar is sometimes bitter, the dew drops a little discolored.

The tales of fairyland hold a prominent place in literature, both on account of their fascination for children and the poetic element in them. Dealing as they do with the supernatural, they furnish food for the childish imagination and delight the childish mind. In these the childish thought runs riot, no limitations bind it, no higher reason checks it, but the imagination has full play and fancy wanders about at her own sweet will. The delicacy and minute-

ness of the tiny inhabitants of the land, their homes, their customs and habits, their thoughts and lives are sometimes so mystic and intangible, so interwoven with the unreal that they give a wide field for poetic thought and feeling. Shakespeare found it so in "Midsummer Night's Dream" where Titiana, queen of the fairies, and Oberon, their king, ruled over a world of delicate beauty and airy gracefulness. They lived in the flowers and fanned the moon beams from their eyes with butterflies' wings. Their duty it was to hang the dew drop's pearl in the cowslips's ears and then "creep into acorn cups and hide them there." Light as a gossamer, sweet as dew distilled from the lily's flagon, gorgeous as the rainbow tints in the dragon fly's wings, they dance in the light of the rising moon and follow its course from the rising sun.

Modern writers have given the fairies entirely into the hands of the children, keeping them within the realms of wonder and adding enough poetry to appeal to the aesthetic side of the child's nature, and yet not overdoing either wonder or poetry at the expense of the interest. The two most famous of these writers are Hans Christian Anderson and Jacob Grimm, both possessing that charm of style and degree of seriousness that make them so beloved by all children. They treat, however, not so

much of the land of the fairies and its little inhabitants as of the relation a particular fairy bears to a particular human being. Occasionally we have glimpses into the wonderland but more often we see only its effect on mortals. In all his tales the right is always rewarded, the wrong generally punished.

He gives us a glimpse of fairy land itself in the *Traveling Companion*, where the hero passes thro' the forest and sees spiders with silver crowns on their heads building palaces for the merry little elves that are playing among the flowers. In the same story we are taken to a magician's den, where the walls are covered with flowers having snakes for stems, and whose ceiling is made of glow worms and sky blue bats. In the middle of the room sits the Magician on a throne of glass supported by four skeleton horses. A pink spider's web canopy, trimmed with little green flies overhangs it. He is entertained by an orchestra of great black grasshoppers playing Jew's harps and an old owl beating her wings against her sides. There is an atmosphere of justice and truth about all these tales of the supernatural, and a moral may be read between the lines of every one of them.

Beneath the surface of the lake, and down in the still heart of the restless ocean, and under the dancing ripples of the mountain stream live the water sprites. In each one the water mirrors its image and manifests its loveliness and beauty. Tall, slender figures arise from the lake and call in moaning tones to the hidden moon of the still night. Their long, dark hair is blown back from their faces as they skim the surface of the water. They stretch forth their

white arms toward the shadowy shores, they sink back into the lake with a long, long sigh. The water lilies hide their folded blossoms 'neath their leaves in silent sorrow, the filmy clouds move slowly by the moon and the lake is touched with silver and returns to rest.

In the ocean live the mermaids, in the happy kingdom of the sea; three hundred years they live and then become children of the air. They save or wreck the lives of sailors as they please; they sing sweet songs and like the *Lo'lei*, comb their golden hair in the rays of the setting sun.

The King of the Golden River gives us the perfect spirit of the mountain stream. A little bit of a man with a delicate form and clothes of fine spun gold, over which the prismatic colors play as they do over the mother of pearl. His face is curiously marked and distorted, his eyes small and piercing and bright as two jewels. A restless activity characterizes his movements and a quick temper makes him ever alert. In all his ways he is like the rushing, rollicking, impetuous mountain torrent.

Not in any other kind or form of superstition do we find more purity and charm, more elevated conceptions of the supernatural, more graceful fancies, more beautiful exaggerations than we find in these tales of fairyland.

Foundationless as they are; creations of the imagination, they have yet a place in the education of the child. The fairy is his moral teacher. She points out to him with magic wand the way of right. He does not know it, he believes he only sees a flash of light relieving a weary princess.

Unconsciously he absorbs the lessons she teaches and is influenced by them.

As we in later years read the stories carefully, we see something more in them than a prince in bear's clothing or an Ugly Duckling transformed. There is a truth underlying them all, in some it is more ev-

ident than others, but it is always there. If we sit and dreamily think of the wonderland and compare it with the real land, and if we watch the lives of the fairies and regard the lives of men, we will agree with Anderson in his conclusion that "Man's life is a fairy tale written by the finger of God."



A MESSAGE.

By L. M., '03.

O STUDENTS of old Westminster,
 There comes to you to-day
 A message from other students
 In lands that are far away.

From those who like you are learners,
 From those who are young and strong,
 Who must bear, as will you the world's burdens,
 And fight with the forces of wrong.

But these are not Christian students,
 And weary they grow of the night;
 They would shake off the old superstition
 To stand out with you in the light.

To the West they are looking for culture,
 For civilization, for guides
 Who will show them the way of salvation
 And teach them of peace that abides.

From China, one million students,
 From India, thousands more,
 From Japan and Siam and Egypt
 They call you as never before.

These know that you have what they have not
 And that, were you willing to give,
 Their souls so long stained and neglected
 A life more abundant might live.

Just now, e'er they turn from the seeking,
 Just now while they eagerly wait,
 Just now, favored ones of Westminster,
 Come quickly, e'er all is too late.

Of your number full forty brave students
 Already have gone to the fields,
 And who shall be able to measure
 What power their influence wields?

And can ye not go at the message?
 Doth duty here stand in the way?
 Then pray to the Lord of the harvest
 Nor forget ye to give as ye pray.



THE WORLD ALIVE.

By G. W. Baldinger, '03.

SPACE! Immensity! Infinity! These are subjects upon which the scientist like the poet, can exercise only his imaginative power. Matter created out of nothing! Innumerable systems of worlds! Innumerable orders of beings!—Where is the mind strong enough to grapple with such facts as these? They at once entice and overwhelm us. Reason copes with them till she is exhausted, then hands us over to conjecture.

Life—that principle of life; that indefinable something which moves and animates a living being—what is life! Science may analyze, man may theorize, and still its origin remains shrouded in hopeless obscurity; its nature is a mystery—and yet

its existence is a profound reality.

In the infinite variety of its external features, the Creator has endowed this planet with a magnificent beauty, but that which lends it an especial grace and charm, is the infinite number of organisms with which it is peopled. Hundreds of millions of different species, composed of innumerable particles, which are in a continual state of transition from the living animal to the earth, and from the earth to the living animal germinate, grow and die, to give place in turn to other numberless generations of organisms. Thus the multitudes succeed the multitudes in the immense series of the ages. The upper surface of the earth is

composed of matter which has lived. Coal veins and lime formations, often miles in thickness, are the remains of plants and animals which formerly inhabited the land and sea. In harmony with the universal prevalence of life, the ancients attempted to animate all nature. There were gnomes in caves, naiads in springs, sylphs in the air. To the ancient mind these represented life pervading everything, and after twenty centuries, it is in no wise diminished. Man is compelled to recognize that the reality surpasses all bold conceptions of the fable. From pole to pole, earth, air and water teem with animal life. There is scarcely a spot uninhabited by living beings. The physiologist travels nowhere without meeting something worthy his attention. He finds life in the eternal snows of the arctic region and in the burning sands of the desert. He finds it near the summit of the loftiest mountain, in the deepest cavern, in mephitic pools, in poisonous soils and boiling springs. Not a leaf that falls from a bough, not a blade that withers on the lea, but becomes a prey to the tiny fangs of some living being. Not a spot on earth where vegetable life is capable of growing, but we shall find some insect parasite keeping its growth in check, hastening its decay. Nothing more numerous can be imagined than the number of organisms, seen and unseen, which surround and clothe the surface of the earth. This life may often not be visible; it may be concealed under verdure; it may lie hidden in the earth; it may fly in clouds, or move in the depths of the sea. But life! life! innumerable life! in infinite variety exists everywhere!

By millions we number the animals

that roam 'the forests; by millions we estimate the birds that traverse the skies. But all calculation ceases, and imagination itself is powerless when we speak of the clouds of insects which darken the air and shut off the rays of the sun above the marshes of tropical countries.

The sea is also the domain of life. Over immense extents, the bottom of the ocean is an animated ooze, each cubic inch of which contains millions of living creatures.

The realm of life has assumed such tremendous proportions, and its forms multiply with such marvelous rapidity, that they permeate everything. We tread on the ground; we drink the pure water; we breathe the fresh air, and in each instance, we unconsciously destroy countless living beings. Life covers the earth. It fills the air; it swarms the ocean! Life here, life there, life everywhere!

Such is the vast extent of the animal kingdom; bounded on the one hand by the minutest, invisible organism, and on the other by man, in whom life reaches its climax.

The marvelous manifestations of vital energy in the world cause us to wonder, but in the presence of man we stand in awe. He is the living ideal of the living world. In him life becomes sublime; in the possession of his rational faculties, he is a faint image of the Creator himself.

Boasting in the superiority of his intellect, he stands, as it were, on a pinnacle and surveys the scene. At his feet lies the animal kingdom with its untold myriads; all creation is before him. Around, above, below him, all is life, action, motion; where

these are manifest he invariably finds energy. He observes the marvelous industry of the proverbial bee; the Herculean labors of the tiny ant—and here is energy. He observes the living world engaged in the great struggle for life, in which they survive who display the greater energy. He turns his eyes beyond the animal kingdom and inquires into the causes of the undisturbed order of Night and Day, of seed time and harvest, and lo—at the basis of it all is energy. He casts his eyes up to those mighty orbs, which compose the great system of creation and behold—how sublimely they wheel on in their incessant course.

“Unaffrighted by the silence round them
Undistracted by the sights they see”

they go on and on forever! He would know the secret of it all, and here again is energy.

Man next turns to himself and finds that he is endowed with remarkable powers for the display of energy; an intellect capable of limitless development; a judging conscience and a ruling will. Why these powers? Were they bestowed for no purpose? Shall man, alone of all creation, suffer the energy that is wrapped up within his Nature to disappear by his misuse or disuse of those God-given faculties and thus defeat the grand design of his Maker? Or shall he learn the lesson that a living world would teach him and enter Nature's great

struggle for higher life, higher attainments, and higher ideals.

Inactivity is unnatural. The sluggard defeats the design of Nature. It is a stern law, but a law that is in harmony with the purpose of Nature which condemns the idle drone. The bees swarm; thus is issued the terrible edict that all drones must perish. Unfortunate insects! Fain would they escape their doom, but the workers are inexorable and they perish. Industry is the law of Nature; it is the command of God! The cultivation of the higher life demands it. It rules the world; it organizes and controls her activities. It gives birth to vast systems of commerce and carries comfort and contentment into a myriad homes. It holds wealth; controls governments; advances civilization. “He only lives who works” is the unwritten law of humanity. Nature in all her manifestations urges man to live! live, and labor, and toil!

“For life is real and life is earnest.”

The state of the world is such and the condition of man is such that everything seems to call loudly, “Do something, do it now, do it quickly, do it well!” The world is calling for men; industrious men; men of action; sun-crowned men; men who dare and do. Bright and glorious is the day before them; white and full are the fields that await them.



HEWITT—“What became of the girl that you used to say was the light of your life?”
Jewett—“Another fellow came between me and the light.”

SPRING.

By Green and White.

'TIS Spring time, and the grass grows green,
All nature now is gay,
The feathered songsters, from the south,
Now make their wing'd way.

There is joy among the meadows,
Likewise woods and hills rejoice,
While every murmuring brooklet
Blends, in nature's song, its voice.

The farmer goes forth with the plough,
And turns the fallow soil,
And sows the seed that brings to him
The harvest—after toil.

Now dons the athlete running clothes,
The baseball crank's in heaven.
And glory is for others than
The heroes of the 'leven.

'Tis now the season of the year
When country walks are pleasant,
Nor are they taken only by
The country man—the peasant.

For every lad his lassie has
Each maiden has her lover
And many a boy and many a girl
Will sigh when spring is over.

For Spring, dear Spring with all thy charms,
Though dear to every heart,
And loved by all, yet soon—too soon
Alas—thou must depart.

And then will come the summer time,
But you'll remembered be,
And through the long and sultry days
We'll wish, and long for thee.

EDITORIAL.

THERE seems to be a growing desire everywhere for a shortening of the four years college course. Whether it is wise or not is a disputed question, but the fact is becoming more and more evident that but few young men are willing to devote four years to a college education. Educators on the other hand, believe that the studies included in the four year course have been reduced to the smallest number possible to secure a thorough training for the student. Several solutions for the problem have been suggested. Of these the summer school seems at present the most satisfactory. The chief drawback to this plan is that students have not been allowed to make up enough college work during the summer term to repay them for summer study. Our summer school this year will be free from this objection, for the lengthened term has made it possible for the summer work to be accepted as an equivalent for three college studies. The opportunities for pedagogical study will make the school attractive to teachers also. The summer school is growing in importance as the desire for summer study is increasing, and the managers of our summer school have shown their wisdom in increasing its equipment and teaching force so as to make its work more effective.



IT may not be out of place to call attention here to a criticism which constantly recurs in student life, though its

application is by no means confined to students. It concerns our careless habits of speech. A man's treatment of his mother-tongue is always a test of his culture. Often—more often perhaps than we imagine—a stranger is prejudiced against us by our abuse of the English language. Our pride in our own language should be sufficient incentive to us to speak it correctly, yet it is very easy to fall into habits of incorrect pronunciation, grammatical errors, and indistinct enunciation. It is true that the use of certain provincialisms and peculiarities of dialect often adds a quaintness and individuality to one's speech which is very desirable, but there is certainly no excuse for our speaking indistinctly. A very little care and watchfulness is sufficient to correct our faults in speaking. Suppose, then, we quit slighting our final consonants, especially our "gs" and practice awhile saying "it's I" instead of "it's me," and possibly we may still have time to consult our friend, the dictionary, about doubtful pronunciations.



THE members of this year's Senior class have not forgotten, in departing from college, to leave behind them footprints on the sands of time. They have been noted athletes on the field, as well as diligent students in the class room; but, although we shall miss them when they are gone, we expect to find others in the lower classes worthy to take their places. To encourage

track athletics, the Seniors have decided to present the college with a cup, to be annually contested for in the Spring meet by the four collegiate classes in a mile relay race. The purpose is to bring out the best men of all classes, and to get them into good con-

dition for the intercollegiate meet. As '02 presents this cup, they will not contend for it, so there will be but three teams in the race this Spring. Captains have been chosen by the classes, and great interest is being manifested in the event.



HOLCADES MIKRAI.

WAS Mr. Newberry racing for a train or training for a race.

C. Pollock '04, made a short visit to friends here May 3.

Rev. J. S. Dice '69, of Mt. Air, led the morning chapel service April 30.

Mr. Frank Pierce of Sharpsville, spent a few days as the guest of E. P. Cole '02.

A certain young lady dashing into the hall asked excitedly, "Oh say, has the next bell rung yet?"

"Isn't it queer" said S. "when those people go down street one's always ahead or the woman behind."

Dr. Ferguson will preach the Baccalaureate sermon at the Allegheny Theological Seminary Sabbath, May 18.

Dr. Ferguson in Political Economy—"Now I have a case, suppose,"

Miss Newmyer in a whisper—"I'm so glad some one else has a case too."

Was it recollection of early experience that made Mr. Clark give "der Whipful" as the German for "top of a tree."

Miss Mary Park '03, was at her home in Allegheny for a week on account of illness.

Misses Eleanor Vincent '03, Anna Park '03, and Olive Pierson '04, spent Sabbath May 4 at the home of Miss Pierson in Vienna, Ohio.

Mr. Tennent translating—"The apples became gold and fell from the trees."

Prof.—"I wish that were so and we would never have to work any more."

Miss Conway and Miss Nesbit should study the Geography of Lawrence Co. so that they can tell on their return from a drive just where they have been.

The abundance of spring flowers has reminded many of the scarcity of these in other places and numerous boxes of fragrant violets have been sent to take a message of green fields and shady woods to hospital or city home.

Representatives of the Geneva and Westminster College Oratorical Associations met here on May 3 to make arrangements for an annual debate between the two colleges. This debate will be held in Feb-

ruary and will probably be subject to the rules of the Harvard-Yale debate except that each college will be represented by only two debaters.

"Who are these people coming? Oh I see now it's only a Senior. They each look like half a dozen with those gowns on."

Prof. Hanna was explaining the catkin in Junior Botany when Mike, suddenly aroused, asked "Is the pussy willow an example?" To his utter surprise he was correct.

In the State Prohibition Oratorical Contest held in Lancaster, May 10, Haverford College won first place and Westminster represented by R. M. McGill '02, a close second.

The Pittsburg Times announces that President Ferguson is to be honored by the Prohibition party with the nomination for Congressman from this district. Dr. Ferguson, however, has declined to be a candidate.

The following remark of Mr. Joe Thompson of Geneva explains itself. "Never saw so many pretty girls as you have here." We hear too that the gentleman has traveled quite extensively.

If proofs prove anything some people are well proved. A few approvable proofs however are not approved and the photographer upon receiving a reproof consents to submit for approval yet another proof.

Two girls were walking up the board walk toward the Hall with their arms around one another. Johnnie Lytle, who had been watching similar couples for sometime, exclaimed "Girls have such a provoking way of walking!"

Those wishing to know of the relative value of rainy and sunshiny days for driving may ask Mr. J. B. Witherspoon as he is qualified to speak from experience in this matter.

As Commencement draws near more active preparations are made for that great event. Not only is the class of '02 the largest ever graduated but we hope to greet more of the Alumni and friends of the College than ever before. May this semi-centennial be the starting point of many greater things for Westminster. Each one interested in Westminster can be sure of a hearty welcome here.

On Sabbath, May 31, two impressive missionary meetings were held in the college chapel addressed by Messrs. Seville '98, and McCollum '00, now of Allegheny Seminary. The close attention of the large audience showed their appreciation of and sympathy with the earnest words of the speakers. We are much indebted to these young men for their visit to us and feel that through their efforts the interest of many students in missions has been deepened.

A report that sometime soon the quartet would serenade had reached the ears of certain young ladies so they prudently resolved to be "candy" dly prepared. Carefully the ingredients were selected and the young ladies felt well pleased with the result of their efforts. Thursday dawned bright and beautiful but ended in quietness, Friday came and went and "nothing was heard but silence" and the music of the spheres. Saturday dragged away its weary hours and only the frogs in the distant swamp rendered melodious the midnight air and still the candy "waited."

Oh what is so rare as a night in spring
 When Nature's awaking and everything
 Seems filled with the joy of glad surprise
 That winter is gone, and each star tries
 To shine most bright on the rousing world
 When from every shrub and tree unfurled,
 The young leaves stir as the gentle breeze
 At last each one from it's storm coat frees!

The apple blossoms with fragrance rare
 Perfume so sweetly the soft still air
 That one longs to bring all the city folk
 Away from the rush and the din and the smoke
 To look for once into God's blue sky,
 To feel the sweetness that naught can buy,
 And rejoice with us that the world is new,
 That the spring is ours and the flowers too.



Mr. Long says that a grindstone is an example of circulating capital.

Miss Gilkey wishes to secure a bureau to arrange her dates so that they will not conflict.

Miss Nesbit declares that she will never again go to meet Miss Kennedy at the Junction.

Mrs. Nesbit of Utica, Pa., visited her daughter Miss Ethel Nesbit, '04, at the Ladies Hall for a few days.

The ladies of the Hall received a delightful serenade from the College Glee Club one evening recently.

Did Miss Lea change her mind about playing tennis or was she looking for a court along the railroad track?

It is proposed that a bed of bleeding heart be planted at the Hall as a mark of sympathy for some young ladies who are not in the Senior class.

Much interest is being taken in the Inter-class field meet to be held Tuesday, May 20 and in the approaching tennis tournament.

Miss Brown explained that she asked Miss Gealey the parts of "umarmen" to see whether she knew if the parts were separable.

Mr. Porter very kindly tipped Mr. Campbell for services rendered in French class and the latter was so much astonished that he almost lost his equilibrium.

Not every young man is so popular as to receive a serenade on leaving town—a serenade too, loud enough to be heard even up to the misty Peak.

Major S. H. M. Byers of Des Moines, Ia., gave an interesting lecture in the Chapel May 2. He told of experiences in the Civil War and particularly of Sherman's "march to the sea" to which his famous song gave the name. The literary societies are indebted to him for a delightful talk upon Swiss customs, government, and school system. Before leaving New Wilmington, he made another brief chapel speech and paid a tribute to the memory of his friend, Bret Harte.

Messrs. J. Mc. Price '04, J. Lytle '05, W. C. Witherspoon '03, G. F. Zelmer '02, J. S. McMichael '02, E. A. Tenant '05, J. B. Witherspoon '02, and J. M. Briceland '02, accompanied the track to Philadelphia April 26. These with the five members of the team made up a lucky thirteen. After visiting many places of interest in Philadelphia and Washington they arrived home Tuesday morning and were met at the train

by an enthusiastic crowd of fellow students. The men of the team were carried on the shoulders of the cheering crowd to a lavishly decorated carriage and drawn to the campus by a hundred or more students. Manager Briceland first answered to the call for a speech and gave a description of the relay race. Each member of the team

followed with a brief speech to which Dr. Ferguson responded. After another exciting ride with their coach and hundred the winners were taken to their homes carrying with them the gold watches so nobly won and leaving the banner as one more trophy of the athletic prowess of Westminster's sons.



ALUMNI NOTES.

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN WALKER VINCENT '60,
HUGH LORIMORE SAWHILL '61,
BENJAMIN N. WADDLE '61,
SAMUEL TAGGART '62,
JOHN C. CARSON '63.
DAVID PATTERSON MCCLISTER '63,

Brave men who died in defense of their country's flag "that a government of the people, by the people and for the people might not perish from the earth."



Rev. J. S. Dice '69, of Mt. Air, led the morning chapel service recently.

Rev. C. S. Manor '96, of Harrisville, attended the Prohibition contest held here recently.

Rev. T. A. Houston '74, has been installed pastor of Eau Claire and Mt. Var-num congregations.

W. H. McPeak '99, has accepted a call to Port Huron, Mich.

C. F. Hoffman '99, a Senior at Allegheny Seminary, preached at Centre recently.

R. R. Littell '99, a Senior at Xenia Seminary, will visit California and travel along the Pacific Coast in the near future.

Rev. John A. Duff '81, has resigned after ten years successful pastorate at Englewood, Chicago, and has accepted a call to the Aspinwall Church of Pittsburg.

The following graduates visited town recently: R. N. Grier '01, C. F. Hoffman '99, Bruce McCrory '01, Donald McKim '01, G. H. Seville '98, S. A. McCollam '00, I. F. Leeper '01, W. H. McPeak '99, J. Mac N. Cameron '01.

Rev. J. A. McDonald '98, the newly installed pastor at Ellwood City, has been elected to the General Assembly as Sec. Y. P. S., by the Beaver Valley Presbytery, held at Beaver Falls.

Through the efforts of James Work '01, and his relatives, Fort Morgan, Col., now has a fine brick church (U. P.). The United Presbyterians at Lamar have joined forces with the Fort Morgan church and the congregation now numbers 30 people.

S. A. McCollam '00, preached in the 1st U. P. church recently. Mr. McCollam conducted missionary services in the College chapel at 3 P. M. and at 7:30 P. M. the same day, assisted by G. H. Seville '98, who intends to go as a missionary to China.



COLLEGE NOTES.

JAMES McKee Caldwell, who has been totally blind since boyhood, will graduate this year from Allegheny U. P. Seminary.

Xenia Seminary, Monmouth College and Tarkio College, have agreed to support a foreign missionary. Mr. Wm. McKelvey of Xenia Seminary, has been chosen for the work.

For the first time in the history of Princeton Theological Seminary the degree of bachelor of divinity has been conferred upon a negro, Geo. S. Stark, of Baltimore, Md.

Lovers of Lanier and his poems will find some interesting reading in "Pleasant incidents of an Academic life" by Daniel C. Gilman, ex-president of Johns Hopkins university in "Scribners" for May. The incidents described are in the main, familiar to readers of Lanier's works; but the article is worthy of perusal both for the interesting opinions introduced and for the treatment of the subject.

President Thwing of Western Reserve university, speaking of "College conditions in the United States" in The Forum

for May, says "It is easy to waste money in college work. The founding of colleges with small sums of money and unto small achievements is wastefulness." In the same article President Thwing says he received replies strongly advising a college course, from the presidents and general managers of 100 principal railroads of this country, in response to the query "Would you advise a boy of 18, of intellectual parts, the graduate of a good course in a good high school to go to college if he proposed to enter the railroad service as his life's work?" Speaking of education as applied to woman, President Thwing says: no matter what a woman's duties in life may be "the education of a woman should make her a thinker." President Jordan of Stanford university expresses the opinion that, "one of the worthiest functions of education is to furnish women who can make the civilized home the highest product of social evolution."

Yale University has received a new laboratory, as a memorial of the late Prof. J. P. Kirkland, L. L. D., of Cleveland, O., formerly Professor in the Ohio Medical College, and Western Reserve College.

Y. M. C. A. AND Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

MR. McCollam '00, and Mr. Seville '98, of Allegheny Seminary, were with us May 11, and gave interesting talks on missions. Mr. Seville will go to the China mission field this year to labor in a Baptist mission. Both men received much praise for their excellent talks and we feel that it has been an inspiration for us to have them with us.

Miss Easton, an India Missionary, gave an excellent talk concerning the work in that field to a union meeting, on May 13.

The Bible work in the Associations this year has proven a success. The young men who have been in classes during the year speak in the highest terms of the benefits derived from the work. This is the seed time of life and we should be training ourselves in the use of the Bible. We have had about twenty men in Bible classes this year. We should have at least one hundred.

The Association meetings this term have been very helpful and inspiring and have been well attended. Some new ones have joined the ranks and all others will be made as welcome. To make our work a success we need, not only the cooperation of the student body but the faculty as well. Their faces in our midst would brighten many a gloomy spot.



We are glad that the missionary interest in the College is increasing. But there is yet much to be done. What has been the matter with us? Have we lost all sense of our great responsibility, all sense of our still greater duty and privilege? How is it we have so shamefully neglected to do our part as a College in raising the Howard Martin fund? We can give \$400 a year if we will, let us will; let us do. Never have the subscriptions been so poor as they have this year—more shame to us all!

The missionary addresses given on Sabbath, May 11, by Mr. McCollam and Mr. Seville of the Allegheny Seminary were very interesting. Let us take their advice and warning and try to live here in College as we intend to do after leaving. Let us begin now to work and live for Christ. Let us not throw away perhaps the only chance that may come to us.

Opportunity says,

“Master of human destinies am I!
Soon or late I knock unbidden at every gate,
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And those who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
I answer not and I return no more.”

MANY a high spirit which danger, and hardship, and absence from home could never turn from its aims, has shrunk from the chill thrown on its romantic enthusiasm. The ruder the hand, the more readily it brushes away the fine and delicate bloom from the grape. And the bloom of character is that light enthusiasm which makes men love their work for the beauty in it—which is the essence of excellence in every pursuit carried on in this world.

MUSIC AND ART.

MISS Stewart is working on a "Venetian By-Way."

The art students are at work again.

Miss Hodgens has just finished a beautiful plate in "Wild Roses."

The finest water color in the studio is Miss Russell's "Basket of Roses."

"In music or in any other art, the artist triumphs when he can suggest more than he can define."

Miss Elma Chamberlain '01, and Mrs. Stoddard of East Palestine, O., are registered this term as special students.

Miss Mary Ella Turner '01, of Wilkinsburg, will sing the contralto solos in "The Rose Maiden" to be given by the Chorus class on Monday evening of Commencement week.

Joseph Hoffman, the great pianist, a few years ago regarded as the boy prodigy says, "A musician would go mad if he had not something to take his mind from his music."

Major Byers, formerly Consul in Switzerland, delivered a lecture in the Chapel on the subject, "The Experiences of a Prisoner in the Civil War." Mr. Byers also gave a very interesting address in Philo Hall to the Literary Societies, on his Swiss experiences.

It is with regret that we note the fact that the state of Miss Hodgens's health is such as to oblige her to give up the work of the art department for the term. The

best wishes of students and faculty for a speedy recovery attend her. In her absence Mrs. Pyle of New Castle will give instruction in the art branches.



The pupils' recital given in the Chapel on the afternoon of May 28 was a pleasing event and in the exhibition of progress and proficiency reflected credit upon director and pupils alike. The program follows:

- | | | | |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| Kuhlau | - | - | Sonatina Op. 50, No. 3. |
| MISS MARY HAINS GETTY | | | |
| Gray | - | - | Two Cities, |
| MISS SARAH MARGARET GIVEN. | | | |
| Mendelssohn. | - | Songs Without Words Op. 19, | |
| | | No. 2 and Op. 38 No. 4. | |
| MISS MARTHA MEHARD. | | | |
| Leybach. | - | - | Nocturne Op. 19. |
| MISS LAURA STEWART. | | | |
| Helmund. | - | - | The Daily Question. |
| MR. CHARLES DEWITT BREADEN | | | |
| Kuhe, | - | - | Barcarolle, Op. 76. |
| MISS MYRA LESLIE DAVIDSON. | | | |
| Faverger. | - | - | Simplette. |
| MISS MARGARET ELIZABETH PORTER. | | | |
| Marston. | "My God and Father While I Stray." | | |
| MISS FLORENCE FERVER. | | | |
| Heller. | - | - | Study Op. 47 No. 18. |
| Godard. | - | - | An Matin, Op. 83. |
| MISS ZOE DORA HOCKENBERRY. | | | |
| Bishop. | - | - | The Sea Hath Its Pearls |
| MR. JAMES MOORE BRICELAND. | | | |
| Hasert. | - | - | Study Op. 50 No. 14 |
| Beethoven. | Andante and Scherzo from Sonata | | |
| Op. 14, No. 2. | | | |
| MR. JAMES McCONNEL WEDDELL. | | | |



"The Mouse Trap" given for the benefit of the track team, was the greatest event

of the season. The "troupe" should be congratulated upon their success. The cast of characters:

Mr. Campbell	-	-	J. A. McCrory
Mrs. Somers (widow)	-	-	Leigh Alexander
Mrs. Curwen	-	-	J. Mc C. Price
Mrs. Miller	-	-	J. V. McKelvey
Mrs. Roberts	-	-	P. H. Yourd



There is a little ballad with which we

are all familiar—it is called "Ben Bolt"—which will remain a lasting monument to the memory of its author Thomas Dunn English, who died April 1. The song was made very popular a few years ago by the reference made to it by the famous French writer Du Maurier, in "Trilby." As it was the favorite song of the heroine of that book, so I think, it will continue to be in the future, as it has been in the past, a favorite with us all.



ATHLETICS.

THE inter-class field and track games on Tuesday preliminary to the Geneva and Pittsburg meets resulted as follows: 100 yard dash (novice) won by Tennent '05, Veszey '02; 2nd, Price '04, 3d; time 10 3-5; 100 yard dash (open) won by Deever's '02; Lambie 2nd; Yourd '05 3d; time 10 4-5.

Half-mile bicycle race, won by Byam, '05, McClurg 2nd; Time 1.15.

Broad jump, won by Deever's '02, Freetly 2nd, Tennent, '05, 3d; 20 feet 3 inches.

220 yard dash, won by Deever's '02, Lambie 2nd, Yourd '06, 3d; 24 3-5.

Shot put, won by Lambie; Tennent '05, 2nd, McMichael '02, 3d; 32 ft 4 inches.

High jump won by Lambie; Witherspoon '02 and McKelvey tied for second place 5 ft 4 inches.

440 yard run, won by Lambie, Calhoun 2nd, Clark '05, 3d; time 59 sec.

Mile run, won by Lambie; Knox '05, 2nd, Hildebran '03, 3d; time 5.25.

Pole vault, won by Lambie, Witherspoon '02, 2nd; 8 ft. 6 in.

Half mile run, won by Lambie, Price '04, 2nd, Davison, 3d; time 2.27.

Two mile bicycle race, won by Byam '05, Tweedie '04 2nd, Perkins '04, 3d; time 4:30.

Hammer throw, won by Elliott '05; Witherspoon '02, 3d, Morrow '03, 3d; 78 ft. 6 inches.



Westminster won the college mile relay race on Franklin Field, Philadelphia on April 26 in the National Inter-collegiate and Inter-scholastic Field and Track games. One hundred and twenty-five colleges and schools were represented and there were over six hundred entries. Ten thousand spectators witnessed the games and the great south stand was filled with cheering multitudes who shouted themselves hoarse as the

teams of their choice entered the contest and ran to victory.

The national championship mile relay was won by Harvard, with Yale second, Notre Dame third and Georgetown fourth, and the two-mile national championship was won by the University of Pennsylvania with Harvard second and Columbia third.

The one-mile college relay resulted as given above, in a victory for Westminster with Johns Hopkin second and Gallaudet third. The time was 3-36 1-5, the third best record of the whole meet. Washington and Jefferson, failed totally to gain a place. The Pittsburg "Gazette" in its report of the meet said: "Westminster was a winner and was the only Western Pennsylvania college to get a prize or a place in any event in the greatest relay sport ever seen on Franklin Field. Washington and Jefferson was unable to get a place while Westminster won her relay in splendid style. The New Wilmington boys had a good well-rounded team and ran a plucky hearty race."

The Pittsburg Times said:

"Westminster's was the only team to carry away a prize. After a fair start in their relays by J. A. Veazy and P. H. Yourd, R. G. Deevers and H. Lambie increased the lead and the latter came home the winner by five yards. The time was the third fastest of the day and was remarkable considering the high wind. Washington and Jefferson withdrew her team from the two mile relay hoping to win the mile race, but her hopes were blasted from the start for C. Wible lost eight yards in the first relay and M. Richey, E. McElroy, and D. Hemingway were not in the

race for a minute and the red and black trailed in at the end of the procession." The "Press" makes the following comment: "The Westminster boy left his opponents in the first lap and was never headed. At no time during the race was the result in doubt. The second and third relays increased the lead and the fourth runner led the straggling team field home by a wide margin."

The 100-yard dash (special) was won by the invincible Duffy of Georgetown. This was a foregone conclusion. Blair, of Chicago University was second and Rustein of Yale third. The second heat was won by Hargreave of Yale, with Westney of Pennsylvania second and Deevers of Westminster third. Duffy's time was 9 4-5 equalling the world's record held by him.

News of the result reached New Wilmington by direct long distance telephone message from the Philadelphia "North American" and although the hour was late an enthusiastic crowd of undergraduates proceeded to celebrate the victory with horns, bells, songs and cheers, closing the demonstration with a procession and a bonfire in front of the Hall.

The victorious Westminster men, in addition to the college trophy have each received appropriately engraved gold watches as prizes.

An enthusiastic demonstration in honor of the relay team took place on their return. The men were met at the train by almost the entire undergraduate body, carried on the shoulders of a cheering crowd to a lavishly decorated carriage and drawn to the campus by a hundred or more students, while the remainder in a shouting,

singing procession followed. On the campus, Manager Briceland made a brief address, presenting the trophy to the college and President Ferguson responded. Speeches were also made by members of the team and by representative undergraduates. The town and college has seldom witnessed a scene of such enthusiasm. All the members of the team returned on the noon train except A. D. Stewart '04, who stopped over in Pittsburg for a brief visit with relatives.

The class of 1902 has presented to the college a silver trophy-cup to be contested for annually in a one mile relay race by teams from the four college classes. By the provisions of the gift the race is to take place in the Spring term, preferably on the occasion of the inter-class field meet. This year the seniors as donors of the cup did not compete and the first race for 1902 cup was held on the afternoon of May 20th and won by the freshman team in 3.57. The 1904 team was seriously handicapped by an accident to McCrory, who in the first relay suffered a severe sprain. The race was close and exciting, R. Yourd '05, beating Thompson '04, by a small margin.

The men ran in the following trios finishing each relay in the order named: First, P. Yourd '03, Adams '05, McCrory '04; Second, Russell '03, Minter '05, Ferver '04; Third, L. Stewart, '05 Bailey '03, A. Stewart '04; finish, R. Yourd '05, Thompson '03, Price '04. The cup is a twelve inch urn with oxidized handles and trimmings, standing upon an eight inch four-sided oxidized silver base and surmounted by a winged Mercury. The trophy is valued at one hundred dollars.

The nine won the opening game from Geneva on May 3, by the score of 10-5. Batteries, Porter and Fulton; Leech and East.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Westminster	1	4	1	0	4	0	0	0	x	10	9	7
Geneva	2	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	5	6	3

At Beaver Falls on the following Saturday Geneva won 17-5. Batteries Leach and McKean; Sewall and Fulton.

										R	H	E
Geneva	2	1	0	3	1	4	4	2	x	17	15	4
Westminster	2	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	5	8	7

Allegheny won at both Meadville and New Wilmington, not because her team played better but because Westminster played worse. The score in the former game was 10-4 and in the latter 13-12. The batteries in the former, on May 17 were Haas and Mook; Porter and Fulton; and in the game here on the 24th Griffith and Mook; Sewall and Fulton.

May 17.

										R	H	E
Allegheny	0	1	3	2	0	0	0	4	x	10	12	4
Westminster	1	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	4	14	9

May 24.

										R	H	E
Allegheny	3	0	3	0	0	3	3	1	0	13	9	16
Westminster	0	1	0	0	0	6	0	5	0	12	8	8



The dual field and track games between Geneva and Westminster at Beaver Falls resulted in a victory for the latter, her team winning 62 points to Geneva's 45. Counting the five points scored in the broad jump by a Geneva man who was under suspension from his college and took part in the

meet against the direction of President Johnston the score would be Westminster 57, Geneva 50. The peculiar methods of starter controlled the outcome of some of the sprints. The events and winners were:

100-yard dash—Won by Martin, Geneva; second, Deevers; third, Lambie. Time, 10 4-5.

Half-mile run—Won by Lambie, Westminster; second, McElhinney, Geneva; third, Price, Westminster. Time, 2 :08.

Hammer throw—Won by Leech, Geneva; second, Edgar, Geneva; third, Witherspoon, Westminster. Distance, 92 feet 11½ inches.

Half-mile bicycle—Won by Byam, Westminster; second, Goettman, Geneva; third, Brown, Geneva. Time, 1 :29 4-5.

220-yard dash—Won by Deevers, Westminster; second, Martin, Geneva; third, Yourd, Westminster. Time, 24½.

High jump—Won by Lambie, Westminster;

second, Witherspoon, Westminster; third, Critchlow, Geneva. Distance, 5 feet 3 inches.

One mile run—Won by Lambie, Westminster; second, McElhinney, Geneva; third, Knox, Westminster. Time, 5 :08½.

Broad jump—Won by May, Geneva; second, Deevers, Westminster; third, Yourd, Westminster. Distance, 21 feet 6½ inches.

Two mile bicycle—Won by Byam, Westminster; second, Goettman, Geneva; third, Brown, Geneva. Time, 6 :18½.

220-yard hurdle—Won by Limerick, Geneva; second, Tennant, Westminster; third, Yourd. Time, 20.

Shot-put—Won by Leech, Geneva; second, Edgar, Geneva; third, Elliott, Westminster. Distance, 32 feet 11½ inches.

440-yard dash—Won by Veazey, Westminster; second, Lambie, Westminster; third, Martin, Geneva. Time, :55.

Starter—McKean. Timers—Leyda, Barker, Corbus. Judges—Mitchell, May, Fewsmith



EXCHANGES.

A comedy in three acts.

Act 1—Maid 1

Act 2—Maid won

Act 3—Made one.—H. S. Echo.

"Friend:—"Your son played on the foot ball team at college?" Fond Mama:—"Yes." Friend:—"Quarterback?" Fond Mama:—"Oh, yes; he's nearly all back. You see, he only lost an ear and a thumb." —Ex.

Graduate, at parting, with emotion—"Professor, I am indebted to you for all I know."

Professor—"Don't mention such a trifle."—Ex.

A gentleman prominent in judicial circles had entered an eating house, and was immediately approached by one of those knights of the napkin, who remarked cheerily:

"I have deviled kidneys, pigs' feet, and calves' brains."

"Have you?" replied the jurist coolly. "Well, what are your ailments to me? I came here to eat."

So then the year is repeating its old story again. We are come once more, thank God, to its most charming chapter. The violets and the Mayflowers are as its inscriptions or vignettes. It always makes a

pleasant impression on us, when we open again at these pages of the book of life.

—Goethe.

"That," said the guide, "is the negro cemetery."

"Ah," said the distinguished visitor, "I see. A kind of blackberry patch."

—Princeton Tiger.

"Samantha, what's the chune the orchestry's a playin' now?

"The program, Hiram, says its Chopin."

"Wall, mebbe, but ter me it sounds a deal more like sawin."

The Tarkio "Phoenix" is a bright college paper. An exchange column would improve it.

We were glad to notice the discussion of a plan for improving its literary value in a late number of the Colorado "Tiger." A literary column should be found in every college paper and would greatly improve the "Tiger."

The April "Sibyl" (Elmira College) is as usual full of good reading matter.

There is a charm about this tasteful bi-monthly, edited as it is by the fairer sex, which we find in few of our exchanges.

The "Amulet" for April is a Shakespeare number, and as usual is admirably arranged, with interesting reading matter, and profitable material for study.

The Commencement number of the "Hermonite" with its description of the members of the graduating class would be very interesting to members and acquaintances of the college.

Among the best articles in exchanges received this month are; "The Benefactor's World" in Hiram College Advance, "Our Internal Foe" in the Phoenix, "Pregnations of a Tender-foot—'Uncle Tom's Cabin in the Wild and Wooly West'" in the Western University Courant, "The Modern Novel" in the Thielensian, "Language as Indicative of Thought" in the Beaver, "Co-factors in the Development of Human Life" in Grove City Collegian, "Education of the Negro" in the Cooper Courier, and "Miquel's Revenge" in the Rayen Record.



THE HOLCAD.

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THE JEW, A MAN WITH A RECORD.

By Robert G. Freeman.

[This oration by Robert G. Freeman of Allegheny College was awarded first place in the inter-collegiate oratorical contest held at Meadville Pa., Wednesday May 14, 1902.]



THE Jew has always been a despised man. Ever since the day when Pharaoh set task masters over him, he has been a hissing and a byword among the nations. We have kicked him and cursed him, we hardly know why. We have shown the same spirit towards him as was shown towards an enemy by Charles Lamb. When reminded that he knew not the man whom he was berating, he exclaimed: "I don't want to know him for fear I should like him!" We have been blind with prejudice. We have known only one Jew—the mean money-grabber, the avaricious "sheeny" of the city, the despicable Shylock of the stage. We have forgotten that, as Bryant says, "Shylock is, of all Shakespeare's characters, the only one untrue to nature. He is not a Jew, but a fiend in the form of one." We have forgotten that in the original story it was the Christian, Paul Secchi, who insisted upon getting his pound of flesh from the Hebrew, Samson Cenado. We have forgotten the words of George Eliot: "The Jews are among the aristocracy of every land." We have forgotten that the Jewish nation is the most anciently civilized of all

the peoples of the earth; that its authentic history antedates all others; that its literature has been more widely diffused than any other; than its code of morals and system of government have been the basis of our own.

The Hebrew does not ask credit for more than his due. He does ask to be treated with equity. In the name of our Saxon love of fair play he calls upon us to give him a hearing. With calm dignity and with magnificent pride he challenges us to examine his record.

The history of the Jew in Europe is the history of a suffering man. Turn the white light of modern humanitarianism on the darkness of the middle ages and behold him the victim of every conceivable indignity, the prey of every infernal barbarity that unchristian hate could devise.

"Anathema Maranatha! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street;

At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet."

In Italy the sons of Jacob were shut up in the Ghettos like cattle in a pen, and forced to pay liberally for civic rights that were denied them. In Prussia, although they made noble sacrifices for the state, they were not allowed to be agriculturists

or manufacturers or to pursue liberal professions, unless they submitted to Christian baptism. Seven times they were admitted to France on payment of a great price; seven times with wondrous thrift and patience, they amassed fortunes; seven times they were robbed and expelled from the land. The Germans burned alive two thousand of them in their own cemetery at Strasburg. During the great plague of the fourteenth century, "because they would not die off like good Christians," they were accused of poisoning the wells of Europe. One hundred years later Spain banished six hundred thousand of them at one time. Listen to the sad wail of one as he describes his arrival on the coast of Africa: "I first saw my wife expire on the beach; then my two sons. I covered them with the sand, and exclaimed: 'My God, my misfortunes would tempt me to deny Thy law; but I am a Jew; do with me as Thou wilt.'"

In Russia at this very hour the schools are closed to the Jews, the lucrative professions forbidden them, every redress at law denied them. They are compelled to live in communities of degraded Jew-baiters. It was only yesterday that we read the horrors of the treatment Captain Dreyfus received at the hands of the jealous anti-Semites. And even in this land of liberty, the son of Abraham is caricatured in our papers, ostracised in our society, blackballed in our clubs, classed with the dogs on the prohibitive lists of summer hotels; his children are slighted and tormented in our schools; and the old vender on our streets—who cares for him? the scum of the earth! No wonder that the poor Jewess in New York, on learning that her nurse was a Christian,

exclaimed: "I never knew that a Christian could be so kind."

And why has the Hebrew been subjected to all this merciless treatment? Have his hands been stained with crime? Has he been a burdensome pauper in any land? Has he ever plotted against the flag that sheltered him? Has not his only crime been that he is a Jew? But persecution has not killed him. Whole nations have passed to their graves, but the Jew still lives. As Disraeli has well said: "The world has by this time discovered that it is impossible to destroy the Jews."

The record of the Jew as a member of society is remarkable. To the list of criminals he supplies a smaller proportion than any other race. "In forty years experience," says a Massachusetts judge, "no Jewish malefactor ever appeared before me." The Jews care for their poor. No one of them ever becomes a charge upon a Christian community. Even in the foul tenements of Baxter street more practical brotherhood is often seen than among the palatial mansions of Fifth avenue. No Hebrew graves are ever dug in the Potter's field.

In the financial world the pocket-books of the nations have been kept filled by the Jews. Some years ago the Russian government applied to the Rothschilds for a loan. Their representative went to St. Petersburg to meet the minister of finance, to Madrid to see the Spanish treasurer, a Jew; to Paris to consult the premier, a Jew; then to Berlin to have an interview with the chancellor of the Prussian government, a Jew. As a rule they have accumulated their fortunes not by dishonesty and oppression but by thrift. They are not all

rich, but there are individuals who are fabulously wealthy, individuals who could pay off any national debt or throw all Europe into the court of bankruptcy.

To the world of intellect this Semite has supplied more than his share. That was an honest confession of the governor of Poland who, when asked by Sir Moses Montefiore to do something for the education of the Jews, replied: "God forbid; they are already too clever for us." In every land among the most brilliant writers, the most enchanting musicians, the most accomplished artists, the most captivating actors, the most magnetic orators, has stood the Jew. Halevi and Heine, the poets; Moses Mendelssohn and Israel Zangwill, the litterati; Rachel and Sarah Bernhardt, the actors; Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Rubinstein and Rosenthal, the musicians; Maimonides, "the Jewish Aristotle;" Neander, the historian; and Herschel, the astronomer. The majority of the professorships in German universities are filled by Jewish scholars; the largest theological school in the world, the Mohammedan College at Cairo, has an apostate Jew at its head; fifty per cent of the students and two of the professors in our own Columbia University belong to that race; while Yale, Harvard, Johns Hopkins and others have chairs filled by Hebrews. Among the most brilliant of the world's statesmen stands Benjamin Disraeli, that Jew who, though at first hissed and hooted and ostracised, made himself by sheer force of intellect and will, "master of the fleets, armies, and treasury of the proudest Christian nation the world has ever known."

America, of all nations, can least af-

ford to belittle this man. Dr. Kayserling has proved conclusively that "Jews and not jewels" constituted the financial basis of Columbus' first expedition; that a Jew composed the astronomical tables used during the voyage, and that another Jew provided maps that proved most serviceable. The great navigator had a Jewish veedor or superintendent, a Jewish physician, a Jewish surgeon, and a Jewish sailor. It was a Jew, Rodrigo de Triana, who first saw the land, and the Jewish interpreter, Luis de Torres, was the first to set foot upon it. If we forget the facts that the Jewish race has given Great Britain a major-general and two lieutenant generals, that three of Napoleon's marshals were Hebrews, that more than nine hundred Israelites have taken part in the Boer War, that out of eight million Jews in Europe 350,000 are soldiers (a larger proportion than of any other race),—if we forget these facts, let us not forget the long list of Jews who fought in all four of our own wars; let us not forget Haym Salomon, of Philadelphia, who, when this land was in need, gave \$600,000, not one penny of which has ever been repaid; let us not forget the patriotism of such men as Mr. Gomez who, when told that he was too old for service in the Revolutionary War, replied: "I can stop a bullet as well as a younger man;" let us not forget that but for a Jew there would have been no Bunker Hill monument. Among those who went down to death in the "Maine" were fifteen Jews. The first man to fall in the attack on Manila was a Jew. President Roosevelt says that among the bravest of the bold and dashing Rough Riders were seven Hebrews.

Ah, the Jew is a man with a record.

Poet, soldier, statesman; prince of scholars; instructor of philosophers; leader of philanthropists. He is only a "speck of star-dust in the great milky way" of the nations, but he shines wondrous clear. No wonder Lord Beaconsfield answered when taunted with being of Jewish extraction: "I can well afford to be called a Jew."

Maurice Orange has given us a picture of Bonaparte in Egypt in which the great general stands with bared head before a royal mummy. Well may we uncover our

heads and bow, not to the dead relic of a buried nation, but to the Jew, the living marvel of all the ages. I call him a marvel. Put him in a dungeon, and he will rise to the throne. Cast him into a fiery furnace of persecution, and he will outlive the flames. Give him only a stable in which to be born, and we shall reckon time from his birth; wise men from distant lands will come to lay their offerings at his feet; the manger will become effulgent with the glory of a throne, and the Jewish child shall rule the hearts of men.



CHRISTIANITY AND LABOR PROBLEMS.

By A. G. Weidler '02.

[This Oration by A. G. Weidler, '02, won third place in Inter-Collegiate Contest, May 14.]



IN THE security of numbers living beings perpetuate their existence. This we see demonstrated by the myriad inhabitants of the air about us, by the dwellers in the forest, by the "cattle on a thousand hills", and by the institutions of human society. Not a single atom of matter can exist independently, much less can man live without bearing to his fellows some intimate relations, the nature of which determines the character of society.

Human nature in its constancy exhibits its certain fundamental forces that govern all the actions of men. Many of these tend to produce harmonious relations, others are productive of discord, and, working unhindered, would cause the destruction of so-

ciety. Altruism, the champion of a perfect society, seeks the interest and welfare of all. Egoism, the greatest antagonist of such a society, seeks its own interest, regardless of the effect upon others. It purposes to get everything and give nothing in return. Both are indispensable, though conflicting, factors of human progress. Egoism, the centripetal force of our social system, tends to confine material benefits about the individual as a center. Altruism, the centrifugal force, works away from the individual and distributes blessings to all mankind. These complex and intricate forces are far from being harmoniously adjusted; individual and social welfare can be secured only when they are brought perfectly to balance one another in human conduct. Material Egoism entirely ignores the "universal basis of social life", which

Herbert Spencer defines as "the proportioning of benefits received to services rendered," and hence gives rise to all the evils which are undermining the structure of society. The most ominous of these social evils are included in what is popularly called the "Labor Question." These are slowly rising as black, portentous clouds over our fair land, gathering strength year by year, and threatening at any moment to break forth in their fury and deluge our Republican institutions.

Our nation has progressed materially in a wonderful manner, and our commerce and wealth are increasing at a remarkable rate. Are all classes benefitted by this material growth? Are the laboring classes borne along in the national tide of prosperity? Opinions differ on this point; but the best political economists seem to think that the "rich are growing richer, and the poor, at least relatively, poorer." It is only too obvious that our great increase of wealth has been followed by scarcely any amelioration in the general lot of the laboring class. The dismal want of the poor wretch of the slums is the natural result of the extravagance of the rich. The starving poor and the pleasure-seeking rich are the two most dangerous classes of society. These are the results of our present system of industry, which has as regulative forces the use of machinery and competition, and whose sole motive is self-aggrandizement. This system of unrestricted competition to the minutest degree obeys Ricardo's "iron law of wages," and with a rod of steel holds the remuneration of the laborers down to the "stipend actually required for the maintenance of life and the perpetuation of their

race without increase or diminution." The division and insecurity of labor as natural consequences of this system have reduced the artisan class to the permanent condition of wage-laborers. It is an appalling fact that thousands of laborers within our borders are compelled to supplement their own earnings by those of their wives and children in order to eke out a wretched existence. A mere support is all that the economic forces working unmolested will give to the laborer. As long as stern competition is the sole law of industry, labor will continue to be a commodity. Yet we boast of our enlightened civilization! Enlightened civilization? Shall we not rather say:

"That boast

Is but a mockery! when from coast to coast,
Though fettered slaves be none, our floors and soil
Groan underneath a weight of slavish toil,
For the poor many, measured out by rules
Fetched with cupidity from heartless schools,
That to an idol falsely called "The Wealth
Of Nations", sacrifice a people's health—
Body and mind and soul; a thirst so keen
That ever urges on the vast machine
Of sleepless labor, 'mid whose dizzy wheels
The power least prized is that which thinks and
feels."

Other nations less wealthy than the United States have gone down in the frenzy of revolution because of these oppressed classes. God forbid that with us such should be the outcome of the present discontent. Many seek to remedy these evils by increasing the discontent with present conditions, and thereby securing support for their doctrines, the most absurd of which is that of Anarchism. It proposes to do away entirely with the present social and industrial system. "Arm to the teeth!"

the Anarchist cries, "for the revolution is upon us. War to the knife!" With dynamite he would raze industrial society to the ground, and out of the pandemonium thus produced hope to realize some anarchistic Utopia,—wherein every one would act only as inclination and uncontrolled desire might prompt. It is absurd to think that any man of sense would advocate such doctrines; and we cast them aside as unworthy of serious consideration as a solution of these problems.

With much relief we turn to the principles and precepts of Jesus Christ as applied to our industrial life. Love is the theme of Christianity. It seeks to co-ordinate the love of self with the love of others. The exaggeration of self-love is condemned, because it produces confusion and anarchy; wise self-interest is commended, since, by it alone, vital energy, variety, and progress are secured to industry. The extinction of self-love would result in the loss of private property and private enterprise—essential factors in our industrial system. What incentive would there be to capitalists to invest their money in an enterprise in which the laborers received all the profits? But, on the other hand, what interest has the laborer at present, when all he can obtain is a meager pittance, scarcely enough to keep him alive? The benevolence of Christianity prompts the employer to give the wage-earner not only the competitive price of labor, but a certain percentage of the net profits. This arouses a deeper interest in his work and benefits both Capital and Labor. These effects of the influence of benevolence do not exist in theory alone; for both profit-sharing and co-operative estab-

lishments have been tried and have almost invariably proved successful. The application of this principle to the relations between employer and employee would elevate our industrial society from strife to peace, from distrust to confidence, from despair to hope.

Egoism has ruled industry too long. The Altruism of Christianity must exert its influence. The teachings of political economy have given employers the notion that good will has no place in the shop or factory, that its place is in the church and family and that selfishness is the only safe principle upon which to build a successful business career. Christian ethics asserts that there is no department of human conduct in which pure Egoism is a safe guide. Christ taught the priceless worth of every human being; He introduced a new idea into the world—the idea of universal brotherhood—which, permeating society, has manumitted slaves, elevated woman, built hospitals, mitigated the horrors of war, and relieved the poor and distressed everywhere. Has it no power to solve the labor question? Capital and Labor are not hostile forces bound together only by bands of iron and steel; they are mutual friends inseparably linked together by ties of common brotherhood. The employer is responsible not only for the physical but for the moral condition of his employees. The laborer should have better influences thrown around him in order that he may have a more healthy family life, without which there can never be a sound social or even industrial life.

But, as the great rank and file of toilers, marshalled by the "captains of industry", are plodding wearily on year after

year through our industrial realm, a false and grossly materialistic political economy is flaunting over them this banner—"Every man for himself." Is it any wonder that there is strife and bloodshed? That strikes, boycotts and riots are the legitimate outcome? That defenseless wives and innocent children suffer untold misery? Do you not see them with faces gaunt and haggard cursing that infamous banner? Christianity in the everyday life and practice of its followers should tear down that banner, replacing it by this—"Love thy neighbor as thyself." Then the mighty host would march on in harmony and in peace.

The law of Christianity is the only one under which any kind of society can have perfect harmony. It is not what the Anarchist would have us think—an idle tale. It is a life, an inner power, a burning enthusiasm, drawing every one towards willing self-sacrifice. It is not revolution, but development.

Political economy based on self-interest alone, causes all the strained relations which are growing out of the present system of industry. But political economy and Christian ethics, when combined, balance

and strengthen each other, just as the opposing forces of the solar system, acting in different directions, give symmetry and harmony to the heavenly bodies.

Already our industrial regime is beginning to take on a new aspect through the influence of the precepts of Christ. When his teachings have been thoroughly wrought into our social fabric, we shall have perfect harmony, instead of strife and discontent. The day of peace between Capital and Labor will soon dawn. Employer and employed are beginning to realize that they are allies and partners. Mutual confidence and affection are taking the place of hatred and distrust. The clouds of industrial disaffection and discord are slowly but surely melting before the beams of the rising "Sun of Righteousness," telling us that a brotherhood of peace is at hand. And let Christianity, inspired by her Master's noble spirit of service, ring out the glad prophecy of the angelic refrain, "On earth peace, good will toward men." Yes! Proclaim!—

"Peace in the whirling marts,
Peace where the scholar thinks, the hunter roams,
Peace—God of Peace!—peace, peace, in all our
homes,
And all our hearts."



A PARABLE.

A WHILE ago grim winter held
Us in his awful grasp,
And even nature seemed to be
Fast bound within his clasp.

The fields were naked, brown and sere,
Dead stubble all that told
The story of the last year growth
Killed by the frost and cold.

But underneath the stubble bare
Plant life was still at work
And winter, merely as a shield,
Would not his duty shirk.

While all was still and cold with frost
And birds no longer sing
Protects with such unwearied care
The loveliness of spring.

So may it be when heav'n we reach
Safe in our Father's home
We shall forget the stony way
And where we once would roam.

The storm, the cold, the darkness dread
No longer give we room
For these are but preparing us
For cheer and warmth and bloom.

The gladness and the melody
Of life without a care,
Chill here, but there we warm shall be
Pain here and death—Life there.

When th' ransomed of the Lord return
Then all shall happy be
To sing of Moses and the Lamb
There grief and sighing flee.

Mac. '03.



EDITORIAL.

THE Holcad extends a most cordial welcome to all our visitors of commencement week. It is always the gala time of the year, but it seems fitting that this semi-centennial commencement should be celebrated with unusual festivities. Keeping anniversaries is beneficial if only to draw together those most deeply interested. This commencement should strengthen the bond of union between the alumni, undergraduates, and friends of Westminster, and deepen in us all the desire to do our part, whatever it may be, in increasing Westminster's usefulness for the future.



SOON we shall all know the result of the Semi-Centennial Endowment Committee. We are sure that the report will be most encouraging even if the whole amount has not yet been raised. The sum would not be sufficient to reproduce in brick and mortar all our air castles, but we are satisfied that it will be expended to the best advantage of the college. It is a matter of regret to the students, those most directly benefited by the movement, that they can do so little to further it. Yet there are some things that money cannot buy which are essential to the well-being of the college, and which can best be secured for her by the students themselves. Her reputation for scholarship rests not more upon the learning of the professors than on the industrious habits of the student. Upon their

character rests her reputation for straightforward dealing, especially on the athletic field; and upon their readiness to submit to authority depends to a large extent her reputation for good discipline. In this and in many other respects the character of the college is what the students make it. Here is an opportunity for the exercise of loyalty and of true "college-sport."



DURING a recent chapel speech by Mr. Gatchford an English barrister and well known newspaper correspondent, the remark was made in comparing the American people with the English, that while we are much brighter than they in many respects, yet the English people insist more strenuously on their rights. With the Americans, petty politicians are permitted to evade the laws and by unlawful means turn things to their own interest without any interference from the people, until they are suddenly worked up to the fighting point. The English people, on the contrary, stand sternly for their rights, and permit no one to transgress them a hair's breadth without being immediately punished. To this trait of the English people, the speaker attributed, in great part, the strength and stability of the English government. Although this comparison does not sound favorably to Americans, who boast of being the greatest liberty loving people on the face of the earth, yet it is

well to see ourselves as others see us. From the reports of newspapers and current magazines, we judge there is a great deal of truth in what Mr. Latchford has said. Scarcely an important election goes by, that we do not afterward hear charges of bribery and corruption of those in power; and it is very seldom that the public has the satisfaction of seeing the offenders punished; not until, as Mr. Latchford put it, they are worked up to such a high pitch of indignation as to be ready to fight, and force the offenders to be brought to justice. It is hoped that the future will see an improvement in this respect, and it will depend, for

the most part, on the men now being educated in our colleges.



ANOTHER year has gone by, and another class is about to leave us. For four years they have trodden the thorny path of knowledge, only to find at the end, that their studies are but begun. They have been a credit to our college both as students and athletes, and as they leave these walls, which have had so great an influence in moulding their characters, we can only wish them God-speed and a successful career.



HOLCADES MIKRAI.

WILSON is back at the Hall.

Miss Beatty—"Oh, do you think so?"

Miss B.—"Oh you make me so mad."

New carpets and checker board at the Hall.

Wanted—A girl for "The Artificial Sunrise."

Why can't Miss McGinness stay for Commencement?

Mr. Press, in German, "He who cannot hear is dumb."

Lena Alexander, "I just adored that kettle."

Ask Mr. McCrory if he had a good time at Slippery Rock.

Ask Mr. P. why he has grown so reckless with his silver dollars.

Miss Brown—Yes, da, often means there but not here.

Mr. Jamison (translating), "Then the old woman's hands twittered."

Rev. Boyd and Dr. McKay were also chapel visitors this month.

Miss Hockenberry is tired going to school and would rather go home and settle down.

Since Pol. Econ. is finished, Miss Lytle finds her time occupied with the other Pauly.

"Let's stop cracking jokes for the rest of the term. "O, well all the jokes are cracked anyway.

Prof. Moore thinks the tennis tournament detracts so much from Lab. Physics that they might as well stop it altogether.

Who is Johnny Lea?

Mary Grove can tell a good snake story.

Ask Madge Conway about the 22nd of June.

Mary Lea's favorite way of riding is in the sulky.

Miss Smith of Bulger, is visiting her sister Miss Mary Smith.

It's not only peg away but Deg away with Miss McLaughlin this week.

Thursday's "Gazette" contained a picture of the Westminster relay team.

Miss Cochran protests that she did not steal an apple to win her middle name.

Clyde Shep (coming from the direction of Ladies Hall), "Oh! My arm's sore."

If Archie doesn't stop being so generous with his locks he'll soon not have any.

A great many students are very profitably spending their vacation playing tennis.

George Vincent's friends are going to church armed with hat pins in the future.

Miss Beatty and Miss Nesbit say they care for no one except students. How strange.

Miss Alexander, fishing, "Oh here is the dearest, sweetest, loveliest little Amoeba!"

Mr. Josiah Hildebran of Cochranton, visited his son, H. C. Hildebran, '03, on Wednesday.

Miss Mabel Moore of Hoopestown, Ill., spent a few days with her friend Miss Loretta Mitchell, '03.

Miss Beatty and Miss Bard should know that midnight is not milking time even in New Wilmington.

Mr. Hunt taking his coat to be repaired: "Dr. and I were off on a tear and we just sifted right through the crowd."

Mrs. Clawson of Freeport, was the guest of her daughter Miss Martha Clawson, '03, from Saturday until Tuesday.

We wonder if the new checker-board at the Hall was bought so the young gentlemen would know when it was their move.

The Hall girls thought they were well protected from the enemy but found their Armour wasn't proof against the English.

Even though Miss B. was very much excited after Sharkey's victory, she ought to know the difference between butter and cheese.

"Tempus fugit, and soon the term will be numbered with the past, but first—O bitter thought—the examinations must be passed."

Two of the ladies of the Hall have added to their accomplishments by learning to ride horse back. They practice Sabbath mornings.

Miss Gertrude Clark and Mayme Turner are to assist the Chorus class in the rendering of the Rose Maiden at Commencement time.

Dr. Ferguson made very appropriate remarks concerning the life of the late Dr. R. A. Browne and of his connection with the college.

Prof. Moore was naming the stars one clear evening. His companion pointed to the ladies' dormitory, and asked, "What do you call those?" "Oh, that is the Constellation of the Cynosure", was the answer.

A light colored cap was lost last Tuesday eve somewhere between Schoeller's and Sloss's; finder will please leave at the Post Office. Box 199.

"Do you have any Locals?"

"Oh yes, such a funny thing happened when we were sitting down there playing tennis the other day."

The Senior party given by Dr. Ferguson to the graduating class and faculty on the eve of May 23, was very much enjoyed by all present.

While practicing Base Ball, Messrs Moore and Vincent collided and both sustained injuries which it will take some time to heal. We hope for their speedy recovery.

In an animated discussion over the price of marriage licenses, Miss McG. declared it was 50c, Miss P., that it was \$2.50. Miss Ginness "allowed" she was thinking of a dog license.

At Y. W. C. A. reception for the Seniors, Miss Hanna introducing a speaker: "We are very glad this evening to have—Miss Cochran, sotto voice, "Ice cream."

Mr. McC. has proven that a homely girl is better than a pretty girl as follows: A homely girl is better than nothing, nothing is better than a pretty girl, therefore a homely girl is better than a pretty girl.

Mr. Gatchford, a barrister, of Inner Temple, London, who has been a journalist for 25 years, gave a very interesting as well as instructive chapel speech Wednesday morning, June 4, and delivered a lecture the same evening on "Personal Reminiscences of Carlyle, Tennyson, Victor Hugo and George Elliott, which was enjoyed by all who heard it.

How would Hungry look without his Bill?

How would Jimmie B. look if he could not smile?

How would a Chemistry student look if he should be excused from exam?

"Wilt thou?" and she wilted.

They were discussing the route to Egypt.

"Of course we'll want to go to Rome."

Mr. Armour Veazey. "Perhaps we will have enough roaming without going there."

Scene—A little town not far from N. W.

Characters—Mr. Roy Kennedy and a lady.

(An old gentleman approaches and addresses Mr. Kennedy.)

Old gentleman—"Mr. Kennedy? Was that the name? How do you do? (Pointing to the lady.) And is this Mrs. Kennedy? How do you do, Mrs. Kennedy—I am very pleased to meet you.

(Confusion reigns.)

Question—Who was the lady.

Two young men steal slowly and carefully to the rear of a house where festivities are at their height. After making minute inspection of everything in sight, they find, to their infinite delight, an ice cream freezer and make off with it thinking of the feast of which they are about to partake. Having run to a safe distance they open the freezer; then to their astonishment, anger, and chagrin they find it empty. We think it would be well for those young men to look before they leap the next time they go on such a hazardous adventure.

A graphic description of Hunt's experiences with a horse, which attempted to run away with a pretty young school teacher and himself, was printed in a New Castle paper.

CHEMISTRY RAKINGS.

Prof. F.—“Mr. Jamison, what is the law of DeLong and Pettitt?”

Mr. J.—“The specific weight times the atomic gravity equals a constant.”

“Valence is the function of properties to hold other properties in combination.”

“Carbon iron oxide is a black powder called animal charcoal.”

Prof. Freeman—“Mr. Gilfillan, what is deflagration?”

Mr. G., in cheerful despair, “Guess I'll have to give that up.”

It is expected that the members of the present class will take up the “Benzene Ring” for light summer reading. “In this particular case however, as a matter of fact.”

What will Prof. Freeman say next?

Mr. Byam—“How do you spell that kind of stuff that's like molasses.”

Mr. McB.—Syrup, I suppose.

It is real pleasure when Roy and Ethel win a game of tennis for they shake hands after every victory.



ALUMNI NOTES.

Messers W. M. Mackey and Robert Bruce were guests at the home of Dr J. O. Campbell.

Mrs. Margaret King Wallace '90, will graduate, 20th inst. from the Chicago Kindergarten Institute.

Rev. A. B. McCormick '93, of North Warren, visited college friends here recently.

Miss Anna M. Dunn '95, has spent the past winter in Allegheny continuing her study of music.

Miss M. Estella MacMillan '86. and Mr. John Howard Knox were married 1 inst. at Allegheny. They will be at home after July 15, at 823 Heberton Ave., Pittsburg.

Rev. S. H. Moore, D. D., '75, of New Castle, delivered the Memorial Day oration in the college chapel, May 30.

Rev. H. S. Boyd '75, of New Castle, assisted in the communion services held recently in the First U. P. church.

Dr. A. L. Russell '92, Midway, Pa., is the book review editor of “The Medical World,” published in Philadelphia.

Rev. J. C. Kistler '86, of United Presbyterian reunion-fame, has announced another excursion to Conneaut Lake for August 14.

The Westminster alumni who graduate from the Seminaries are: From Allegheny, Messrs. C. F. Hoffman '99, George

Seville '98, James Ferguson '97, Walter Stewart '99; Wilbur McPeak '99. From Xenia, Mr. R. R. Littell '99. From Western, Mr. Hugh Shaw, Ex. '96.

Miss Myra L. Boyd '95, has been appointed a missionary to Egypt. Miss Boyd expects to sail in the early autumn with her brother the Rev. J. Howard Boyd.

The Misses Pomeroy '98, who have been attending Bryn Mawr College during the past year, have both been elected to positions in the New Castle schools.

Miss Emma Campbell '93, is one of the fortunate 25 teachers to be sent on a trip to Europe at the expense of the Pittsburg Gazette July 3, having received 82000 votes.

Mrs. E. H. Young, '64, M. D., Minneapolis, Minn., class of '64, who has been sojourning in this vicinity for the past year, is about to return home much restored in health.

Rev. Wm. P. Stevenson '80, at present pastor of the Park Presbyterian Church, Syracuse, N. Y., has accepted the call to the First Presbyterian Church of Yonkers, N. Y., and will enter on his new field of work Oct. 1.

A. H. Baldinger '00, H. C. Chambers '99, and R. W. Walker '98, have each won a \$50 prize for scholarship at the Allegheny Seminary (U. P). There were six prizes, each worth \$50 and Westminster men carried off three of them.

Rev. R. M. Russell, D. D., '80, will preach the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of the Western University of Pennsylvania.

W. M. Mehard '01, student at Johns Hopkins Medical school, J. E. Nelson '01, Medical student, St. Louis, Mo., and T. C. Cochran '01, were recent visitors.

The class of '87 which holds its fifteenth anniversary this semi-centennial year, is expecting almost a complete reunion, probably the largest ever yet held. They have been planning for this for years, and some who live in the far west have arranged to make their home visits at this time in order to be present. They hold class banquets and all the alumni performances will be given by them. The Class History by Rev. J. B. Ricketts, Wilmerding, the Oration by Rev. D. T. McCalmont, New Galilee and the Poem by Walter M. Lindsay, Esq., Pittsburg.

The following graduates who have been busily engaged as teachers have returned to us for the summer: Miss Letitia Elliott '99, Tillotson College, Austin, Texas; Miss E. M. McBane '01, Allen Normal School, Thomasville, Ga.; Miss Bertha Houston '94, and Miss Letitia Elliott '87, from New Castle, Miss Mary Kuhn '95, Indian Territory, Miss Zella W. Mitchell '01, Knoxville, Tenn., Miss Edith Thompson '00, Marion, Alabama, Miss Floy I. Robertson, '98, Butler, and Wallace R. Ferguson '00, Norfolk, Va.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The trustees of Geneva college have voted to give a free scholarship to the honor pupil in the New Kensington High schools.

Prof. S. P. Brooks, the newly elected president of Baylor University at Waco, Texas, was a track repairman 20 years ago, earning 65 cents a day with his spade

On May 21, Memorial Hall, Thiel college was destroyed by fire, probably the result of carelessness. The building contained society and recitation rooms and chapel.

Miss Margaret F. Washburn, Ph D, has resigned from Cornell University, and has accepted the professorship in philosophy at the University of Cincinnati. Miss Washburn is a graduate of Wells college '91. She received the degree of Ph. D. from Cornell.

Allegheny college will hold its 87th commencement this year. The exercises

will be the most impressive in the history of that institution. Ford Memorial Chapel erected at a cost of \$30,000, and containing the new \$6,000 pipe organ, will have been completed. The new library building constructed at a cost of \$40,000, with shelf room for 100,000 volumes, and the Newton Observatory so lately built, will be thrown open for inspection.

The Rev. John Henry Barrows D. D., president of Oberlin college, died June 3, of pneumonia. He was born in Medina, Mich., July 1, 1847, and was graduated from Olivet college in 1867. Dr. Barrows was for 15 years pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Chicago. In 1893 he organized and presided over the World's Parliament of Religions, held during the World's Fair. Dr. Barrows lectured in this country and in India and spent a year in foreign travel. In November 1898 he was elected president of Oberlin college.



Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Northfield plans to entertain young men more extensively this year than ever before. A new departure has been made by establishing a Summer Bible School. At the request of friends, the whole month of July is reserved for that purpose. The lecturers are Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, W. W. White, and Rev. John Kelman of Edinburgh

University. It is a rare chance for college men and Y. M. C. A. workers. The lectures come in the morning and none of them are compulsory. Afternoons, for recreation. The Students, Conference, with John R. Mott as leader, will be in progress from June 27 to July 6, and any visitors to Northfield during that time may share both the

Bible School and the platform meetings of the Conference.

Another college year is closing. We do not glory in our victories whatever they have been, neither are we discouraged by our defeats. The closing term of the year has shown a marked increase both in the attendance and in the spiritual development of

the men. Those who attended these conventions are chiefly the cause of this success. It is to be hoped that one or two good men at Northfield this summer will give the work a new impetus in the fall, and with unswerving faith in the Master we hope to make next year the best in the history of the Association.



Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

Another year has come and gone to return no more. What have we done with it?

The Y. W. C. A. is larger now than it was this time last year, the meetings are better attended, and more of the girls take part. We are so glad to see this and we thank you all for your hearty cooperation. Come back again next year and bring with you new members,—be missionaries for the Association.

Westminster has sent at least fifty missionaries to different parts of the world. We are trying to get their photographs so as to make a collection for the College, and we would thankfully receive help from any one who can tell us the names or give us the pic-

tures of missionaries who are graduates of Westminster.

What are we going to do with our opportunities this summer? Shall we grasp them or shall we let them slip? Let us be sure to remember the opportunities for doing little things; sometimes we leave them while we reach for greater things. Can we not take away with us and use during the summer the meaning of the message Dr. Ferguson gave us in our last union meeting?

“May every soul that touches mine—
Be it the slightest contact—get therefrom some
good,
To make this life worth while,
And heaven a surer heritage!”





MUSIC AND ART.

In art, not imitation but creation is the aim.
Music resembles poetry ; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master hand alone can reach.
Pope.

The work in the elocution department for some time has been almost entirely confined to the preparation for Junior and Society Contests.

Miss Emma Galbreath gave an entertainment in the chapel Friday the 6th, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

On Wednesday June 4, Mr. Latchford an English barrister, gave a lecture in the College Chapel, on Browning, Carlyle, Tennyson and Victor Hugo. Being personally acquainted with all of these authors, he gave us his own recollections of them. He seems to have been best acquainted with Carlyle, but has a very high opinion of Victor Hugo. By making inquiries in this country in regard to reform movements, he discovered that in seven cases out of ten, the instigator of such movements had become aware of the need by reading Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables*. Mr. Latchford has been engaged in the work of journalism for a number of years and just recently began his career as a lecturer. We are also indebted to him for one of the finest chapel speeches of the year, on William Gladstone.

Charles Schreyvogel, who has been painting such fine pictures of frontier life within the last four years, has a history that reads like a leaf out of a story book. By exper-

ience, he knows what it is to be unknown at night and famous in the morning. Cowboys and soldiers inspired him as a boy, and the height of his ambition was to kill Indians and then paint them. The picture "My Burkie" which made a name for him, he intended to sell as a decoration for a calendar. But failing in this, he hung it in a restaurant where it finally drew the attention of one capable of appreciating its worth. He has his career before him and there is not a doubt that he will be successful.

The youth of art is handsome, its manhood pompous, its old age rich, but overcharged with ornaments which disfigure it and hasten its decay.—Ruskin.

The work in the department during the term has been of a more or less casual nature owing to the absence of Miss Hodgens. Not until late in the term was provision made for instruction. Since Mrs. Pyle assumed charge of the studio, however, regular instruction in China, Crayon and Water-color has proceeded with system and with interest.

Miss Chamberlain has several pretty pieces of china, mainly vases in fleur-de-lis, clover, rose and pansy designs. Miss McNaughton has done a dainty set of bread and butter plates in a sweet-pea pattern, while Miss Ferguson has finished several pretty bits,—an aster pattern pin-tray and a set of salad-dishes.

In crayon, mention should be made of a clever copy of "Pharaoh's Horses," by

Miss Kate Elliott and of a study of dogs by H. G. Snodgrass.

The water-color pieces are a woodland cascade by Miss Chamberlain, a pleasing study of roses by Miss Russell, two of a Dutch fishing-boat by Miss Russell and

Miss Cochran, respectively, apple-blossoms by Miss Armour. Miss Chamberlain and Miss Stewart have also made a number of exceedingly dainty Westminster and 1902 picture frames, in flag and other designs and Miss Elliott has finished a very pretty chrysanthemum photograph frame.



ATHLETIC NOTES.

The Western Pennsylvania inter-collegiate field meet was held at Recreation Park May 30. Washington and Jefferson college and the Western University of Pennsylvania tied for first honors, each winning 45 points. Westminster came next with 34 points. The other colleges ranked as follows. Pittsburgh College and West Virginia University, 6 points each, Geneva College 4 points. The management of W. U. P. were unable to secure Schenly Park for the meet and on account of the size of the race track at Recreation Park, they were compelled to omit the hurdle races and pole vault from the list of events. The track was not in the best condition and few good records were made except in the 100 yard dash which was run in 10 1-5 seconds by Deevers of Westminster. There were but three contestants in the bicycle races. Byam rode well for Westminster, but being unused to the track, which was sloped at a high angle, he was unable to do as well as he might have done on more familiar ground. The one mile relay race was the crowning event of the meet. Westminster took first place, Deev-

ers, our last runner, coming in 80 yards to the good. L. Stewart, who ran the second relay, overtook his man, who had somewhat of a start of him, and gave our next runner a lead which was increased up to the end, with the above result. The time 3 minutes 43 seconds, was good considering the track. The events and winners follow:

100 yard dash—First heat, won by Richie, W. & J.; second, McConnell, Pittsburgh college. Time, 10 4-5.

Second heat, won by King, W. U. P.; second, Wiant, W. V. U. Time, 10 4-5.

Third heat, won by Deevers, Westminster; second, Wible. W. & J. Time, 10 3-5.

Fourth heat, won by McKeever, Pittsburgh college; second, Martin, P. C. Time, 10 3-5.

Putting 16-pound shot—Won by Fout W. U. P.; second Collins, P. C.; third, Hayes, W. & J.; fourth, McGogney, W. U. P. Distance, 32 feet 9 3-4 inches.

100 yard dash—Heat for seconds, winners qualifying for finals—Won by Wiant, W. V. U. Time, 11.

Half-mile bicycle race—Won by McClain, W. U. P.; second, J. McCready, W. U. P.; third, Byam, Westminster. Time, 1.08 2-5.

100 yard dash, final heat—Won by Deevers' Westminster; second, Richie, W. & J.; third, Wiant, W. V. U.; fourth; King, W. U. P. Time, 10 1-5.

Half-mile run—Won by Lambie, Westminster; second, Marshall, W. & J.; third, Yourd, Westminster; fourth, not given; Peck, W. V. U., and Worcester, W. U. P., ruled out. Time, 2 08.

Broad jump—Won by Wible, W. & J.; second, Walgren, W. U. P.; third, Suter, W. & J.; fourth, May, Geneva. Distance, 19 ft 9 1-2 inches.

220 yard dash, trial heats—First heat, won by Richie, W. & J.; second, Martin, P. C. Time, 2 5 1-5.

Second heat—Won by King, W. U. P. second by Deevers, Westminster. Time, 24 3-5.

220 yard dash, final heat—Won by Deevers, Westminster; second, Richie, W. & J.; third, King, W. U. P. Time, 24 3-5.

Mile run—Won by Worcester, W. U. P.; second, Stroud, W. U. P.; third, Nielan, P. C.; fourth, Jackson, W. U. P. Time, 5.11 2-5.

440 yard dash—Won by Wible, W. & J.; second, King, W. U. P.; third, Yost, W. V. U.; fourth, Junkin, W. U. P. R. Yourd, Westminster; disqualified. Time, 56 1-5.

Throwing 16 pound hammer—Won by Sherrard, W. & J.; second, Edgar, Geneva; third, Elliott, Westminster; fourth, Witherspoon, Westminster. Distance 93 ft. 10 in.

High jump—Won by Witherspoon, who jumped for first place with McNight, W. & J.; Witherspoon won, points were divided; ²/₃ third, Cole, W. V. U.; fourth, Lambie, Westminster. Height, 5 feet 5 1-2 in.

2 mile bicycle race—Won by McClain, W. U. P.; second, McCready, W. U. P.; third, Byam, Westminster. Time, 5.17 4-5.

Throwing the discus—Won by Gibson, W. & J.; second, Hayes, W. & J.; third, Dickie, W. & J.; fourth, Carpenter, W. U. P. Distance, 91 feet 9 inches.

One mile relay race—Won by Westminster; second, W. & J.; third, W. U. P.; fourth, Pittsburg College; fifth, W. V. U.

First quarter—Won by Wible, W. & J.; second, P. Yourd, Westminster; third, Worcester, W. U. P.; fourth, Nielan, P. C. Second quarter—Won by L. Stewart, Westminster; second, McElroy, W. & J.; third, Davis, W. U. P.; fourth, O'Connell, P. C. Third quarter—Won by Veazey, Westminster; second, Aten, W. & J.; third, Jackson, W. U. P.; fourth, McKeever, P. C. Final quarter—Won by Deevers, Westminster; second, Richie, W. & J.; third, King, W. U. P.; fourth, O'Connell, P. C. Time, 3.43.

Westminster lost to Dennison University in a ball game on May 29, the score being 12-3. Errors and misplays were responsible for many of the runs. Score by innings:

		R	H	E
Dennison	2 0 0 1 2 2 2 2 1	12	13	7
Westminster	0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 1	3	5	14

Batteries, Cherney and Gee, Sewall and Fulton.

Both games at Slippery Rock on the 30th were also lost by scores of 8-3 and 8-6. Score:

R H E

Slippery Rock 1 0 0 0 1 2 1 3 x | 8 13 4
 Westminster 0 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 | 3 8 5

Batteries, Gibson and Bard, Porter and Fulton.

R H E

Slippery Rock 1 2 1 3 0 1 0 0 x | 8 12 2
 Westminster 0 0 0 3 3 0 0 0 0 | 6 9 6

Batteries, Davis and Bard, Sewall, Porter, Stewart and Fulton.

The game with Waynesburg College scheduled to take place here on June 7 was not played on account of rain.

Interesting ball games were played between the Seniors and Juniors and the

Sophomores and Freshmen on June 3 and 4. The Seniors won the Senior-Junior game by a score of 27 to 5. The Sophomore-Freshman game was won by the Freshmen the score being 9 to 8.

In the semi-finals for singles in the tennis tournament, A. D. Stewart '04 beat J. L. McBride '02, 6-2, 6-0; and L. Alexander '04 beat R. G. Deevers '02, 6-4, 4-6, 6-3.

In the championship singles finals Stewart defeated Alexander 6-4, 6-3, 8-6. The semi-final and final doubles championship were played too late for mention in this issue.



EXCHANGES.

The "Exchanges" this month have been up to their usual standards. Some with special "Commencement," "Alumni" etc, numbers deserve credit for the success with which they have been managed. The usual number of literary articles on various subjects, short stories, some good and some not so good, "Spring" poetry and college jokes are to be found, Editorial and other articles on the value of college education, the importance of college life, and like subjects are frequent. They agree in emphasizing the necessity of true living at college.

"The Skeleton Promenade," relating a new adventure of Sherlock Holmes is an interesting story in the Delaware College Review. On this occasion the famous detective makes timely use of the X-rays.

"Please Madam," said hungry Bill, the tramp,
 As he chewed his bread and mutton,
 "Would yer please do one thing more for me,
 And sew some pants on dis button?"

"Mother-love—A Tale of Dorcas" in the Dynamo, "A Teacher's Dream" and "Reveries" in the Cooper Courier, "When Grandma Plays" in the Geneva Cabinet, and "He Died for Me,—or a Story of True Living" in the Grove City Collegian, are examples of story and poetry better than the average.

"Speaking about a man who painted fruit so naturally that the birds came and picked at it," said our artist, "I drew a hen which was so true to life that, after the editor threw it into the waste basket, it laid there."

The following from the "Delphic News" is to the point:

"It is rather amusing to notice the number of exchanges we receive of poetry. For instance, one little rhyme about "Little grains of powder, little drops of paint, make a ladies' freckles look as if they," etc., has appeared in nearly all of our exchanges; another one, about "Mary had a little lamp, a jealous lamp no doubt, for whenever Mary's beau came in, the little lamp went," etc., stands a close second, while "Dan Cupid is a marksman poor, despite his love and kisses, for while he always hits the mark, he's always making," etc., seems very popular."

Herr Schmidt (in a restaurant)—Wie gehts?

Waiter—Wheat cakes?

Schmidt—Nein! Nein!

Waiter—Nine? You'll be lucky if you get three.

"I have been told the soil is very fertile in South Africa."

"That may be; but there's one thing that it seems pretty hard to raise."

"What's that?"

"The British flag." —Ex.

This is a specimen of up-to-date geography:

"Johnny Jones," said the teacher, "bound the United States."

"The United States," rattled off the prize pupil, "is bounded on the north by the Vanderbilts and Amalgamated Copper, on the east by Mark Hanna, on the south by Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Trust, on the west by the Southern Pacific railroad, and on, over and under by J. Pierpont Morgan and the Steel Trust," —Ex.







